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J. Brown fcalp.

The Hon.ble Joseph Addison

Drawn by G.o Kneller Esq.r & from the original by her in Sir G. Kneller 1716
in the Collection of Lord Northwicke.

Charlotte Lee

1842

THE

LIFE

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

BY LUCY AIKIN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1843.

PREFACE.

THE present work was undertaken from the desire of supplying what appeared a real deficiency in our literature. While the lives of Pope and Swift had been written and re-written with unwearied research and distinguished ability; while Dryden had in recent times been made the object of a detailed and interesting biography, what accounts did we possess of a contemporary inferior to none of these in genius or in fame, and certainly superior to them all in the purity, amenity and moral tendency of his writings, as well as in the virtues of his life? What records had we of Addison? Two prefaces; that of Tickell to the general edition of his works, that of Johnson to his poetry included in the collection of the English poets! The first of these, invaluable for its authenticity, and the absolute reliance to be placed on the statements which it founds on the personal knowledge of

the writer, does not aim at the character of a complete biography. It is a literary notice only, though of a very pleasing kind, and much resembling the academical eulogies of the French. That of Dr. Johnson is principally a piece of criticism; to which it may be added, that his judicial scales were never held with an unswerving hand when the character, whether personal or literary, of a decided whig was placed in the balance. In the case of Addison too, the unfavorable bias has been aggravated by his reliance on the manuscript anecdotes of Spence which he had under his eye, and which embody all the prejudice and enmity of Pope.

Of narratives compiled from these authorities it is needless to speak.

The numerous and scattered sources from which the facts contained in the following pages have been derived, are pointed out in their proper places whenever they could be clearly ascertained. Addison's own correspondence, never before collected and applied to the illustration of his biography, has been the best guide of the writer, and will no doubt

be regarded by the reader as the most interesting part of the work. A large proportion of the letters have never before appeared in print. And here the writer cannot deny herself the satisfaction of repeating her grateful acknowledgements to Edward Tickell Esq. Q.C. of Dublin, through whose eminent liberality and kindness exerted towards a stranger, she has been enabled to lay before the public letters and private papers of Addison's which passing into the hands of his executor, have been carefully preserved ever since in the Tickell family, and now appear with the freshness of novelty. Her cordial thanks must also be extended to her friend and kinsman the Rev. Charles Strong prebendary of St. Patrick's, for his valuable services on this occasion.

To Mr. Bolton Corney she has likewise been indebted for much useful information and many good offices of various kinds.

The favour of lord Northwick demands her very respectful acknowledgement, through which the work is adorned with a portrait of Addison from an original picture by Kneller never before engraved.

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CORRIGENDA IN VOL. I.

Page 35. line 8.—To the second book of Ovid Addison afterwards added the third and part of the fourth.
238. last line but one, for "Charles" read "Robert."

THE LIFE

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

CHAPTER I.

1672 to 1687.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS. ACCOUNT OF THE REV. DR. ADDISON HIS FATHER. HIS EPITAPH. BIRTH OF JOSEPH ADDISON. HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS. ANECDOTE OF HIS CHILDHOOD. HIS FIRST SCHOOLS. IS REMOVED TO THE CHARTER-HOUSE. FORMS A FRIENDSHIP WITH RICHARD STEELE. ACCOUNT OF HIM.

THE study of biography brings home to the mind no one truth with greater force and distinctness than the impossibility of explaining, on any general system, the formation of human character. Hereditary or innate propensities appear to afford the solution of one set of facts, the power of early associations, of another; the influence of education, of outward circumstances, of imitation, must all in turn be called in

to solve the different classes of examples, no single theory will account for all. There evidently lies at the root a great mystery inscrutable by man.

On this account every life should be written on the plan suited to itself, and no general rule can be given with regard to the insertion or omission of accessary circumstances. Thus, the instances are many in which the judicious biographer will find no inducement to dwell at any length on the parentage of his subject; for although this circumstance can seldom be considered as totally insignificant, its operation is often not clearly distinguishable; sometimes even the results are in direct opposition to what might naturally have been expected. It can rarely be made to appear, either that genius ran in the blood, or that the particular direction which it took in any given instance was a designed or calculated effect of parental agency. Nay, the examples are not a few in which the vehement opposition of a father to the native bent of his child's genius, has only served, like most other surmountable obstacles, to add strength to the original propensity, by calling forth the energy of resistance.

With respect to Addison the case is different. In his modest and amiable character there were few striking peculiarities, in his conduct there were no eccentricities, in his opinions no tendency to startling paradox.

An admirable, and certainly a very original

genius in his own line,—that of wit and humour, combined with fancy and an indescribable grace,—in the other parts of literature he was rather the judicious and discriminating follower of the best classical models, than the inventor of any new style of excellence; and the exquisite taste which is one of his most pervading qualities, was doubtless in great part the product of early and well-adapted culture. When, therefore, after running over in the mind his life and conduct, the career which he chose, his favourite studies, and the general current of his sentiments, we turn to contemplate in a father whom he revered, the united characters of the churchman, the scholar, the traveller, and the perspicuous, lively, and instructive writer, it is obvious to conclude, that it was hence that his mind received its determining bias, and his genius its peculiar dress and colouring. A brief account of the father thus becomes a proper, almost an indispensable introduction to the biography of the son.

Lancelot Addison, born in the year 1632 at the obscure village of Maltesmeaburn, in the parish of Corby Ravensworth and the county of Westmorland, was the son of a person described in the phrase of the time as "a minister of the gospel," but in circumstances so humble, that it was in the character of "a poor child" that Lancelot, after passing through the grammar school of Appleby, was received into

Queen's College Oxford. Here, however, his quick and lively parts, seconded by steady application to the studies of the place, speedily raised him above obscurity. Having obtained his bachelor's degree in 1654 and his master's in 1657, he was the next year chosen a *terræ filius* at the Commencement,—the Oxford *terræ filius* being a kind of licensed jester, after the manner of Shakspeare's fools: — a dangerous office, since amid the seeming licence of a Saturnalia, the scourge was in reality kept suspended over the head of the luckless jester whose gibes should come too near the consciences or the dignity of men in power! On this occasion, the youthful academic suffered the monarchical and episcopalian principles which he fostered in his bosom to break forth without restraint; and he satirised the pride, ignorance, avarice, and hypocrisy of the party then in authority with a keenness that drew upon him the severe animadversion of his superiors. He was compelled to make his submission, and according to the practice of elder times, to ask pardon on his knees; soon after which humiliation he quitted the university, whether voluntarily or by expulsion has been differently reported. Whichever might be the case, he had entitled himself, in the opinion of those who shared his sentiments, to the character of a confessor. He was encouraged to take up his temporary residence at a village near Petworth, and passed his time

chiefly in visits at the houses of Sussex gentry attached to the royal cause, occupied in inculcating on the younger members of their families a steadfast adherence to the principles and ritual of the then proscribed Church of England.

On the Restoration, these manifestations of his zeal in times of peril, being represented at court, procured him the appointment of chaplain to the garrison of Dunkirk, which small preferment he accepted, contrary, it is said, to the wishes of the bishop of Chichester, who would have provided for him; and on his return to England in 1662, in consequence of the cession of Dunkirk to France, he embraced the still less inviting offer, as it appears, of a similar situation at Tangier. Eight years he remained on the coast of Africa, in what might well be termed a state of banishment, alleviated to him, however, by the occupation of collecting that local information which he afterwards made the basis of two interesting publications. At the end of this period, he thought it allowable to indulge himself with a visit to England, purposing, after a time, to resume his station; but the appointment being hastily transferred to another, he found himself without employment or resource, till relieved by the kindness of a private friend who presented him to the living of Milston, near Ambrosebury Wilts, worth 120*l.* per annum. On this pittance he

sat down as a married man, having united himself to Jane daughter of Nat^l. Gulstone D. D. and sister to the bishop of Bristol. At Milston his children were born, and in part brought up, and it was from this place that he sent into the world his earlier works. After a time his merits made their way, and he began to mount, though slowly, the ladder of preferment. He was a prebendary of Salisbury cathedral and one of the king's chaplains in ordinary when he took, in 1675, the degree of D. D. soon after he was made archdeacon of Salisbury, and at length, in 1683, the ecclesiastical commissioners conferred upon him the deanery of Lichfield, in reward of his services at Tangier, and as remuneration for his losses by a fire at Milston.

Meantime he was employing his pen diligently and acceptably on professional topics; his character for consistency and for private worth stood always unimpeached, and so high was his general reputation, that he is said to have been destined to the mitre, but lost it by the display which he made in the convocation of 1689, of principles inconsistent with attachment to the cause of the Revolution. The dean died in 1703.

Of the works of Dr. Addison, all of them esteemed in their day, several deserve particular notice in this place, partly for the light which they reflect on the character of the author, but chiefly on account of the

influence which they may be presumed to have exercised over the tastes and sentiments of his son.

His earliest publication, which appeared in 1671, in a small octavo volume, with a dedication to Joseph Williamson Esq. bore the title of, "West Barbary, or a Short Narrative of the Revolutions of the Kingdoms of Fez and Morocco, with an Account of the present Customs, Sacred, Civil and Domestic." This relation commences with the year 1508, at which period the fall of the reigning family in these kingdoms was prepared by the machinations of a Moorish priest, who, says the author, "began to grow into reputation with the people by reason of his high pretensions to piety and fervent zeal for their law, illustrated by a stubborn rigidity of conversation and outward sanctity of life." Having craftily added to these recommendations the claim of a descent from Mahomet, he became, we are told, "of no vulgar esteem with a generation who from time to time have been fooled with such mountebanks in religion." The narrative proceeds to mention, that the Zeriffe, as he had styled himself, finding the time not yet ripe for an attempt on the throne, in order to facilitate the design sent his three sons to make the pilgrimage of Mecca in the mean time. "Much was the reverence and reputation of holiness which they thereby acquired among the superstitious people, who could hardly be kept from kissing their garments

and adoring them as saints, while they failed not in their parts, but acted as much devotion as high contemplative looks, deep sighs, tragical gestures, and other passionate interjections of holiness could express; Allah, Allah, was their doleful note, their sustenance the people's alms." Two of these young men, it is added, being afterwards sent by their father to court, and kindly received by the "too credulous king," desired his permission to display a banner against the Christians, (the Portuguese) which was granted contrary to the opinion of the king's brother, who "warned him not to *arm* this name of sanctity, which being once victorious might grow insolent and forgetful of duty." He "likewise told him that war makes men awless, and through popularity many become ambitious and studious of innovation." Wonderful successes attended the arms of these adventurers, till the King of Fez, seeing that they had poisoned the King of Morocco and placed their brother on his throne, "mistrusted his own safety, and began, but too late, to repent his approving of an armed hypocrisy." "Puffed up with their successes they forgot their obedience, and these saints denied the king the fifth part of their spoils.... By which it appeared that they took up arms, not out of love for their country and zeal for their religion, but out of desire of rule."

These and other satirical strokes against rebels in

the disguise of saints, will be seen to have a designed application to events and parties at home; notwithstanding which, there is no ground for looking upon this narrative as any thing different from what it professes to be,—a true history of the revolutions of West Barbary. Its style is blemished by some foreign idioms, and some native vulgarisms, but the piece is on the whole composed with an ease, a spirit, and a vivacity, which gives a very agreeable idea of the author, and throws a charm even over so uninviting a theme as the domestic treasons, murders, and civil wars of fierce and ignorant barbarians.

The description of the country, with its agriculture, products, and wild animals, and of the inhabitants, with their modes of living, manners, customs, and religious observances, abounds in curious and amusing particulars, derived from diligent inquiry and personal observation, and no doubt full of novelty for the English public at the time of their appearance. What is still higher praise, the work is written in a truly catholic and candid spirit, and willing justice is every where done to the Mussulmans with respect to their piety and attachment to their own faith and law, as well as to the moral virtues found among them.

A later publication, entitled "The First State of Mahometism," reprinted as "The Life and Death

of Mahomet," further evinced the intimate acquaintance of the author with the religious history, rites and opinions of the followers of Islam; and to the images suggested to his youthful imagination by the writings or conversation of his father on these subjects, we can scarcely hesitate to ascribe the origin of the propensity so often evinced by Addison, to engraft the fine creations of his fancy on some Oriental tradition, or to lay the scene and seek the personages of his tales or visions, among sultans and dervises.

The work however which does most honour to the learning, the research, and in some, though certainly not in all respects, to the candour and impartiality of Dr. Addison, was his "Present State of the Jews, more particularly relating to those in Barbary," published in 1675, and dedicated to his former patron, now Sir Joseph Williamson and principal secretary of state. The introduction represents, that although the inveterate obstinacy of the Jews against the truth has justly rendered them the objects of the divine displeasure, yet "their primitive ancestry, religion and privileges, ought still to secure to them a great measure of regard, and that Christians ought to labour for the restoration of those whose fall was their rise, whose diminution their riches."

In the first chapter, a touching and compassionate view is given of the depressed and almost slavish

condition of this people under the Moors; of the daily contumelies and injuries to which they are exposed, and their stoical endurance of them. "In the midst of the greatest abuses" it is said, "you shall never see a Jew with an angry countenance, or appearing concerned, which cannot be imputed to any heroic temper in this people, but rather to their customary suffering, being born and bred to this kind of slavery." The Moors, it appears, quiet their consciences on this head with a notion that the Jews do not descend from Adam, and that the end of their being was to serve the Moslem. There are no sects, we are told, among them, but whatever may be their private judgments, they are careful to preserve an outward uniformity, and are "signally vigilant to avoid divisions, as looking upon those among Christian professors to be an argument against the truth of the things they profess."

Proceeding to delineate the moral character of this people, the author candidly declares that setting aside "their artifices of commerce and collusions of trade," they cannot be charged with any of those vicious practices "which are grown into reputation with whole nations of Christians, to the scandal and contradiction of their name and profession. Fornication, adultery, drunkenness, gluttony, pride of apparel &c. are so far from being in request with

them, that they are scandalised at their frequent practice with Christians, and out of a malicious insinuation, are very sorry that any of their nation should give a name to, and die for a people of such vices."

The account which follows of the religious opinions of the Jews of Barbary, in which they differ, it appears, "in many and important points from their brethren in other parts of the world," is a clear and very interesting summary, evidently the result of learned as well as diligent inquiry into authorities, and capable as serving as a very instructive commentary on many passages of the New Testament, dark to the modern reader from ignorance of the popular opinions then and ever since prevalent among the Jews: to this purpose however, the author himself has not pointed out its applicability.

A striking creed of seventeen articles is brought under the notice of the reader, accepted and revered by these Jews as of *immemorial* tradition, concerning which the writer permits himself to affirm, that although many of the articles of faith "may be capable of a good construction, yet according to the present received interpretation thereof among the Jews, they are not so much a system of Judaism, as a cunning and malicious contradiction of Christianity.... For," he adds, "I have heard from one whose understanding in their religion had got him

the title of a master, that there was not an article of their faith which they did not understand in a sense wholly opposite to Christianity. And taking a freedom to rail at our religion, in which they are all well gifted, he instanced in the eleventh article, (that God will recompense good to those who keep his commandments, and will punish those who transgress them) as seeming to bear the least ill will to Christianity, and from thence warmly beat down all thoughts of redemption, with great assurance protesting, that he would have none to pay his debts, nor any but himself to justify divine justice for his sins . . . with a great deal more of the like stuff, even too heinous to be inserted." To those who have read the creed, the Doctor will here appear to have afforded an example of the proneness of a polemic to impute sinister motives to his opponent, and of his reluctance to permit him to carry out into their fair consequences the principles which he avowedly entertains.

A detailed and very interesting account is given of the education of these people, and it is candidly stated that "their care is very laudable in this particular, there not being many people in the world more watchful to have their children early tinctured with religion than the present Hebrews;" and this is assigned as a principal cause of their unshaken adherence to their ancient faith.

A full account of the laws, usages and opinions, civil and religious, of these Jews, occupies the remainder of this piece, to which is appended, a "Summary Discourse concerning the Hebrew Talmud, Misna, and Gemary."

On the whole, it is probable that Judaism had never before been delineated by a Christian writer in so kind or so equitable a spirit; and even at the present day it might be difficult to point out any piece in our language containing the same amount of accurate information respecting the Barbary Jews, as this now neglected and nearly forgotten work. There is far greater depth of thought in this than in the former publication of the author, the style also exhibits a marked improvement. Addison himself could scarcely, on the same subjects, have written better.

Having presented to the public in these pieces the fruits of his African residence, Dr. Addison began to exercise his pen on subjects more immediately connected with the duties of his profession, and the controversies of the time. He produced in succession, "The primitive Institution, or a seasonable Discourse of Catechising;" a tract with the remarkable title of "A modest Plea for the Clergy, wherein is briefly considered the Original, Antiquity and Necessity of that calling; together with genuine and spu-

rious Reasons of their present Contempt;" and "An Introduction to the Sacrament," which proved so generally acceptable as to pass through repeated impressions. This piece is written with great plainness and bears the stamp of unaffected piety. The doctrine held in it with respect to the nature and efficacy of the rite, is not by any means what would have satisfied the followers of Andrews and of Laud.

A few pieces of minor importance closed the list of his publications.

It was no more than a just sense of the honour due from him to such a parent, which inspired Joseph Addison, when at the summit of his fortune and reputation, with the design of erecting in Lichfield cathedral a monument to his father, beneath which his own remains might likewise be deposited. Of this pious work he did not live to see the completion; and with respect to himself the design was frustrated by his honourable interment in Westminster Abbey. The tomb was completed however by his executors, with an inscription, the composition probably of Tickell, since a copy of it in his handwriting now exists among his papers,—of which the following is a transcript.

P. M.

LANCELOTI ADDISON S.T.P.

AGRO WESTMORLANDIÆ ORIUNDI,
IN COLL. REG. OXON. BONARUM LITERARUM PROFECTU,
DIUTINIS PER EUROPAM AFRICAMQU. PEREGRINATIONIBUS
RERUM PERITIA SPECTABILIS,
HUJUS TANDEM ECCLESIÆ DECANI, ET COVENTRIENSIS
ARCHIDIACONI.

EXIMIAS NATURÆ DOTES, MORUM INNOCENTIAM,
BENEVOLENTIAM ERGA HOMINES, ET IN DEUM PIETATEM,
LUCULENTUM, SI QUOD ALIUD, AB EO PATRIMONIUM
ACCEPIT
FILIUS EJUS NATU MAXIMUS, JOSEPHUS, SÆCULI SUI DECUS,
QUI IN CONSORTIUM OPTIMI PARENTIS,
DUM HOC MARMOR IPSI ADORNARET,
PRÆPROPERA MORTE ADSCITUS EST. A.D. MDCCXIX.

Uxorem alteram habuit Janam . . . . . Gulstone S. T. P. Filiam, et Gulielmi Gulstone Episcopi Bristoliensis, Sororem, ex quâ tres Filios et totidem Filias suscepit; Josephum, supra dictum, Gulstonum Fortalitii St. Georgii, in India Orientali Gubernatorem, Lancelotum Coll. Magd. Oxon. Socium. Janam et Annam, prima juventute defunctas, et Dorotheam, unicam ex tot liberis superstitem. Uxorem alteram duxit Dorotheam Johannis Danvers de Shackerson, in Agro Leicestriensi, Armigeri, Filiam, mortem Mariti, de se optimè meriti, adhuc plorantem.

OBIIT. A.D. 17 . ÆTAT. LXXI.

Joseph Addison was born at Milston on May the first 1672. It is probable that he owed his baptismal name to Sir Joseph Williamson, his father's patron. His younger brothers and sisters, as the inscription records, were Gulstone, so called from his mother's family, a merchant and finally governor

of Fort St. George in the East Indies, and Lancelot, who became a fellow of Magdalene College Oxford. Of the sisters, two died young, the third, Dorothy, was first married to Dr. Satre, a refugee French minister from Montpellier, who became a prebendary of Westminster, and afterwards to Daniel Combes Esq. Swift has described her as "a kind of a wit, and very like her brother."

In Steele's dedicatory letter to Congreve prefixed to the comedy of the Drummer, the several members of this distinguished family are thus commemorated. "Mr. Dean Addison, the father of this memorable man, left behind him four children, each of whom, for excellent talents and singular perfections, was as much above the ordinary world as their brother Joseph was above them."

The only anecdote of the childhood of Addison which has come down to us, seems to indicate something of the constitutional sensitiveness which lay at the root of that reserve, or that modesty carried to bashfulness,—whichever it may best be called,—which attended him through life, without however perceptibly impeding his worldly success. Having, while at a country school in his father's neighbourhood, committed some trifling fault, the dread of punishment or disgrace so affected his imagination as to prompt him to make his escape into the fields and woods, where he is said to have subsisted on fruits,

and lodged in a hollow tree, till discovered and brought back to his parents.

After some preliminary school education at Salisbury and Lichfield, places where his father's eye would be over him, he was removed to the Charter-house, as a private pupil, not on the foundation, where he drank deep of the fountains of classical learning. "He employed his first years," says Tickell, "in the study of the old Greek and Roman writers; whose language and manner he caught at that time of life as strongly as other young people gain a French accent or a genteel air."

It was at the Charter-house also, that he formed with one of his schoolfellows a friendship of great cordiality and long endurance which, from its results in after life, deserves to be classed among the most important circumstances in the histories of both. This schoolfellow was Richard Steele.

Born at Dublin, though of English parentage, Steele appears to have partaken much both of the habits and dispositions regarded as characteristic of the Irishman. He was warm alike in his affections and his temper: gay, convivial, frank and generous: of bright and lively parts, with an invention ever active and ingenious; but vain, ostentatious and recklessly profuse, and perpetually hurried along by his love of pleasure in courses contradictory to his strong religious convictions and his own better re-

solves. His in fact was one of those characters which often inspire the stronger interest from their very infirmities, through the alternate hopes and fears, praises and reproofs which they call forth, as now the good, now the evil genius seems about to gain the ascendency. At this early period of life, his faults and follies would be esteemed light in the balance against his amiable dispositions and promising abilities, while the very opposition between his bold and open temper and the timidity and shyness of Addison's, would offer an additional inducement to the cultivation of their intimacy. By a mutual communication of sentiments and designs each might be enabled in some measure to supply the deficiencies, or mitigate the extremes of the other. We may therefore safely credit the testimony of Steele himself to the strong parental sanction under which their friendship grew up and flourished.

"Were things of this nature," he says, in the letter to Congreve already cited, "to be exposed to public view, I could show under the Dean's own hand, in the warmest terms, his blessing on the friendship between his son and me; nor had he a child who did not prefer me in the first place of kindness and esteem, as their father loved me like one of them."

Of the two friends, Steele must have been somewhat the elder, since his baptism is dated in 1671;

yet his entrance into Merton College is said not to have taken place till 1691, four years later than the admission of Addison at Queen's. There may be some error here, but in any case, he must have been long the Oxford contemporary of Addison, who did not leave the university till 1699.

Steele must have been destitute of patrimony, since he mentions in one of his letters that he was indebted to his uncle Gascoine for a liberal education. Of his academic career two facts only, but those significant ones, are recorded: that he wrote a comedy while at Oxford, and that he quitted it without a degree. Afterwards, under what stress of circumstances we are not informed, he entered the army as a trooper in the Horse Guards; an incident to which, after he had rendered himself formidable to the last ministry of Queen Anne as a political writer, he referred in the following terms: "When he cocked his hat, and put on a broad sword, jackboots and shoulder-belt under the command of the unfortunate Duke of Ormond, he was not acquainted with his own parts, and did not then know he should ever have been able (as he has since appeared to be in the case of Dunkirk,) to demolish a fortified town with a goose-quill."

Even in this inferior station however, he found means to exhibit his amiable qualities and social talents in so favourable a light as to gain him warm friends among his officers; and he was speedily res-

cued from his self-imposed degradation by the gift of an ensign's commission.

From this period, when the avocations of a military life must of necessity have broken off his habits of personal intercourse with the Oxford student, we hear nothing further of him till the publication of his Christian Hero in 1701, at which time he had become private secretary to General Lord Cutts, to whom the piece is inscribed. Meantime his friend was pursuing a straiter path to literary fame and worldly advancement.

The parsonage house, Milston, Wiltshire, the birth-place of Joseph Addison.

CHAPTER II.

1687 to 1695.

ADDISON AT OXFORD. TRADITIONAL NOTICES OF HIM THERE. HIS LATIN VERSES. HIS ACQUIREMENTS. DESIGNED FOR THE CHURCH. PATRONAGE OF LETTERS AT THIS PERIOD. ITS RESULTS. HIS FIRST ENGLISH VERSES ADDRESSED TO DRYDEN. TRANSLATION FROM THE GEORGICS. ESSAY ON THE GEORGICS. VERSES TO SACHEVERELL ON THE ENGLISH POETS. LINES BY GARTH.

TRADITION has preserved to us few particulars concerning Addison during his residence at Oxford; fewer by much than we might reasonably desire, on the consideration that the earlier periods of the life of a man of eminence, who was the architect of his own fortune, are necessarily the most fertile of interest and instruction. Of the steps of his academic progress however, the following notices are derived from the highest authority.

He was removed from the Charter-house to Oxford in 1687, and entered of Queen's College. Two years afterwards, the accidental sight of some of his Latin verses excited so much admiration in Dr. Lancaster, afterwards provost of that society, that he exerted himself to procure his admission into Magdalene College, of which he was elected Demy (semi-

communarius,) in 1689. That was called the *golden election*, because twice the usual number were admitted, there having been no election the year before, by reason of the quarrel between the college and James II. Among those elected at the same time with Addison were the noted Sacheverell, Boulter, who became primate of Ireland, and Smallbroke, afterwards a theologian of some note. Addison became *probationary* Fellow in 1697, and actual Fellow the following year.* That he had long before

* From the obliging information of the Rev. Dr. Routh, the President of Magdalene College.

Another early *discoverer* of Addison is indicated in the following letter written by Young to Tickell when preparing the posthumous edition of his works. The exercises alluded to appear to have escaped the search of his editor.

March 1st, $17\frac{19}{20}$.

Dr. Tickell,

I have now with me some gentlemen of Maudlin, who, giving an account of Dr. Farryer's funeral, (who is succeeded in his Professorship by Dr. Bertie of this college) say Tom Collins made an affecting speech over him, and among other points dilated on his being a means of discovering Mr. Addison's genius, and improving it by exercises imposed on him, which exercises he said in express terms, he hoped y^e^ gentlemen now publishing that great man's works, would search after, as being much too valuable to be neglected. I asked y^e^ gentlemen if they could guess in whose hands they were, who said Tom Collins was y^e^ man to be consulted.

Gr—— is this moment come in, who says he has writ to this purpose to Oxford—Excuse therefore, dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully,

E. Young.

(*Tickell Papers.*)

his attainment of a fellowship engaged in the labour of tuition, we learn from the brief statement, that "Sir John Harper is under Mr. Addison's care at Magdalene," contained in a letter of Mr. Smalridge's without date, but certainly written about 1690.* Of his habits and disposition the following notices are all that could now be collected at Oxford. That he was always very nervous; that he kept late hours; and that most of his studies were after dinner:—a circumstance, it may be observed, pretty conclusive of the sobriety of his habits at this period. A walk with rows of trees along the side of the college meadow, is still pointed out as his favourite haunt; it continues to bear his name, and some of the trees are said to have been planted by him. The particular direction of his assiduous studies we are left to discover by the results; from these we may safely conclude them to have comprised the classical authors, Greek and Latin, and a wide range in polite literature. There is no appearance that the exact sciences ever obtained any great share of his attention; but he was not, like Pope and Swift, chargeable with the arrogance and folly of decrying and attempting to turn into ridicule subjects which he did not understand. It is evident that at this or some

* See Mr. Smalridge to Mr. Gough, in Atterbury's Correspondence (edition in 5 volumes), i. 28, 29.

later stage of his progress he made himself a master in the art of criticism, and acquainted himself widely with systems of metaphysics ancient and modern, and distinct traces are discernible in his writings of a taste for natural history and a respectable proficiency in some of its branches.* His first destination was for the church, and it is probable that moral and theological topics had begun already to engage his attention. It was the fortune of Addison to enter life at a period which, whether or not the merits of its writers have justly earned for it the appellation of the Augustan age of England, — a much disputed

* Thus the Spectator represents his friend sir Roger as joking him on passing so much of his time among his poultry. "He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near an hen and chicken. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house; calls such a particular cock my favorite, and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself. I must confess that I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has lain very much among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation." This passage serves as preface to some beautiful remarks on instinct, occupying the remainder of this paper, and the whole of the following (Nos. 120-1) and evincing considerable acquaintance with the subject.

See also two letters to the young earl of Warwick, hereafter to be quoted, in which the writer invites him to a concert of singing birds.

question, — is clearly entitled to be distinguished as the age of Mæcænases. Such was the power of fashion in this point, that no sooner did a new aspirant announce himself in any of the walks of elegant literature, than the dedication of his first work and the character of his patron, became almost an object of contention among the great. Not an author of any class, however slender his talents, was long unnoticed or unfriended by some person of eminence; — as an infallible, however unhappy consequence, there was scarcely any man of letters who long preserved his natural freedom, or stood clear of the reproach of interested adulation. This state of things was not indeed entirely novel. Learned incense had long been a marketable commodity both in England and on the continent. For nearly half a century, Louis XIV. had carried on the splendid traffic of pensions for eulogy with the greater part of the literati of Europe, and to this wholesale patronage, his courtiers, and even historians of his reign, have not scrupled to ascribe the rising of that constellation of great writers by which his "Age" was distinguished. But that heaven-born genius could be actually created by the fiat of a despot, and for the low purpose of ministering to his vanity and ostentation, is surely a faith too enormous to have been seriously entertained. Louis himself lived to exhaust almost all the distinguished ability which had con-

tributed to the glories of his earlier years, and it was in general replaced by mediocrity. In England, adulation itself would have blushed to ascribe to the influence of its successive sovereigns the ripening of a corresponding "harvest of the mental year." Nothing is more notorious than the disregard of good letters and their professors evinced by Charles II., whose smiles and bounties were engrossed by the ministers of his passions and pleasures, and afterwards by his brother, whose whole soul was absorbed by his enterprises against the religion and liberties of his subjects. The hero William, occupied with the art of war and the destinies of Europe, was equally destitute of leisure, and very probably of taste, for the encouragement of elegant literature. The passive partner of his throne, on whom he chiefly devolved the ecclesiastical patronage of the crown, although sufficiently accessible and gracious to churchmen who had distinguished themselves by the zealous avowal of revolution-principles, is not recorded as having bestowed either acts or words of favour on the poets or general writers of the time. In fact, superior as Mary undoubtedly was in character and capacity to the dull and feeble-minded Anne, there is no reason to believe that she had received higher mental culture than her sister, or that she would have betrayed less of apathy than was afterwards exhibited by this princess to the brilliant manifestations of literary

genius which surrounded her. William, however, little as he was disposed to court those blandishments of the Muses in which his great opponent revelled with so much self-complacency, had doubtless marked with the eye of a politician the rapidly augmenting influence exerted through the press on public opinion. Hence he was never slow to lend his sanction to those acts of favour and bounty which his ministers suggested to him, as the means of retaining the best pens for the defence of those great maxims of civil liberty on which his throne was founded. This new perception it was, of the utility of men of letters as political partisans, which gave rise to a patronage of writers by rival statesmen under William and Anne, so comprehensive as scarcely to stop short of placing every name of the smallest celebrity in the long list of pensioners and placemen.*

It can scarcely be supposed that the wary and observant spirit of Addison at any time overlooked the encouragement to political partizanship afforded by

* Voltaire, struck with the different kinds of patronage of the learned practised at this period in England and in his own country, remarked, with reference to the brilliant success of Addison, that had he been born in France, he would have been elected a member of one of the academies, and by some female influence might have obtained a yearly pension of 1200 livres: or else might have been imprisoned in the Bastille, on pretence that certain strokes in his tragedy of Cato had been discovered to glance at the porter of some man of quality.

thisstate of things; yet in the earlier productions of his muse, it was to the attainment of reputation as the poet and the scholar that his efforts were chiefly directed.

We have already seen, that a specimen of his skill in the composition of Latin verse had been the means of gaining for him, in his eighteenth year, a demyship of Magdalene college; and in this art he continued occasionally to exercise himself during the whole period of his residence at Oxford. His first attempt in English verse which has come down to us, was a short piece addressed in 1693 to Dryden, then descending into the vale of years, and compelled by that penury from which neither his surpassing genius nor his unwearied industry had exempted him, to occupy with the servile task of translation the remnant of his days. The gentle office of cheering the aged bard at his labours by praise and sympathy, was not less congenial to the disposition of the youthful aspirant than creditable to his taste and discernment. With all the ardour of genuine feeling he congratulates the veteran on a fire unquenchable by the injuries of time, — a "second youth rekindled in his breast;" and he compliments him on having heightened the majesty of Virgil *, given new charms to Horace,

* His entire translation of this poet had not yet appeared, but specimens had been given in his Miscellany.

lent to Persius "smoother numbers and a clearer style," and set a new edge on the satire of Juvenal. Ovid is referred to as his present task, and a fervent prayer is breathed, that neither age nor sickness may impede him, till his Ovid, thus transformed, shall "reveal,

> "A nobler change than he himself can tell."

Soon afterwards, the ambition of emulating what he praised, engaged Addison himself in a translation of the second Georgic, of which the elder poet complaisantly remarked, after this, "my second swarm is scarce worth the hiving." This courtesy was again requited on the part of the younger, by the humble but welcome service of supplying arguments to most of the books of the Æneid, and by the present of a critical essay on the Georgics, which Dryden printed as a preface to his own translations, but, by the special desire of the author, without his name. To write a preface for Dryden, whose performances in this kind are both the first specimens in our language of literary criticism, worthy of attention, and still among the best models of English prose, — was indeed an undertaking too hazardous to be avowed by any literary novice. To have received no foil in such an enterprise, was if not a higher, certainly a more valuable distinction, than to have reaped laurels in the fields of Latin verse. The essay

on the Georgics, though interesting almost solely as the trial-piece of Addison in a kind of writing of which he afterwards became so eminent a master, has nothing however in the style to mark it as a juvenile composition. The diction is very elegant, but rather tame. The tone of the remarks is calm, judicious, and tasteful; and though the piece exhibits no depth of thought or of learning, it answers the most valuable end of popular criticism; that of recommending, and pointing out to the observation of inexperienced readers, the characteristic excellences of a great master and a noble work. "After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics," says the modest writer, "I should in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are some few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather distrusting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that poem which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it." Such was the deference for established and merited reputation with which *one* youthful critic judged it decent to enter upon his office!

Another proof of the literary diligence of Addison at this period of his life, and also of what Dr. Johnson seemed to doubt, his sound Greek scholarship, has recently come to light. From letters preserved

in the family of Tonson the bookseller, it appears that he engaged in the important enterprise of a translation of Herodotus, a part to be executed, and the whole superintended, by himself. The exact period of this undertaking is unknown, for the letters are without date of year; but it was evidently during his residence at Oxford, and from one expression it seems as if Dryden's translation of Virgil was then in progress. From what causes this work was never given to the public, we are not informed, nor do we learn how much of it was executed, excepting that Addison's two books were completed. The English translation made by Isaac Littlebury, which remained for about a century the only one, was published in 1709.

The letters relative to this translation follow: —

MR. ADDISON TO MR. TONSON.

Dear Sir,

I was yesterday with Dr. Hannes*, and communicated your request to him. I told him that Dr. Blackmore, Mr. Adams, Mr. Boyle and myself had engaged in it, and that you had gained a kind of promise from Dr. Gibbons, so that he could not plead want of time. The Doctor seemed particularly so-

* Dr. Hannes was residing as a practising physician at Oxford. He was a contributor to the Musæ Anglicanæ.

licitous about the company he was to appear in, and would fain hear all the names of the translators. In short he told me that he did not know how to deny Mr. Tonson any request that he made, and therefore if you would desire it, he'd undertake the last Muse. I would fain have you write to the Doctor and engage him in it, for his name would much credit the work among Us *, and promote the sale.

As for myself, if you remember I told you that I did not like my Polymnia, if therefore I can do you any service, I will if you please translate the eighth book, Urania, which if you will send me down, you need not fear any delays in the translation. I was walking this morning with Mr. Yalden, and asked him when we might expect to see Ovid "de arte Amandi" in English; he told me he thought you had dropped the design since Mr. Dryden's translation of Virgil had been undertaken, but that he had done his part almost a year ago, and had it lying by him &c. I am afraid he had done little of it. . . . . I believe a letter from you about it would set him at work. He takes care to convey my pieces of Herodotus to you.

I am sir

Your humble servt.

Feb. 12th.

To Mr. JacobTonson, at the sign of the Judge's Head near Temple Bar in Fleet St. London.

* *Us* at Oxford must be understood.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. TONSON.

Dear Sir,

I received your parcel about the beginning of last week, and not being able to find Dr. Hannes at home, have left his part with his servitor. I shall see him next week, and if I find it necessary, will let you know what he says. I shall have but little business about the latter end of Lent, and then will set about my Muse, which I'll take care to finish by your time. . . . .

You shall have your Urania the beginning of this week, &c.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. TONSON.

. . . . I have been so very full of business since the receipt of your papers, that I could not possibly find time to translate them so soon as I desired. I have now almost finished them. . . . . Mr. Clay tells me he let you know the misfortune Polymnia met with upon the road. . . . .

Your discourse with me about translating Ovid, made such an impression on me at my first coming down from London, that I ventured on the second book, which I turned at my leisure hours, and will give you a sight of it, if you will give yourself the

trouble of reading it. He has so many silly stories with his good ones, that he is more tedious to translate than a better poet would be. But though I despair of serving you this way, I hope I may find out some other to show you how much I am

Yours, &c.

May 28th.

The second book of Ovid was all that Addison ever accomplished of this author: it appeared first in a volume of the Miscellany Poems, and was republished by Tickell. That Addison's poetical translations "want the exactness of a scholar" has been remarked by Dr. Johnson, and doubtless they must be reckoned free, or lax ones. It should be recollected however, that the notion, — surely a very erroneous one respecting translation, especially of poetry,—then generally received was, that the ancient or foreign writer should be rendered into such a style as it might be supposed that he would have written had he been an Englishman and the contemporary of his translator, and it is difficult to say what room is left on this principle for "the accuracy of a scholar," except in avoiding evident mistakings of the sense, and of these he is by no means accused. The same high authority however has done justice to the powers of subtle and refined criticism displayed by Addison in the notes, which in fact amount almost

to a commentary, and add to particular remarks, judicious observations on the pervading manner of the writer. In these notes will be found the first draught of that system of pure taste which he reproduced in its finished state in his admirable Spectators on True and False wit. Great indeed and rapid had been his advancement in the arts of criticism and of composition since the production of his timid essay on the Georgics!

He now produced in the form of an epistle to his academical contemporary and companion Mr. Henry Sacheverel,—whose sister is said to have been at this time the lady of his affections,— "An account of the greatest English poets, from Chaucer to Dryden." This piece, on the whole, does him far less credit as a critic than the prose essay just mentioned, without entirely compensating this inferiority by its poetical merits. It was held cheap by its author in his riper years, and never reprinted by himself from the miscellany where it first appeared; but it was included by Tickell in the posthumous edition of his works. As a record however of his estimates of native writers, at a period of life when it is probable that his tastes and opinions would mostly be those professed in the learned body to which he belonged, it deserves an attentive consideration. The prepossessions of the youth are never without influence on the mature performances of the man.

By way of preliminary, it may be well to remind the reader that this work was produced at a peculiarly unfavourable juncture. Dryden was the only living poet of eminent genius, and it was in purity of taste rather than in fervour of imagination that his successors were to excel. Readers had learned, chiefly in the French school of criticism, to require of their poets great accuracy in the use of language, a stricter control of judgment over the flights of fancy, and a finer and more uniform polish, than had satisfied their less fastidious ancestors. These excellences however, had not yet been attained. Garth and Addison himself, the destined chiefs of the correct, or classical school, were at present only tuning their instruments; and the sole effect of these new ideas as yet perceptible, was an unusual aggravation of the disdain with which, in periods of rapid progress, every age is disposed to look back upon its immediate predecessors. The vigour, the raciness, the exuberant fancy, the exquisite strains of melody which immortalize the venerable fathers of English verse, were unable to redeem them from neglect or scorn. It was presumptuously assumed that all excellence, all skill, and especially all taste, was but of yesterday; and even the times of Elizabeth, now celebrated as our Augustan reign, were reckoned into the "barbarous ages." Such a state of public feeling may serve to explain, and in some measure to excuse, what must else be stigma-

tised as the unaccountable and unpardonable injustice perpetrated by our youthful critic against two imperishable names in the following passage: —

> "Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
> Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine,
> Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
> And many a story told, in rhyme and prose,
> But age has rusted what the poet writ,
> Worn out his language, and obscured his wit:
> In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
> And tries to make his readers laugh, in vain.
> Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
> In ancient tales amused a barbarous age,
> An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
> Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued,
> Thro' pathless fields and unfrequented floods,
> To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
> But now the mystic tale, that pleased of yore,
> Can charm an understanding age no more;
> The long spun allegories fulsome grow,
> While the dull moral lies too plain below."

It is satisfactory to know that the last of these rash sentences was modified on an appeal from Addison ignorant to Addison better informed. He is said by Spence, — a very indifferent authority indeed, — to have confessed that he had never read Spenser when he wrote the lines; and we find him, long after, making an indirect amende honorable in his paper on True and False wit in the Spectator, where after observing that "Milton had a genius much above false wit," he adds that "Spenser is

in the same class with Milton." "Great Cowley," a "mighty genius," is commended with more effort than skill; in remarking on his lavish profusion of wit and thought, the poet stumbled on the luckless line,

> "He more had pleased us, had he pleased us less,"

which, long years afterwards, Pope gratified his surviving malignity against the dead, by inserting among the examples in his "Treatise on the Bathos." Few probably even among the sincere admirers of Cowley, would now concur in the kind of praise here given to his Pindarics; still fewer in the concluding tribute to his episcopal editor and eulogist:

> "Blest man! whose spotless life and charming lays
> Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise;
> Blest man! who now shall be for ever known
> By *Sprat*'s successful labors and thy own!"

Milton is next named, and a rapturous burst of admiration and delight succeeds, evidently from the heart, and expressed with characteristic grace, though not with appropriate energy. It concludes however with an,

> "O had the poet ne'er profaned his pen
> To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men!"

and the demerits of the political partisan seem, in the estimate of the critic, to neutralize the praises due to Paradise Lost.

Waller is characterized with some elegance, but the wish expressed, after the couplet,

> "Thy verse can show e'en Cromwell's innocence,
> And compliment the storm that bore him hence,"

that his muse had not "come an age too soon," but had survived to celebrate "great Nassau" and "his Maria" on the throne, is, to say the least of it, peculiarly unfortunate in its juxtaposition. After a civil salute to Roscommon and Denham on his way, he summons all his powers for those happy lines, once familiar to every reader:

> "But see where artful Dryden next appears,
> Grown old in rhyme, but charming e'en in years,
> Great Dryden next, whose tuneful Muse affords
> The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.
> Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
> She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
> If satire or heroic strains she writes,
> Her hero pleases and her satire bites.
> From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
> She wears all dresses, and she charms in all."

Now that the dramatic works of Dryden are nearly forgotten, while those of Congreve are the only performances of his which keep him in remembrance, it is a kind of surprise to find him proceeding thus:

> "How might we fear our English poetry,
> That long has flourished, should decay with thee,
> Did not the Muse's other hope appear,
> Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:

Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more,
Congreve shall still preserve thy name alive,
And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive."

It is perhaps still more extraordinary that Dryden himself, in an address to Congreve on his comedy of the Double Dealer, should have complimented him as the destined future wearer of his own laurel. He had as yet published nothing but a novel and two prose comedies, and except that some of his occasional poems, — performances, it must be said, of very slender merit, — were probably already printed in the miscellanies, we should be led to imagine that the drama was considered by these high authorities as forming a species of poetry in itself, without regard to the circumstance of its being written in verse or prose. More probably however, this is one of the frequent instances in which the partiality, or flattery, of contemporaries has ventured upon auguries of future success and glory which have been falsified by the event. In this case, we must likewise make allowance for the unusual dearth of poetical genius at the time.

No other dramatists, not even Shakspeare, is found in this scanty catalogue of English poets; but "justice demands," says our author, that "The noble Montague" should not be left unsung, "For wit, for humour and for judgment famed," and who be-

sides addressing lord Dorset, "In numbers such as Dorset's self might use," had adorned his lines with the "god-like acts" of the hero of the Boyne. He adds,

> "But now to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
> He aids the hero whom before he prais'd."

Possibly we may be allowed to infer from the last couplet, that it was as much to the statesman as the poet that the homage of Addison was in this instance offered. The poem concludes with an expression of the author's intention to quit poetry and prepare to tell of "greater truths."*

It may be interesting to compare with this poem of Addison's, a passage in Garth's Dispensary, written not many years afterwards, indeed, yet when the catalogue of living English poets had already received some important accessions, including that of Addison himself. It will be seen that Congreve and Montague still retained in the estimation of the best contemporary judges a reputation which, as poets, they have totally lost with posterity: so capricious is literary taste, so liable to be affected by temporary or personal considerations.

* All the early pieces of Addison referred to in this chapter, together with his translation from Virgil, and of the story of Salmacis from Ovid were published in the third and fourth vols. of Miscellany Poems. London 1693, 1694. See Wood's Athenæ Oxon. by Bliss, vol. iv. col. 603.

" In sense and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherley, consider Dryden well.
In one, what vigorous turns of fancy shine!
In th' other Sirens warble in each line!
If Dorset's sprightly Muse but touch the lyre,
The Smiles and Graces melt in soft desire,
And little Loves confess their am'rous fire.
The gentle Isis claims the ivy crown
To bind th' immortal brows of Addison.
As tuneful Congreve tries his rural strains,
Pan quits the woods, the list'ning Fauns the plains,
And Philomel in notes like his complains;
And Britain since * Pausanias was writ,
Knows Spartan virtue and Athenian wit.
When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
Or what Apollo dictates Prior sings,
The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention show,
And silver Sequana forgets to flow.
. . . . 'Tis Montague's rich vein alone must prove,
None but a Phidias should attempt a Jove."

The Dispensary, Cant. iv. l. 207.

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* By Mr. Norton.

CHAPTER III.

1695 to 1700.

POEMS ON PUBLIC OCCASIONS WHY GENERALLY FAILURES. LINES OF ADDISON TO THE KING. TO LORD SOMERS, WHO BECOMES HIS PATRON. ACCOUNT OF SOMERS. LATIN POEM ON THE PEACE INSCRIBED TO CHARLES MONTAGUE. ACCOUNT OF HIM. HE PATRONISES ADDISON. ADDISON RELUCTANT TO TAKE ORDERS. DIFFERENT CAUSES ASSIGNED FOR IT. MONTAGUE'S SHARE IN IT. HE AND SOMERS PROCURE HIM A PENSION FROM THE KING TO TRAVEL. PUBLICATION OF MUSÆ ANGLICANÆ. ACCOUNT OF HIS LATIN POEMS. HIS CELEBRATION OF DR. BURNET'S THEORY. BOILEAU'S REMARKS ON HIS POEMS. HE SETS OUT ON HIS TRAVELS. HIS LETTERS TO SEVERAL FRIENDS. TAKES UP HIS RESIDENCE AT BLOIS. HIS MODE OF LIFE THERE. LETTERS. FRIENDSHIP AND CORRESPONDENCE WITH WORTLEY MONTAGUE. LETTERS TO BISHOP HOUGH AND OTHERS.

It was another of the unfavourable results of that activity of the spirit of literary patronage which, with its causes, has been already adverted to, that it tempted the poets to an injudicious choice of themes. Extraordinary as it may at first sight appear, facts will bear out the assertion, that public events of the day, whatever their nature or magnitude, however agitating to the passions or important to the destinies of a people, have scarcely ever, in a single instance, served for the foundation of an excellent poem.

Even the laureate strains of Dryden, though abounding in those flashes of brightness which his genius could not help emitting, form no just exception to the rule. Victories and peace-makings, royal accessions and births and marriages, so long as they continue topics for the gazette, have always about them too much of vulgar notoriety, too much of the everyday notions and phrases of every man, not to be the scorn and disgust of the Muses. Their sacred flame, we might say, is never kindled at the parish bonfire. Yet these are precisely the topics on which poems are wont to be commanded, or likely to be rewarded, by the rulers of the state.

The embarrassments attending a scanty allowance, and the necessity of seeking patronage betimes, as the only passport to the emoluments and dignities of the profession which he purposed to embrace, strongly persuaded Addison to this employment of his talents; and on the return of his majesty from the continent, after the campaign of 1695, the young Oxonian offered him the homage of what was then styled, "a paper of verses." The great event of the year, the capture of Namur in sight of the whole French army under Villeroi, who feared to risk a battle for its relief, supplies, as might be supposed, the prominent theme of eulogy; and in fact it was an action which greatly advanced the military reputation of William. The poet however, has taken occasion to

cast a backward glance upon his former exploits, not omitting the battle of the Boyne; and to celebrate the race of Nassau, as

> " By heav'n design'd
> To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
> To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
> And fight in ev'ry injured nation's cause,
> The world's great patriots," ——

while of the immediate hero of his verse he says, not unhappily,

> " His toils for no ignoble ends design'd
> Promote the common welfare of mankind;
> No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
> The cries of orphans and the widow's tears;
> Oppress'd Religion gives the first alarms,
> And injured Justice sets him in his arms;
> His conquests freedom to the world afford,
> And nations bless the labors of his sword."

This address therefore, is to be regarded less in the light of a mere laureate effusion of court compliment, than a deliberate assertion of whig principles, in which, through whatever means he came by them, born of such a father and educated at Oxford, the life-long perseverance of Addison through all changes of fortune is a sufficient pledge of his sincerity. He prefaced his poem likewise, with what Dr. Johnson scornfully designates, " a kind of rhyming introduction to Lord Somers." Fortunately for their author, his unpretending, and certainly elegant lines, expe-

rienced a more generous reception from the illustrious statesman to whom they were inscribed,—himself an ardent cultivator of literature, and justly commended, in this very piece, as, "above degrading envy." The "present of a muse unknown," was accepted with characteristic urbanity, and rewarded by a request to see the author.

From this first introduction, Somers, attracted doubtless by a classic elegance of mind clothed, like his own, in all the graces of native modesty, adopted the patronage of Addison with the zeal of real friendship; such favour, and from such a personage, could not fail of exerting a decided influence both on the feelings and judgments of its object. In his political capacity, Addison would assuredly have made no difficulty in avowing himself the disciple of Somers; and a slight sketch of the character and career of this memorable statesman will thus cast a reflected light on his own.

Somers was born at Worcester in 1651, and received the rudiments of education at the collegiate school of that city. His enemies have reproached him with a low extraction; it is evident however that his father, who practised as an attorney, could have been destitute neither of fortune nor liberality, since it was as a gentleman-commoner that he entered his son of Trinity College Oxford. Swift, writing to lord Bolingbroke, then in exile, and consoling his

lordship's disappointed ambition, and his own, by bitterly remarking on the good success of "men of a lower degree of discretion and regularity," both in rising to high offices, and in filling them, and the contrary results attending on men of genius in the administration of public affairs, adds, "I know but one exception, and that was lord Somers, whose timorous nature, joined with the trade of a common lawyer, and the consciousness of a mean extraction, had taught him the regularity of an alderman or a gentleman usher." From this casual remark of a bitter enemy, and one who was beyond the reach of scruples in vilifying those whom he hated, we may learn, that while no one dared to refuse to Somers the character of a man of genius, he possessed likewise the qualities of a punctual and methodical man of business, invaluable in the high public offices to which his merit raised him. The reproach of timorousness is sufficiently refuted by the whole tenor of his political conduct.

It appears that he was early admitted on the terms of a familiar companion at the country seat of the young earl, afterwards duke, of Shrewsbury, in the convivialities of which, enlivened as they were with the sallies of wit and the play of fancy, he is said to have partaken, like the duke himself, too freely for his constitution. Being destined by his father to pursue the law in earnest and as a profession, Somers

quitted the university without taking a degree, but not without having imbibed a strong passion for literature, of which he still found leisure to afford some proof by contributions to the miscellaneous translations both of Plutarch's lives and Ovid's epistles. But politics were his true element, and, moved with patriotic indignation against the measures of the court towards the latter end of the reign of Charles II. he commenced his inestimable services to the cause of English liberty by a succession of tracts on all the important questions of that alarming period, as they arose. He ably supported the exclusion bill by his pen; and having established his reputation at the bar by his defence, in 1683, of the sheriffs of London and others accused of a riot, he afterwards augmented it to the highest pitch by his appearance as counsel for the seven bishops under James II.

In common with his early friend the earl of Shrewsbury, Somers was deep in the counsels for bringing over the prince of Orange; and in the Convention-parliament, where he represented his native city, he managed with great dexterity the conference with the lords concerning the critical word *abdicate*. For these services he was rewarded by king William in 1689 with the office of solicitor-general; three years afterwards he became attorney-general, then keeper of the seals, and still rising in esteem with the public through his ability and integrity as a magistrate, and

the meekness with which his faculties were borne, and with his royal master as a minister on whom, in the midst of almost universal perfidy, he could place firm reliance, he was elevated in 1695 to the dignity of lord chancellor and the peerage. On this occasion his good taste prompted him to employ the pen of Addison in the honorary office of drawing up the preamble to his patent. Lord Somers was soon after solicited to add to his political and professional honours the literary one of the presidency of the Royal Society, then rising into reputation and importance. Of this institution John Evelyn, that model of a meritorious English gentleman, was one of the original founders and most active managers; and partly from the opportunities of personal acquaintance thus afforded him, he was enabled to draw for posterity the following sketch of its President.

"It is certain that this chancellor was a most excellent lawyer, very learned in all polite literature, a superior pen, master of a handsome style, and of easy conversation; but he is said to make too much haste to be rich, as his predecessor and most in place in this age did, to a more prodigious excess than was ever known." *

With regard to the serious charge which here counterbalances so much commendation, and from a person

* Evelyn's Memoirs, iii. 382.

of adverse politics, it may be freely admitted, that the general charge brought against the public men of these times, of unexampled rapacity, is perfectly well-founded. It originated probably in the universal both profusion and corruption of the government of Charles II. and especially in the extraordinarily brief and precarious tenure by which all offices were held under the profligate *rulers* of that unworthy sovereign. It was natural for those to catch with a greedy grasp at present profit, who could place so little dependence on the future; and the same excuse, whatever be its force, must in fairness be extended to the official persons of several succeeding reigns, forming a period of balanced parties, active political intrigue, and frequent ministerial revolutions. With regard to lord Somers in particular, he held a place of the most uncertain duration, and in which, from its allowing of no return to legal practice, he had need to avail himself of all honest expedients as a protection against absolute penury whenever a political change should throw him out of play. On the removal of his incompetent successor sir Nathan Wright, this highest legal dignity was refused by several eminent lawyers to whom it was successively tendered; and it was only accepted at length by lord Cowper on the equitable, but novel stipulation of a retiring pension of 2000*l*. If therefore, as is probable, Evelyn's charge against Somers is founded only on the grants of crown

lands which he obtained, as necessary for the support of the rank to which it had pleased his sovereign to elevate him, there is but little ground for it. Of venality or corruption in his office he has never lain under the slightest suspicion.

The favourable reception granted to the inspirations of his loyal Muse by one minister of state, naturally disposed Addison to repeat the experiment; and in 1697 he produced a second celebration of the glory of William, in a Latin poem on the peace of Ryswick which he presented to the first commissioner of the Treasury, the same Montagu whom he had before celebrated in English verse as a poet.

If a second patron were to be sought, Addison could not have made a selection in every respect more appropriate; while Somers was the chief of the whig administration in the house of lords, Montagu was its leader in the commons, where his eloquence, his constitutional zeal and knowledge, and his political dexterity, were equally conspicuous; and as a patron of letters his name already stood pre-eminent. Like Somers, this celebrated person, better known by his later designation of earl of Halifax, owed his elevation to his talents; although he was of noble extraction. Charles Montagu, descended in a right line from the chief justice of that name, was a younger son of a younger brother of that earl of Manchester who was general of the parliament's

army during the civil wars. According to the information of Dr. Johnson, it was the practice of Busby to detain his brightest pupils as long as possible under his own tuition; and it is therefore to be taken as a testimony both to the genius and the classical proficiency of Montagu, that he had attained the age of majority before he quitted Westminster school for Cambridge, in 1682, with the design of qualifying himself to enter the church.

In accordance with the taste and practice of the most disgraceful period of English history, he first exhibited himself as a candidate for poetical celebrity in two pieces of court flattery; an Ode on the marriage of the princess Anne, and Verses on the death of Charles II. The last performance had the good fortune to attract the notice of the Mæcenas of that time, the earl of Dorset, who immediately invited the author to London, and introduced him to the wits. Soon after, he gave an indication of a freer and less courtly turn of mind, by joining Prior in the composition of "The Country and City Mouse," — a parody on Dryden's celebrated defence and panegyric of the church of Rome, "The Hind and Panther." This fact might at least have sheltered him from Pope's reproach, that, "Dryden alone *escaped* this judging eye;" while the admission of the satirist that his Bufo, "Helped to bury whom he helped to starve," proves that this true patron of letters knew how to

honour as a poet him on whom he had poured just contempt as a mercenary apostate.

Consistently with his principles, Montagu was one of those who signed the invitation to the prince of Orange; and having now given up all thoughts of the church, he obtained a seat in the Convention-parliament. Under the reign of William a pension was conferred upon him, in acknowledgment of his eminent services as a parliamentary debater, and he rose by two or three successive steps to the head of the treasury board, having proved his ability for this branch of the public service, by his successful management of the difficult business of a re-coinage, and the establishment of the first sinking-fund.

From the facts which came out at a subsequent period, when he was impeached by the house of commons, but shielded by the lords, it is pretty clear that he had been guilty of some improper and irregular practices in his official capacity; and he seems to have died too rich for his honour. He was splendid however in his establishment and his collections of books and objects of art, and his extensive patronage of men of letters was a credit both to himself and his country; although it may well be true, that "fed with soft dedication all day long," he grew too fond of that inflating food. As a politician, though certainly not free from self-interest, he deserves the praise of enlightened views, manly principles,

and an honourable consistency. When Addison first addressed himself to Montagu he was at the summit of his power, no imputation had as yet fallen on his conduct, and there was certainly not a writer in the country who would have regarded his notice and favour otherwise than as one of the first objects of ambition. The advances of the rising poet were received by this discerning patron with all the cordiality he could have hoped or desired.

Addison had now attained the age of 25; he had spent ten years in the University, and it was four since he had taken his Master's degree. His residence in college, notwithstanding his fellowship and the resource of pupils, brought him so little of emolument that he was still burdened with debts. His father had long been urgent with him to put a period to his general studies, and proceed to take orders; nevertheless he still continued to defer that irrevocable step, like one waiting upon fortune. Tickell, in his brief memoir, has expressed himself on the causes of this backwardness in the following terms: "Of some other copies of verses printed in the Miscellanies when he was young, the largest is, 'An account of the greatest English poets,' in the close of which he intimates a design he then had of going into holy orders, to which he was strongly importuned by his father. His remarkable seriousness and modesty, which might have been urged as powerful

reasons for his choosing that life, proved the chief obstacles to it. These qualities, by which the priesthood is so much adorned, represented the duties of it as too weighty for him; and rendered him still the more worthy of that honour which they made him decline. It is happy that this circumstance has since turned so much to the advantage of virtue and religion, in the cause of which he has bestowed his labours the more successfully, as they were his voluntary, not his necessary employment. The world became insensibly reconciled to wisdom and goodness, when they saw them recommended by him with at least as much spirit and elegance as they had been ridiculed for half a century."

On this passage, which perhaps deserved some reprehension for the abjectness of spirit which it unwarily imputed to a man of wit and genius whose after career certainly evinced no such undue opinion of his own incapacity even for high and difficult stations, — Steele, with a true zeal for the memory of his friend, inflamed however by jealousies and personal resentments against Tickell, thus indignantly remarks: "As the imputation of any the least attempt of arrogating to myself, or detracting from Mr. Addison, is without any colour of truth; you (*i. e.* Mr. Congreve to whom the letter is addressed,) will give me leave to go on in the same ardour towards him, and resent the cold, unaffectionate,

dry, and barren manner in which this gentleman gives an account of as great a benefactor as any one learned man ever had of another. . . . . As for the facts and considerable periods of his life, he either knew nothing of them, or injudiciously places them in a worse light than that in which they really stood. When he speaks of Mr. Addison's declining to go into orders, his way of doing it is, to lament that his seriousness and modesty, which might have recommended him, 'proved the chief obstacles to it.' It seems 'those qualities by which the priesthood is so much adorned, represented the duties of it as too weighty for him, and rendered him still more worthy of that honour which they made him decline.' These, you know very well, were not the reasons which made Mr. Addison turn his thoughts to the civil world; and as you were the instrument of his becoming acquainted with Lord Halifax, I doubt not but you remember the warm instances that noble lord made to the head of the college not * to insist upon Mr. Addison's going into orders. His arguments were founded upon the general pravity and corruption of men of business, who wanted liberal education. And I remember, as if I had read the letter yesterday, that my lord ended with a compliment, that however he might be represented as no

* By this expression is perhaps meant, not to insist upon his resigning his fellowship if he failed to do so.

friend to the church, he never would do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it. The contention for this man, in his early youth, among the people of greatest power, Mr. Secretary Tickell, the executor for his fame, is pleased to ascribe to a serious visage and modesty of behaviour."

That we have here the true statement of the case, cannot be doubted, and the warm feeling and right appreciation of the merits of the eminent person concerned which it evinces, excites unavailing regret for Steele's omission to fulfil his promise of himself giving, as supplementary to the *literary* memoir of Tickell, a fuller account of the friend whom he had known so long and loved so well.

It was apparently the duty of Montagu, after rescuing the object of his protection from the spiritual arm, immediately to provide for him by some civil employment; but, regarding him as not yet fully qualified for any considerable office, he could only concur with his earlier patron Lord Somers, in a step than which indeed none could be more flattering to the merits, or grateful to the feelings of Addison,—that of soliciting for him from the crown a pension of 300*l.* per annum, to enable him to complete the circle of his accomplishments by travel.*

* In a memorial addressed by Addison to George I. of which a copy in his own handwriting exists among the Tickell papers, this circumstance of his life is thus stated: "That your Memo-

Queen Elizabeth, when prevailed upon, as she sometimes was by Lord Burleigh, to charge herself with the travelling expenses of young gentlemen of promise, was accustomed to require of them in return, that they should keep up a correspondence with her secretary of state, and take upon them the offices of what were termed *intelligencers*, in plainer English, spies. But in this respect manners had doubtless changed for the better. We do indeed possess one letter of Addison's offering his services to a new secretary, yet there is no ground to imagine that *such* services were required, or that much more was expected, than that he should do credit to the bounty of his sovereign by accomplishing himself in the French tongue and other branches of knowledge appropriate to a future candidate for political employments. At the same time he was anxious to contribute to the honour of his country by exhibiting

rialist was sent from the university by King William, in order to travel, and qualify himself to serve his majesty, by which means he was diverted from making his fortune in any other way.

"That the king allowed him an annual pension for this end, but his majesty dying in the first year of this his allowance, and the pension being discontinued, your Memorialist pursued his travels upon his own expense for above three years." From this account it should seem, either that the pension was not granted on his first leaving England, in 1799, or that it had been long in arrear at the time of William's death, which did not occur till March 1701–2.

to foreign scholars that exquisite skill and taste in the language of ancient Rome of which he had already given such striking evidence.

In furtherance of this design, he now printed at the Sheldon press a second volume of the Musæ Anglicanæ, in which his own poems occupy a conspicuous place; — celebrated productions of which some account must here be given.

The composition of Latin verse, even when not a commanded exercise of the schools, seems an effort of imitation so natural and obvious to the academic, with a memory stored from the treasury of the ancient classics, and a taste formed almost exclusively on their models, that it cannot but be regarded as a serious derogation from the credit of early English scholarship, to have produced so little of this kind of fruit. Dr. Johnson has remarked, that before the appearance of the works of Milton and Cowley, and of May's continuation of Lucan's Pharsalia, the English "appeared unable to contest the palm of Latin poetry with any other of the learned nations." These writers had found no successors of equal merit when Addison, whether moved by the example of two poets both of them early objects of his fervent admiration, or solely by the promptings of his own elegant and highly classical spirit, first determined to build up a literary reputation on the foundation of Roman song. Some pieces of merit had however

been produced, which, mingled with others of inferior quality, had issued from the Oxford press, but with a London editor, in 1691, in a single volume entitled Musæ Anglicanæ.

A sequel to this work, also from the Sheldon press, appeared in 1699, in which all the Latin pieces of Addison, eight in number, were contained; his poem on the Peace leading the way. No name of editor is given, but there is no doubt that the selection was made by Addison himself, nor, of course, that the elegant Latin preface which reappeared with some improvements in the enlarged and corrected edition of 1714, was from his pen. In this address to the public it is emphatically stated that no piece has been inserted in this collection but with the consent of its author; and a severe censure is passed on the editor of the former volume, who, in publishing without authority several imperfect and juvenile attempts, is said to have consulted his own profit more than the reputation of the writers. The absence of any contributions from Cambridge scholars, is adverted to in terms of great politeness, which yet suggest the suspicion that they had been withheld from a spirit of petty jealousy towards the rival university.

"Fatendum est tamen opus hoc minùs esse perfectum, quòd nullis Cantabrigiensium exornetur carminibus. Illud verò infortunium nimiæ potius

ipsorum modestiæ tribuendum est quam nostris votis, qui præstantissima illorum poëmata non semel frustra expectavimus. Eorum sanè haud pauca summâ cum voluptate legimus, quibus denuò recudendis prælum ultrò (si ita visum fuisset autoribus) nec sine honore inserviîsset. Nolumus tamen alicujus scripta sese inscio in lucem emittere, ne invitis famam donare videremur, et nostro exemplo approbare quod olim in alio Poëtico Examine vituperandum meritò censemus." *

* That Cambridge could at this time boast of many Latin poets, though not a single English one since their still vaunted Montagu, is proved by the following letter from Mr. James Talbot to lord Herbert:

" My Lord, " Cambridge, 28th Nov. 1697.

" The Vice-chancellor having favoured me with the disposal of some copies of our book of verses upon the peace, I was ambitious of this opportunity of presenting one to your lordship, as a token of our loyalty to the king, and of my dutiful respects to your lordship. . . . . I doubt, my lord, your critics of the drawing-room will be somewhat displeased by our omission of English poetry, which is not the constant growth of this soil. 'Tis enough if once in a reign our university can produce a Montagu or a Dryden: here are many indeed that would be more willing than the latter to compliment the government upon this joyful occasion, but as we have very few, (if any) that can pretend to the abilities of these masters, so it was thought advisable not to encourage any attempts in that kind, from which we could promise ourselves so little success. But though our Latin poetry is not calculated for the meridian of the court, your lordship, I hope who is so able a judge, may find some entertainment in this book," &c.—Warner's *Epistolary Curiosities*, vol. i. p. 167.

Great and general was the applause given by contemporary scholars to the first fruits of the learned muse of Addison; nor has their fame proved fugitive. The correctness and classical purity of these graceful productions has received no attaint; and although, as Dr. Johnson observes, that praise must not be too nicely weighed which assigned to his poem on the Peace the character of "the best Latin poem since Virgil," judges of the present day, both competent and impartial, have held that in the flow and cadence of his verse, at least, Addison has more nearly attained the sweetness and majesty of Virgil than any other modern. In the subjects also of his pieces, as well as in the treatment of them, it is certain that more of originality, and of imagination is exhibited, than in the earlier, at least, of his English poems. He must indeed be master of a dead language who ventures to sport in it, and it is therefore a conclusive proof of the force of his scholarship, as well as a very remarkable circumstance in itself, that the vein of humour which, though unquestionably native to the mind of Addison, is nowhere perceptible in his vernacular poetry, discloses itself very happily in several of his Latin pieces. It tinges several passages of his mock-heroic, the Battle of the Pygmies and Cranes, comes out more broadly and amusingly in the "Machinæ gesticulantes, anglice a Puppet-

show;" and "Spheristerium" (the Bowling-green) is altogether in a style of easy playfulness.

The Ode addressed to Dr. Thomas Burnet, author of the "Sacred Theory of the Earth," though too much of a Horatian cento in the diction, is undoubtedly the highest effort of his muse in respect of thought and imagery; he appears indeed to have caught fancy and sublimity from the remarkable work of genius which he celebrates. In another point of view, the publication of this poem, exactly at the juncture when it appeared, is a fact highly honourable to its author.

It was in 1680 that Dr. Burnet, then a fellow of Christchurch Cambridge, published the work in question. Five years afterwards, he was appointed master of the Charter-house, in which capacity he opposed a firm and successful resistance to the intrusion of a popish pensioner upon that establishment, when attempted by James II. This conduct had obtained for him, after the revolution, the appointment of chaplain to the king, and through the influence of archbishop Tillotson, that of clerk of the closet. But his next work, published in 1692 under the title of "Archæologia Philosophica, being an inquiry into the opinions of the ancients concerning the origin of all things," had given extreme offence to the clerical body by its criticism of the Mosaic accounts of the creation, the fall of man, and the de-

luge.* In consequence, he had been deprived of the clerkship of the closet, and the intention of raising him to the episcopal bench had been abandoned. In the position of Addison at this period, — a young man with his fortune to make, — the public and distinguished celebration of a divine under disgrace at court and in the church on such a ground, deserves to be commemorated as no slight evidence of independence of mind and moral courage.

It appears that Addison, on setting out for his travels, carried with him the new volume of Musæ Anglicanæ, and occasionally availed himself of it as a kind of credential letter in his visits to the scholars of the continent. Hence it happened that, in the words of Tickell, "he was admired in the two universities, and in the greater part of Europe, before he was talked of as a poet in town." On this subject, the same biographer gives us likewise the following anecdote and remarks: — "Our country owes it to him, that the famous M. Boileau first conceived an opinion of the English genius for poetry, by perusing the present which he made him of the Musæ Anglicanæ. It has been currently reported, that this famous French poet, among the civilities he showed

* "The Archæologia Philosophica of Thos. Burnet is intended to question the literal history of the creation and fall. But few will pretend that either Le Clerc or Burnet were disbelievers in revelation."—Hallam's *Introd. to the Literature of Europe*, &c.

Mr. Addison on that occasion, affirmed that he would not have written against Perrault, had he before seen such excellent pieces by a modern hand.

"Such a sentiment would have been impertinent and unworthy Boileau, whose dispute with Perrault turned chiefly upon some passages in the ancients, which he rescued from the misinterpretations of his adversary. The true and natural compliment made by him was, that these books had given him a very new idea of the English politeness; and that he did not question but there were excellent compositions in the native language of a country that possessed the Roman genius to so eminent a degree."

In this explanation of the Frenchman's compliment, there can be no question that Tickell is in the right; at the same time it must have required in the compatriot of Shakspeare and Milton, a large allowance for the "proud ignorance" of the French in the language and literature of all other modern nations, to receive such a speech with his best bow of humble acknowledgment. Dr. Johnson cuts the knot in his own manner: "Nothing," says he, "is better known of Boileau than that he had an injudicious and peevish contempt of modern Latin, and therefore his profession of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation."

It was in the summer of 1699 that Addison, taking his final leave of an Oxford residence, though he still

retained his fellowship, made his way by Dover to France, and in the first instance, it appears to Paris. Under what high auspices he travelled, will be manifest from the following letters, of which the first is addressed to that Charles Montagu who speedily became lord Halifax.

MR. ADDISON TO CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

Honour'd Sir,

I am now in a place where nothing is more usual than for mean people to press into y^e^ presence and conversation of great men and where modestie is so very scarce that I think I have not seen a Blush since my first Landing at Callice, which I hope may in some measure excuse me for presuming to trouble you with a Letter. However if I may not be allowd to Improve a little in y^e^ confidence of y^e^ Country I am sure I receive in it such Effects of your favour in y^e^ civilities my L^d^ Ambassador has bin pleas'd to show me that I cant but think it my Duty to make you acquainted with them; I am sorry my Travails have not yet furnisht me with any thing else worth your knowlege. As for the state of Learning; There is no Book comes out at present that has not something in it of an Air of Devotion. Dacier has bin forc'd to prove his Plato a very good Christian before he ventures upon his Translation and has so far com-

ply'd with y^e^ Tast of the Age that his whole book is over-run with Texts of Scripture, and y^e^ notion of præ-existence supposed to be stol'n from two verses of the prophets. Nay y^e^ Humour is grown so universal that it is got among y^e^ Poets who are ev'ry day publishing Lives of Saints and Legends in Rhime. My Imperfect Acquaintance with y^e^ French tongue makes me incapable of learning any particular News of this Nature so that I must end my Letter as I begun it with my most humble Acknowlegements for all your favours.

I am &c.

To Charles Montague Esq^e^. &c.
Paris August 1699.

The next letter is written to lord Chancellor Somers. Of Mr. Sansom, the third correspondent of Addison, I am unable to supply any information.*

* For the power of presenting to the public these, and other letters which will appear in their proper places, I am indebted to Edward Tickell Esq. Q. C. of Dublin, the lineal descendant of Tho. Tickell Esq. executor to Addison and editor of his works, who has permitted them to be transcribed from originals in his possession for the purposes of this biography, with a liberality and kindness of which I want words adequately to express my grateful sense. They will be found to supply many instructive and entertaining particulars of one of the most interesting periods of Addison's life, regarding which scarcely any thing has hitherto been known. Their original orthography has been preserved, as well as the contractions which mark them for *copies* made by himself.

MR. ADDISON TO LORD SOMERS.

My Lord

I have now for some time liv'd on y^e^ Effect of your L^d^ship's patronage without presuming to return you my most humble Thanks for it. But I find it no less difficult to suppress y^e^ Sense I have of your L^d^ship's favour than I do to represent it as I ought. Gratitude for a kindness receiv'd is generally as troublesome to the Benefactour as the Importunity in soliciting it; and I hope your L^d^ship will pardon me if I offend in one of these respects who had never any occasion or pretence to do it on the other. The only Return I can make your L^d^ship will be to apply myself entirely to my Business, and to take such a care of my Conversation that your favours may not seem misplaced on

My Lord

Your L^d^ship's &c.

To my L^d^ Chancellour
Paris 7^br^ 1699.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. SANSOM.

Dear Sir

You may be sure I have not bin in a little Hurry at my first Arrival in Paris that I cou'd so long forget returning you my Thanks for your last kindness: and truly I think I have paid no small compliment

to the Shows of the place in letting 'em take up my thoughts so far as to make me deny myself y^e^ satisfaction of writing to you. Your letter to Mr. Breton has gain'd me y^e^ Acquaintance of a Gentleman who is in all respects such as I shou'd have guess'd Mr. Sansom's friend to have bin: His Conversation at Dover made my Stay there very pleasant as his Interest in the Officers made my Departure easy. The great Talk of this place at present is about y^e^ King's statue that is lately set up in the Place Vendôme. It is a noble figure but looks very naked without a Square about it: for they have set up the Furniture before the House is half Built. If I meet with any thing here worth your knowledge I will trouble you with y^e^ relation of it and in the mean time am

Dear S^r^ &c.

To John Sansom Esq^e^.
Paris 7^br^ 1699.

The deficiency in his knowledge of the French tongue which he owns to lord Halifax, led Addison, after snatching a first view of the sights of Paris, to take up his temporary abode at Blois; a city celebrated for purity of accent, where he might devote himself without interruption to the study of what, through the predominancy of Louis XIV. had now become the universal language of diplomacy and politics throughout Europe. Spence, on the authority of a certain Abbé Philippeaux, an inhabitant of the

place, gives an account of his manners and habits during his residence here, in which, while it betrays in every line the little and vulgar mind of the reporter, there seems however to be something genuine and characteristic: "Mr. Addison stayed above a year at Blois. He would rise as early as between two and three in summer, and lie abed till between eleven and twelve in the depth of winter. He was untalkative while here, and often thoughtful; sometimes so lost in thought, that I have come into his room and stayed five minutes there before he has known any thing of it. He had his masters generally at supper with him, kept very little company beside; and had no amour whilst here, that I know of; and I think I should have known it if he had had any." In what branches of knowlege all these "masters" were to instruct him does not appear; he had, of course, one for the language, and it is possible that he might also embrace this opportunity of taking some lessons in what were called *the exercises,* that is fencing dancing and riding, usually acquired at this time by young gentlemen on their travels. He doubtless invited his instructors to his table for the sake of practice in speaking French; we learn from his own letters that there was little other society in the place worth cultivating even with this view. There is reason to think that he here began his Cato, but a great part of his private studies must have been in

the Latin classics. He has himself told us, that he read before he went to Italy to refresh his memory. After the publication of his travels, it was indeed invidiously suggested that "he was indebted to Alberti for his mode of viewing Italy;" a notion which is deservedly reprobated by Tyers*, while Johnson contents himself with the dry remark, that "he had made from the Latin poets preparatory collections, of which he might have spared himself the trouble, had he known that such collections had been made twice before by Italian authors." This may indeed be true, but that such trouble would have been *well* spared will be admitted by those only who have not learned by experience the incalculable superiority of original research over second-hand information.

Addison wrote a letter to colonel Frowde from Paris, in November, immediately before his removal to Blois. We perceive from its contents that this gentleman was an Oxford acquaintance; from later letters we learn that his friendship with Addison was a lasting one; and he is doubtless the same person described by Nichols in his edition of Swift, who corresponded with him, as Comptroller of the Foreign office at the Post office; a gentleman much beloved by his friends, and the author of two tragedies.

* See his Historical Memoir of Addison.

MR. ADDISON TO COLONEL FROWDE.

Dear Colonel

I was extremely glad to receive your Letter, not only because I saw Colonel Frowde's name at y^e^ Bottom of it but because it was written in English, a Language that had not bin spoken to me six weeks before, so that I read it over with y^e^ same pleasure as a man sees an Old Acquaintance. I was sorry however to hear in it that you had bid Farewell to Poetry by y^e^ Instigation and contrivance of my brother Garr, that friend to strong drink and Enemy to the Muses: but I hope you will repent of so Rash a resolution, and that you have so much of y^e^ Ambition as well as y^e^ other talents of a Poet as to value Fame and Immortality beyond 10 pound. If you are to forfeit so much for every copy of Verses you write, you may consider for your comfort that y^e^ poorer you grow y^e^ more you will resemble those of your Brotherhood. As for myself I am so Embarras'd with nouns and Verbs that I have no time to think of Verse, but am forc'd to Decline and conjugate words, instead of putting 'em into Rhime. I cou'd wish as well as you that I were able to Learn y^e^ Language sooner and so hope to see you quickly in England: but I have so much of a Wit in me that I have a Bad Memory, which hinders me from performing my

Task so speedily as I wou'd wish. However as bad as it is, it will never let me forget how much

I am &c.

To Collonel Frowde.
Paris 9^{br}. 1699.*

The following letter is doubtless also addressed to an Oxford friend, then on his travels, but of whom nothing further is now known. The Dr. Davenant whose *scrip* is mentioned, must have been the celebrated author on political arithmetic, who was one of the first to call the attention of his fellow-countrymen to subjects of this nature. He was at the same time a party writer, and made it one of his principal objects to animadvert with keenness on the conduct of the whig ministers of King William, and the policy which they pursued.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. ADAMS.

Dear Sir

I have bin lately very much indispos'd with a Feaver or I wou'd have answered your Letter sooner, but am at present very well recover'd, notwithstanding I made use of one of y^{e} Physicians of this place, who are as cheap as our English Farriers and generally as Ignorant. I hope y^{e} news you sent me of S^{r} Edward Seymour's Act will prove true, for here

* Tickell papers.

are a couple of English Gentlemen that have turn'd off a Fencing-Master on the strength of it. I have here sent you a scrip of Dr. Davenant's new Book as it came to me in a Letter. It is level'd against the Ministry and makes a great noise in its own country &c. To pass from Statesmen to the Cloath-Hat you left with me: You must know that it has travail'd many miles and run through a great variety of Adventures since you saw it last. It was left at Orleans for above a week, and since that fell into y^e^ hands of a Hackney Coachman that took a particular Liking to our English Manufacture and won'd by no means part with it, but by many fair words and a few menaces I have at last recovered it out of his Hands; tho not without y^e^ Entire Loss of y^e^ Hat-band. I hear there is at present a very great Ferment in Maudlin College which is workt up to a great height by Newnam Ale and frequent Canvassings. I suppose both parties before they engage will send into France for their Foreign Succours.

I am &c.

To Mr. Adams. Blois.*

A long and entertaining letter to Congreve succeeds, including one equally good to his patron. Of the dispute with M. L'Espagnol to which the short note to him refers, no particulars can now be re-

* Tickell papers.

covered, but the equally manly and temperate tone of Addison is much in character. Dr. Newton's name is not found among the graduates of Oxford at this period, and no notices of him have been met with. He is not described as the reverend, and was probably of the medical profession.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. CONGREVE.

Dear Sir

I was very sorry to hear in your last Letter that you were so terribly afflicted with the Gout, tho for your Comfort I believe you are the first English poet that have bin complimented with the Distemper: I was myself at that time sick of a Feaver which I believe proceeded from the same Cause; But at present I am so well Recover'd that I can scarce forbear beginning my Letter with Tully's preface, Si vales bene est Ego quidem Valeo. You must excuse me for giving you a Line of Latin now and then since I find myself in some danger of Losing the Tongue, for I perceive a new Language, like a new Mistress, is apt to make a man forget all his old ones. I assure you I met with a very Remarkable Instance of this nature at Paris in a poor Irish-man that had lost the little English he had brought over with him without being able to learn any French in its stead: I askt him

what Language he spoke, he very Innocently answered me 'no Language Monsieur:' w^ch^ as I afterwards found were all the words he was Master of in both Tongues. I am at present in a town where all the Languages in Europe are spoken except English, which is not to be heard I believe within fifty miles of the place. My greatest diversion is to run over in my Thoughts the Variety of noble scenes I was entertain'd with before I came hither. I dont believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer Lanskips than those about the Kings houses, or with all yo^r^ descriptions build a more magnificent palace than Versailles. I am however so singular as to prefer Fontainebleau to all the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods that give you a fine variety of Savage prospects. The King has Humour'd the Genius of the place, and only made use of so much art as is necessary to Help and regulate Nature without reforming her too much. The cascades seem to break through the Clefts and cracks of Rocks that are cover'd over with Moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by Accident. There is an Artificial Wildness in the Meadows, Walks and Canals, and y^e^ Garden instead of a Wall is Fenc'd on the Lower End by a Natural mound of Rock-work that strikes the Eye very Agreeably. For my part I think there is something more charming in these rude heaps of Stone than in so many Statues, and wou'd as soon

see a River winding through Woods and Meadows as when it is toss'd up in such a Variety of figures at Versailles. But I begin to talk like Dr. Lister. To pass therefore from Works of Nature to those of Art: In my opinion the pleasantest part of Versailles is the Gallery. Every one sees on each side of it something that will be sure to please him, for one of 'em commands a View of the finest Garden in the World, and the other is wainscoted with Looking-Glass. The History of the present King, till ye Year 16*, is painted on the Roof by Le Brun, so that his Majesty has Actions enough by him to Furnish another Gallery much Longer than the first. He is represented with all the Terror and Majesty that you can Imagine in ev'ry part of the picture, and sees his Young face as perfectly drawn in the Roof as his present one in the side. The Painter has represented His most Xtian Majesty under ye figure of Jupiter throwing thunderbolts all about the cieling and striking terror into ye Danube and Rhine that lie astonished and blasted wth Lightning a little above the Cornice. I believe by this time you are afraid I shall carry you from room to room and lead you through the whole palace; truly if I had not tir'd you already I cou'd not forbear showing you a Stair-case that they say is the noblest in its kind:

* The sixteenth year of his reign must be me nt.

but after so tedious a letter I shall conclude with a petition to you that you would deliver the enclos'd to Mr. Montague, for I am afraid of Interrupting him with my Impertinence when he is Engaged in more serious Affairs.

Tu faciles aditus et mollia tempora nôvis.

I am &c.

Blois, 10br. 1699.
To Mr. Congreve.

MR. ADDISON TO CHARLES MONTAGU, ESQ.

Honoured Sir

You will be surpris'd I dont question to find among your Correspondencies in Foreign parts a Letter Dated from Blois: but as much out of ye world as we are, I have often the pleasure to hear you mention'd among the Strangers of other Nations whose company I am here sometimes Engag'd in: I have found since my leaving England that tis Impossible to talk of her with those that know there is such a Nation, but you make a part of the Discourse. Your name comes in upon the most different subjects, if we speak of the men of Wit or the men of Business, of Poets or Patrons, Politicians or Parliament men. I must confess I am never so sensible of my Imperfection in the French Language as when I wou'd express myself on so agreeable a subject; tho' if I understood it as well as my Mother Tongue I shou'd want words

on this occasion. I cant pretend to trouble you with any News from this place, where the only Advantage I have besides getting the Language is to see the manners and temper of the people, which I believe may be better learn't here than in Courts and greater Citys where Artifice and Disguise are more in fashion. And truly by what I have yet seen they are the Happiest nation in the World. Tis not in the pow'r of Want or Slavery to make 'em miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the Country but Mirth and Poverty. Ev'ry one sings, laughs and starves. Their Conversation is generally Agreeable; for if they have any Wit or Sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a Second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first Sight that a Long Intimacy or Abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman: Their Women are perfect Mistresses in this Art of showing themselves to the best Advantage. They are always gay and sprightly and set off y^e^ worst Faces in Europe with y^e^ best airs. Ev'ry one knows how to give herself as charming a Look and posture as S^r^. Godfrey Kneller c^d^ draw her in. I cannot end my Letter without observing, that from what I have already seen of the world I cannot but set a particular mark upon those who abound most in the Virtues of their Nation and least with its Imperfections. When therefore I see the Good sense of an Englishman in its highest perfection without any mixture of the Spleen, I hope you will

excuse me if I admire the Character and am Ambitious of subscribing myself

Honrd Sir,

Yo^{r} &c.

To the Right Honorable Ch. Montague Esq^{r}.
Blois 10^{br}. 1699.

MR. ADDISON A MONS^{r} L'ESPAGNOL.

Sir

I am always as slow in making an Enemy as a Friend and am therefore very ready to come to an Accommodation with you: but as for any satisfaction, I dont think it is due on either side when y^{e} Affront is mutual. You know very well that according to the opinion of y^{e} world a man would as soon be called a Knave as a fool, and I believe most people w^{d} be rather thought to want Legs than Brains. But I suppose whatever we said in y^{e} heat of discourse is not y^{e} real opinion we have of each other since otherwise you wou'd have scorn'd to have subscrib'd yourself as I do at present

S^{r} y^{r} very, &c.

A Mons^{r}. L'Espagnol
Blois 10^{br}. 1699.

MR. ADDISON TO DR. NEWTON.

S^{r}

I have a long time wisht for a pretence to write to you and tho y^{e} kindness I have received from you at

London might have bin a good Excuse for my returning you my Humble Thanks, I cou'd not think it proper after your former civilities to give you a fresh trouble by my Acknowledgments. I must therefore be forc'd to confess that tis nothing but y^e^ desire I have to improve myself by your advice that is y^e^ occasion of my present letter, for I am very willing to spend my time to y^e^ best Advantage whilst I stay abroad, and shoud therefore be very glad of a better directour than myself. My L^d^ Chancellor's having bin pleas'd to procure me this opportunity of Travailling will I hope be some motive with you to lend me your Assistance: I am sure tis a very strong argument with myself to use all y^e^ Application possible that may make me answer his Lordp's Expectations. I have already seen as I informed you in my last, all y^e^ King's palaces, and have now seen a great part of y^e^ Country; I never thought there had been in y^e^ world such an Excessive Magnificence or Poverty as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive y^e^ pomp that appears in every thing about y^e^ King, but at y^e^ same time it makes half his subjects go Bare-foot. The people are however y^e^ happiest in y^e^ world, and enjoy from y^e^ Benefit of their Climate and natural Constitution such a perpetual Mirth and Easiness of temper as even Liberty and Plenty cannot bestow on those of other Nations. Devotion and Loyalty are ev'ry where at their

greatest height, but Learning seems to run very low, especially in y^e^ younger people: for all the rising Geniuses have turn'd their Ambition another way, and endeavour'd to make their fortunes in y^e^ Army. The Belles Lettres in particular seem to be but short liv'd in France. Evry Book that comes out has some pages to show how much its Argument conduces to y^e^ Honour of y^e^ Holy Church, & nothing is more usual than to hear 'em at y^e^ Sorbonne quote y^e^ Depths of Ecclesiastical History and y^e^ Fathers, in false Latin. But S^r^, I have already troubled you with too long a Letter, and ought not to enlarge it any further than to beg your pardon for writing it.

I am S^r^ &c.

Blois 10^r^. 1699.
To D^r^. Newton.

Mr. Abraham Stanyan or Stanian, to whom the next letter from Blois is addressed, was secretary to the English embassy at Paris, and appears to have directed the attention of his friend to the studies fitted to qualify him for the diplomatic department of the public service.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. STANYAN.

Dear Sir

I thank you for y^e^ news and poetry you were pleas'd to send me, tho I must confess I did not

like either of 'em. The Votes had too much Fire in 'em and y^e^ Verses none at all: however I hope the first will prove as harmless to y^e^ Ministers of State as y^e^ others are to y^e^ Knights of y^e^ Toast. It is y^e^ first speech of S^r^ John Falstaff's that did not please me, but truly I think y^e^ merry Knight is grown very dull since his being in y^e^ other world. I really think myself very much obliged to you for your directions, and if you would be a little particular in y^e^ names of y^e^ Treaties that you mention, I shou'd have reason to look upon your Correspondence as y^e^ luckiest Adventure I am like to meet with in all my Travails. The place where I am at present, by reason of its situation on the Loire and its reputation for y^e^ Language, is very much Infested with Fogs and German Counts. These last are a kind of Gentlemen that are just come wild out of their country, and more noisy and senseless than any I have yet had y^e^ honour to be acquainted with. They are at y^e^ Cabaret from morning to night, and I suppose come into France on no other account but to Drink. To make some Amends for all this, there is not a word of English spoken in the whole town, so that I shall be in danger of Losing my Mother-tongue unless you give me leave to practise it on you sometimes in a letter. I might here be very troublesome to you with my Acknowlegements, but I hope there

is no need of any formal professions to assure you that I shall always be Dear S^r^

&c.

To Abraham Stanian Esq^re^.
Blois. Feb. 1699.*
1700.

A second letter to the same gentleman is inserted as a fragment, the rest having been published by its writer in the Guardian, N° 104. A portion of the letter to Dr. Newton just given is likewise found in that work, but could not be detached from it without injury.

TO MR. STANYAN.

Dear Sir

I could not have let a whole Lent pass without troubling you with a letter cou'd I have met with any thing worth your knowledge: but news has bin as scarce among us as flesh, and I know you don't much care to hear of mortification and repentance, which have been the only business of this place for several weeks past. Ev'ry thing at present looks very agreeable, and I assure you I don't envy your entertainments at Paris as long as this season lasts. I wou'd as soon be in a neighbouring Wood as at y^e^ Opera, and in my opinion find in it more beautiful scenes and pleasanter music * * * * *

But as pleasant as y^e^ country is, I think of leaving

* Tickell papers.

it as soon as I have rec[d] directions from England, which I expect ev'ry Post. I shou'd have went to Italy before now, had not y[e] French tongue stopt me, which has bin a Rub in my way harder to get over than y[e] Alps, but I hope y[e] next time I have y[e] honour to wait on you I shall be able to talk with you in y[e] language of y[e] place. In y[e] meantime

I am Dear S[r]

Y[rs] &c.

To Abraham Stanyan Esq[re],
Secretary of y[e] Ambassy.

One of the earliest, and one of the best fruits of his travels, in the judgment of Addison himself, was the intimate, affectionate, and enduring friendship which they gave him the opportunity of forming with Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu. This gentleman, afterwards the husband of the brilliant and celebrated lady Mary, was grandson to that true hero admiral the earl of Sandwich, by his younger son Sidney Montagu, who on marrying the heiress of sir Francis Wortley, assumed her name. Born a second son, though he afterwards became heir to the vast estates of the family, Edward received a very complete classical education, became a first-rate scholar, and took the degree of L.L.D. at Cambridge. It is thus evident that his acquaintance with Addison was not an academical one; probably it was either formed under the auspices of Charles Montagu lord Halifax,

in London, or under those of the earl of Manchester, the English ambassador at Paris, both of whom were Wortley's relations, and the first, his political patron. He was a person of clear understanding and very decided character, and in party a zealous and consistent whig. The travels in which he was at this time engaged seem to have employed him longer, and to better purpose, than was usual among his contemporaries. On the accession of George I. he is said, but not with perfect correctness, to have been the only privy councillor capable of conversing with his sovereign in the French language; and while he rendered himself a proficient in the study of antiquities, more especially in buildings and inscriptions, he viewed the laws and institutions of foreign states with the eyes of a politician and future legislator. He probably joined Addison at Châteaudun, which is in the direct road from Blois to Paris; and after some stay in that capital they travelled to Marseilles, crossed together to Genoa, and perhaps made a part of their Italian tour in company. The first of Addison's letters to this gentleman which has been preserved is the following.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

July 23rd.

Dear Sir

I am now at Châteaudun, where I shall expect your company, or a letter from you, with some im-

patience. Here is one of the prettiest views in the world, if that can tempt you, and a ruin of about fourscore houses, which I know you would think a pleasanter prospect than the other, if it was not so modern. The inhabitants tell you the fire that has been the occasion of it was put out by a miracle; and that in its full rage it immediately ceased at the sight of him that in his lifetime rebuked the winds and the waves with a look. He was brought hither in the disguise of a wafer, and was assisted, I dont question, with several tons of water. It would have been a very fair occasion to have signalis'd your Holy Tear at Vendome, if the very sight of a single drop could have quench'd such a terrible fire. This is all the news I can write you from this place, where I have been hitherto taken up with the company of strangers that lodge in the same inn. I shall hope to see you within about a week hence; though I desire you not to hasten against your own inclinations; for, as much as I esteem your company, I can't desire it unless it be for your own convenience.

I am, dear sir
Your very faithful humble servant
J. Addison.*

Aux Trois Rois a
Châteaudun.

* See for this and all following letters to the same correspondent, Addinsonia (2 vols. 12mo. London 1803), where they are given in fac-simile from the originals, stated to be in the possession of Mr. Phillips of St. Paul's Church Yard.

The second visit of Addison to Paris must have been far more productive to him of pleasure and instruction than the first; since he was now able to converse with ease in the language of the country, and to prove to the distinguished men of letters who received his visits, his full right of admission to the privileges of free and equal conversation. How far he was able, notwithstanding the weight of bashfulness with which he is imagined to have been constantly oppressed, to raise himself into the favor and confidence of such men as Boileau and Malebranche, will best appear from a beautiful letter of his own, eminently characteristic of his unassuming temper as well as his literary accomplishment, and addressed to the exemplary bishop Hough. The first sentence refers to the advancement of Philip duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV., who was proclaimed king of Spain in November 1700. Boileau, who is mentioned as old, was now sixty-four. Since the death of his dear friend Racine, he had almost ceased to appear at court, paid few visits, and is said to have admitted to his presence only a small number of friends; his notice of the young Englishman was therefore a very unusual favor, for which, notwithstanding the remark of Johnson, it is pretty evident that Addison must have been originally indebted to his Latin poems. Malebranche, on the other hand, received the visits of almost every lettered foreigner who arrived at

Paris. His manners were cheerful, simple, and complaisant, and his conversation usually turned, as with Addison, on the subjects of his writings. His first sight of the works of Des Cartes had formed an epoch in his life, since he immediately devoted himself to the study of them, which he pursued during ten years. He had recently written a paper on Light and Colours for insertion in the Transactions of the Academy of Sciences.

MR. ADDISON TO BISHOP HOUGH.

My Lord

I receiv'd y^e^ honour of your L^d^ship's Letter at Paris, and am since got as far as Lyons in my way for Italy. I am at present very well content to quit y^e^ French conversation, which since y^e^ promotion of their young prince begins to grow Insupportable. That w^h^ was before y^e^ vainest nation in y^e^ world is now worse than ever. There is scarce a man in it that does not give himself greater airs upon it, and look as well pleased as if he had rec'd some considerable advancement in his own fortunes. The best company I have met with since my being in this country has been among y^e^ men of Letters, who are generally easy of access, especially y^e^ Religious who have a great deal of time on their hands, and are glad to pass some of it off in y^e^ society of strangers. Their

Learning for y^e^ most part lies among y^e^ old schoolmen. Their public disputes run upon y^e^ Controversys between the Thomists and Scotists, which they manage with abundance of Heat and False Latin. When I was at Paris I visited y^e^ Pêre Malbranche, who has a particular esteem for y^e^ English Nation, where I believe he has more admirers than in his own. The French dont care for following him through his Deep Researches, and generally look upon all y^e^ new Philosophy as Visionary or Irreligious. Malbranche himself told me that he was five and twenty years old before he had so much as heard of y^e^ name of Des Cartes. His book is now reprinted with many Additions, among which he show'd me a very pretty hypothesis of Colours w^h^ is different from that of Cartesius or Mr. Newton, tho they may all three be True. He very much prais'd Mr. Newton's Mathematics, shook his head at y^e^ name of Hobbes, and told me he thought him a *pauvre esprit.* He was very solicitous about y^e^ English translation of his work, and was afraid it had bin taken from an Ill Edition of it. Among other Learned men I had y^e^ honour to be introduc'd to Mr. Boileau, who is now retouching his works and putting 'em out in a new Impression. He is old and a little Deaf but talks incomparably well in his own calling. He heartily hates an Ill poet and throws himself into a passion when he talks of any one that has not a high respect

for Homer and Virgil. I don't know whether there is more of old Age or Truth in his Censures on y^e^ French writers, but he wonderfully decrys y^e^ present and extols very much his former cotemporarys, especially his two intimate friends Arnaud and Racine. I askt him whether he thought Telemaque was not a good modern piece: he spoke of it with a great deal of esteem, and said that it gave us a better notion of Homer's way of writing y^n^ any translation of his works could do, but that it falls however infinitely short of y^e^ Odyssee, for Mentor, says he, is eternally Preaching, but Ulysses shows us evry thing in his character and behaviour y^t^ y^e^ other is still pressing on us by his precepts and Instructions. He said y^e^ punishment of bad Kings was very well invented, and might compare with any thing of that nature in y^e^ 6^th^ Eneid, and that y^e^ deceit put on Telemaque's Pilot to make him misguide his master is more artful and poetical than y^e^ Death of Palinurus. I mention his discourse on this Author because it is at present y^e^ Book y^t^ is every where talked of, and has a great many partizans for and against it in this country. I found him as warm in crying up this man and y^e^ good poets in general, as he has bin in censuring y^e^ bad ones of his time, as we commonly observe y^e^ man that makes y^e^ Best friend is y^e^ worst enemy. He talk'd very much of Corneille, allowing him to be an excellent poet, but at y^e^ same time none of y^e^ best Tra-

gique writers, for that he declaimed too frequently and made very fine Descriptions often when there was no occasion for 'em. Aristotle, says he, proposes two passions y^t^ are proper to be rais'd by Tragedy, Terrour and Pity, but Corneille endeavours at a new one w^h^ is Admiration. He instanc'd in his Pompey (w^h^ he told us y^e^ late Duke of Condy thought y^e^ best Tragedy y^t^ was ever written) where in y^e^ first scene y^e^ King of Egypt runs into a very pompous and long description of y^e^ battle of Pharsalia, tho' he was then in a great hurry of affairs and had not himself bin present at it. I hope your L^d^ship will excuse me for this kind of Intelligence, for in so beaten a Road as that of France it is impossible to talk of any thing new unless we may be allow'd to speak of particular persons, y^t^ are always changing and may therefore furnish different matter for as many travellers as pass thro' y^e^ country.

I am my L^d^
Your L^d^ship's &c.

To the B^p^ of Lichfield and Coventry.*

The earl of Manchester was not appointed secretary of state till January 1701; it must therefore have been from some place in Italy that Addison addressed to him a short letter of congratulation, worth preservation chiefly for the offer of executing any of

* Tickell papers.

his commands, which it conveys. Whether his services were accepted or not, we have nothing to show; but it is probable that his travels in Germany, hereafter to be related, were not without some political objects, and many circumstances indicate the intimacy of his connection with this nobleman in after life. In fact there is no feature in the biography of Addison more striking than his power of exciting the admiration, and at the same time conciliating the esteem and affection, of the most considerable persons, whether for rank, genius, or virtue, with whom he came even into accidental contact.

MR. ADDISON TO THE EARL OF MANCHESTER.

My Lord

I was extremely glad to hear your L^d^ship had entered on a post that would give you an occasion of advancing so much y^e^ Interest and Reputation of your Country: but I now find that I have more particular reasons to rejoice at your promotion, since I hear you have lately done me the honour to mention me kindly to my lord Halifax. As this is not y^e^ first favour you have bin pleased to show me, I must confess I shou'd be very ambitious of an opportunity to let you know how just a sense I have of y^e^ Gratitude and Duty that I owe to your L^d^ship. And if you think me fit to receive any of your com-

mands abroad, it shall not be for want of Diligence or Zeal for your L^d^ship's service if they are not executed to your satisfaction. I could not dispense with myself from returning my most humble thanks for y^e^ notice you have bin pleased to take of me, as I dare not presume any longer to encroach upon your time that is fill'd up with affairs of so much greater consequence.

I am my L^d^ &c.

To my L^d^ Manchester
Principal Secretary of State.

A handsome and elegantly turned letter of compliment to lord Halifax follows next in time; it is without date of place.

MR. ADDISON TO LORD HALIFAX.

My Lord

I have for a long time denied myself the Honour of writing to your Lordship, as knowing you have bin so taken up with matters of greater Importance that any Information I cou'd give you of foreign Curiosities wou'd have seemed Impertinent: but having lately heard that I am still kindly remembered by your Lordship, I cou'd not forbear troubling you with a letter, least what I design for Respect shou'd look too much like Ingratitude. As I first of all undertook my Travails by your L^d^ships encouragement, I have endeavour'd to pursue 'em in such a manner as might

make me best answer your Expectations: and though I dare not boast of any great Improvements that I have made in 'em, I am sure there is nothing that I more desire than an opportunity of showing my utmost Abilitys in your l^{d}ship's service. I coud almost wish y^{t} it was less for my advantage than it is to be entirely devoted to your L^{d}ship, that I might not seem to speak so much out of Interest as Inclination: for I must confess y^{e} more I see of mankind y^{e} more I learn to value an extraordinary character, which makes me more ambitious than ever of showing myself my L^{d}

Your L^{d}ships &c.

To my L^{d} Halifax
March 170½.*

* All the letters in this chapter are transcribed *literatim* from the Tickell papers.

CHAPTER IV.

1700 to 1702.

ACCOUNT OF ADDISON'S TRAVELS IN ITALY. HE REACHES GENEVA ON HIS RETURN. LETTER TO WORTLEY MONTAGU. EPISTLE FROM ITALY. LETTER TO LORD HALIFAX. CAUSE OF HIS DETENTION AT GENEVA. HIS PROSPECTS DESTROYED BY THE DEATH OF KING WILLIAM. TRAVELS IN SWITZERLAND. PROCEEDS TO VIENNA. FORMS A FRIENDSHIP WITH MR. STEPNEY. ACCOUNT OF HIM.

THE volume of travels which was published by Addison after his return from the Continent, comprising his tour in Italy and a brief account of his journey through Switzerland, is almost the sole record we possess of a portion of his life which his classical enthusiasm and his love for the beauties of scenery, must have rendered rich beyond any other in instruction and delight. On this account, we might be tempted to wish that the work had answered more to the character of a journal, or what in modern phrase is termed a personal narrative. It would indeed have gratified our curiosity to know in what proportions he divided his time among the principal cities of Italy; what society he chiefly frequented, and especially how far he succeeded in introducing

himself to natives of the country distinguished either in politics or in letters; — or whether indeed this was any object of his endeavours, which the total silence of his narrative respecting living persons renders very doubtful. But we have great reason to congratulate ourselves on what we possess. In the way of incident, the author had probably nothing very striking to relate; and whether designedly or not, he has traced out for us in his observations a very perfect map of his own mind. Temper, manners, tastes, acquirements, principles and genius, are all distinctly indicated, and even the modest seclusion in which the author seems to sequester himself and his personal concerns, is an additional trait of character, and perhaps the most graceful of the whole.

An outline of his journey, with a few extracts, will best illustrate what is here advanced. It was in December 1700 that he embarked at Marseilles for Genoa, which he gained after a tempestuous and dangerous voyage, and whence he proceeded through Milan, Venice, Ravenna and Loretto to Rome; thence to Naples by land, back to Rome by sea, and homeward through Florence, Bologna and Turin to Geneva; where he arrived exactly one year from his quitting Marseilles, and two and a half after his departure from England. The first remarkable passage in his volume is the following: —

"There are but two towns in the dominions of

the prince of Monaco. The chief of them is situate on a rock which runs out into the sea, and is well fortified by nature. It was formerly under the protection of the Spaniard, but not many years since drove out the Spanish garrison and received a French one, which consists at present of five hundred men, paid and officered by the French king. The officer who showed me the palace, told me, with a great deal of gravity, that his master and the king of France, amidst all the confusions of Europe, had ever been good friends and allies." The drift of this sarcasm at once on the insignificance and the French dependence of the prince of Monaco, will be evident on calling to mind that the queen of James II. was a princess of this house.

A popular sentiment is thus introduced: "The duke of Doria's palace has the best outside of any in Genoa..... there is one room ..... that is hung with tapestry, in which are wrought the figures of the great persons that the family has produced; as perhaps there is no house in Europe that can show a longer line of heroes that have still acted for the good of their country. Andrew Doria has a statue erected to him at the entrance of the Doge's palace with the glorious title of Deliverer of the Commonwealth; and one of his family another, that calls him its Preserver. In the Doge's palace are the rooms where the great and little council, with the two

colleges, hold their assemblies; but as the state of Genoa is very poor, though some of its members are extremely rich, so one may observe infinitely more splendour and magnificence in particular persons' houses than in those that belong to the public. But we find in most of the states of Europe, that the people show the greatest marks of poverty, where the governors live in the greatest magnificence. . . . . The republic of Genoa has a crown and sceptre for its Doge, by reason of their conquest of Corsica, where there was formerly a Saracen king. This indeed gives their ambassadors a more honourable reception at some courts, but, at the same time, may teach their people to have a mean notion of their own form of government, and is a tacit acknowledgment that monarchy is more honourable. The old Romans, on the contrary, made use of a very barbarous kind of politics to inspire their people with a contempt of kings, whom they treated with infamy, and dragged at the wheels of their triumphal chariots." We perhaps see here the germ of that passage of his Cato,

> " A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
> Would not have match'd his daughter with a king."

On more than one occasion a classical, we might say pedantical, contempt for Gothic architecture breaks out; " I saw between Pavia and Milan the

convent of Carthusians, which is very spacious and beautiful. Their church is extremely fine, and curiously adorned, *but* of a Gothic structure."

St. Charles Boromeo's shrine at Milan suggests the following just and acute reflections: "He was but two and twenty years old when he was chosen archbishop of Milan, and forty-six at his death; but made so good use of so short a time, by his works of charity and munificence, that his countrymen bless his memory, which is still fresh among them. He was canonized about a hundred years ago; and indeed if this honour were due to any man, I think such public-spirited virtues may lay a juster claim to it than a sour retreat from mankind, a fiery zeal against heterodoxies, a set of chimerical visions or of whimsical penances, which are generally the qualifications of Roman saints. . . . . One would wonder that Roman catholics who are for this kind of worship, do not generally address themselves to the holy apostles, — but these are at present quite out of fashion in Italy, where there is scarce a great town which does not pay its devotions in a more particular manner to some one of their own making. This renders it very suspicious that the interests of particular families, religious orders, convents, or churches, have too great a sway in their canonizations. When I was at Milan, I saw a book newly published, that was dedicated to the present head of the Boromean

family, and entitled, " A discourse on the humility of Jesus Christ, and of St. Charles Boromeo."

" In the court of Milan, as in several others of Italy, there are many who fall in with the dress and carriage of the French. One may however observe a kind of awkwardness in the Italians, which easily discovers the airs they give themselves not to be natural. . . . . The French are always open, familiar, and talkative: the Italians on the contrary are stiff, ceremonious, and reserved. In France, every one aims at a gaiety and sprightliness of behaviour, and thinks it an accomplishment to be brisk and lively. The Italians notwithstanding their natural fieriness of temper, affect always to appear sober and sedate; insomuch that one sometimes meets young men walking the streets with spectacles on their noses, that they may be thought to have impaired their sight by much study, and seem more grave and judicious than their neighbours. This difference of manners proceeds chiefly from difference of education. In France it is usual to bring their children into company, and to cherish in them, from their infancy, a kind of forwardness and assurance: besides, that the French apply themselves more universally to their exercises than any other nation in the world, so that one seldom sees a young gentleman in France that does not fence, dance, and ride in some tolerable perfection. These agitations of the

body do not only give them a free and easy carriage, but have a kind of mechanical operation on the mind, by keeping the animal spirits always awake and in motion. But what contributes most to this light airy humour of the French, is the free conversation that is allowed them with their women, which does not only communicate to them a certain vivacity of temper, but makes them endeavour after such a behaviour as is most taking with the sex." The writer goes on to remark the general aversion entertained for the French by the common people of Italy, which he accounts for partly by this difference in the humours and manners of the two nations, partly by the matter of exasperation which, being great politicians, they find in many particulars of the conduct of the French king towards different states, adding: "That however which I take to be the principal motive, among most of the Italians, for their favouring the Germans above the French, is this, that they are entirely persuaded it is for the interest of Italy, to have Milan and Naples rather in the hands of the first, than of the other. One may generally observe, that the body of a people has juster views for the public good, and pursues them with greater uprightness than the nobility and gentry, who have so many private expectations and particular interests, which hang like a false bias upon their judgments, and may possibly dispose them to sacrifice

the good of their country to the advancement of their own fortunes." The last passage is probably an addition made to his original notes at the time of publication, when the war with France had been renewed, and it was a leading object with the whig party to support the cause of the house of Austria against the projects of Louis XIV.

From Milan to Venice, the face of the country, its lakes, rivers, mulberry trees and vineyards are the principal objects of remark, and descriptive passages from Virgil and Claudian are thickly interspersed. At Venice again, the tone is changed; and we have a grave exposition of the circumstances which render this celebrated republic one of the most secure of cities, and a detailed account of what would now be called its statistics, which must apparently have been the result of careful examination and many personal inquiries. He partook also of the pleasures of the carnival, and criticises the theatrical entertainments with some severity; observing however, with respect to the dialogue of the comedies, that it is "no wonder that the poets of so jealous and reserved a nation fail in such conversations on the stage, as they have no patterns of it in nature."

From Rimini he travelled twelve miles out of his way to visit the miniature republic of St. Marino, from which, he says, one may form "an idea of Venice in its first beginnings, when it had only a

few heaps of earth for its dominions, or of Rome itself, when it had yet covered but one of its seven hills." By no part of this work has the author gained more applause than by his elegant, but perhaps somewhat elaborate, description of this little state. A quiet vein of mock-heroic humour runs through it; and we seem to be reading a parody, till we reach this manly concluding reflection. "The people are esteemed very honest and rigorous in the execution of justice, and seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows, than others of the Italians do in the pleasantest vallies of the world. Nothing indeed can be a greater instance of the natural love that mankind has for liberty, and of their aversion to arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the Campania of Rome, which lies in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants."

The riches of the Holy house and treasury of Loretto, surpassed his expectation, he says, as much as other sights had usually fallen short of it. "Silver can scarcely find an admission, and gold itself looks but poorly among such an incredible number of precious stones." He regards it as certain however, that the pope would make use of these treasures in case of danger to the holy see from an unfortunate war with the Turk, or a powerful league among the Protestants; — he had before remarked,

that the place is weakly guarded, and might easily be surprised by a Christian prince who has ships continually passing to and fro without suspicion; but that such an act would cause great horror, and be resented by all the catholic princes in Europe. Addison was perhaps the first to suggest, what Middleton has since shown much more in detail, the pagan origin of most of the popular superstitions of papal Italy. He says, of the house of Loretto, that whoever were the inventors of the imposture, they seem to have taken the hint from the veneration of the Romans for the cottage of Romulus, which stood on the mount of the Capitol, and was repaired from time to time as it fell to decay.

Remains of antiquity, together with classical images and quotations, crowd upon him at the sight of Clitumnus, Nar, and the falls of Velinus; which last he depicts well and clearly, ending with the remark: "I think there is something more astonishing in this cascade, than in all the waterworks of Versailles." A charming passage of description shows us his fine imagination feeding itself on those images of the beautiful and romantic in natural scenery, which he has reproduced so often, under various forms and with so much evident delight, in the most poetical of his prose lucubrations.

"The fatigue of our crossing the Appenines and of our whole journey from Loretto to Rome, was

very agreeably relieved by the variety of scenes we passed through. For, not to mention the rude prospect of rocks rising one above another, of the deep gutters worn in the sides of them by torrents of rain and snow-water, or the long channels of sand winding about their bottoms, that are sometimes filled with so many rivers; we saw, in six days' travelling, the several seasons of the year in their beauty and perfection. We were sometimes shivering on the top of a bleak mountain, and a little while after basking in a warm valley, covered with violets and almond trees in blossom, the bees already swarming over them, though but in the month of February. Sometimes our road led us through groves of olives, or by gardens of oranges, or into several hollow apartments among the rocks and mountains, that look like so many natural green-houses; as being always shaded with a great variety of trees and shrubs that never lose their verdure."

On reaching Rome, our traveller contented himself for the present with a view of "the two masterpieces of ancient and modern architecture," the Pantheon and St. Peter's, reserving the rest for a leisurely survey on his return from Naples.

Nothing struck him so much, on his way to this city, as the beauty of the country and the extreme poverty and fewness of the inhabitants; and finding this desolation to appear nowhere more than in the

pope's territories, he enters into a very able and candid inquiry into the causes of it; concluding with the opinion, that although the miseries of the people "may arise, in a great measure, out of the arbitrariness of the government, they are chiefly to be ascribed to the very genius of the Roman Catholic religion, which here shows itself in its perfection;" and he adds a perspicuous statement of the circumstances to which it gives rise, and the manner of its operation.

"The greatest pleasure I took in my journey from Rome to Naples," he says, "was in seeing the fields, towns, and rivers, that have been described by so many classic authors, and have been the scenes of so many great actions; for this whole road is extremely barren of curiosities;" and it is delightful to follow him through the crowd of poetical illustrations which he proceeds to pour forth over what must else have proved a dry itinerary.

Amid some brief remarks on the excess of superstition prevailing at modern Naples, and the nature and policy of its Spanish government, he returns to the fair Parthenope, and again recreates himself on poetry and description. The curiosities, both artificial and natural, in the neighbourhood of Naples, occupy a considerable space. At the grotto del Cane we find him performing a variety of experiments, and borrowing "a weatherglass," in

order to investigate the nature of the deleterious vapour. His notions are of course crude, for nothing, in fact, was then known, even to the best chemists, of the real nature of gaseous substances; but we have a striking indication of a kind of acuteness capable of having carried him far in natural philosophy, had he turned the force of his mind in this direction, in his concluding observation; that "there is an unctuous clammy vapour that arises from the stum of grapes, when they lie mashed together in the vat, which puts out a light when dipped into it; and perhaps would take away the breath of weaker animals, were it put to the trial." A few such experiments, and carbonic acid gas would have been discovered as the common cause of the phenomena of the grotto, and of the mash tub!

Of Vesuvius he says, that "there is nothing about Naples, nor indeed in any part of Italy, which deserves our admiration so much as this mountain;" he ascended it, and has given a description of what he saw, which, it is remarkable, is as dry matter-of-fact as if he had beheld nothing with the eyes of a poet. After a thorough survey of the objects of curiosity about Naples, he took a felucca for his return to Rome, and adds, "As in my journey from Rome to Naples I had Horace for my guide, so I had the pleasure of seeing my voyage from Naples to Rome described by Virgil." This voyage is particularly rich in poetical illustrations.

The account of Rome is the most elaborate portion of the work, and that in which the scholar and the antiquary are most conspicuous. He certainly made a long abode in the Eternal City, where he was too happy to take refuge from the degraded present, in the contemplation of the glory-beaming past. The following are his preliminary remarks. "There are in Rome two sets of antiquities, the christian and the heathen. The former, though of a fresher date, are so embroiled with fable and legend, that one receives but little satisfaction from searching into them. The other give a great deal of pleasure to such as have met with them before in ancient authors, for a man who is in Rome can scarce see an object that does not call to mind a piece of a Latin poet or historian. Among the remains of old Rome, the grandeur of the commonwealth shows itself chiefly in works that were either necessary or convenient, such as temples, highways, aqueducts, walls, and bridges of the city. On the contrary, the magnificence of Rome under the emperors, was rather for ostentation or luxury, than any real usefulness or necessity, as in baths, amphitheatres, circuses, obelisks, triumphant pillars, arches and mausoleums..... These several remains have been so copiously described by abundance of travellers, and other writers, that it is very difficult to make any discoveries on so beaten a subject. There is however so much to be observed in so spa-

cious a field of antiquities, that it is almost impossible to survey them without taking new hints, and raising different reflections, according as a man's natural turn of thoughts, or the course of his studies direct him.

"No part of the antiquities of Rome pleased me so much as the ancient statues, of which there is still an incredible variety. The workmanship is often the most exquisite of any thing in its kind. A man would wonder how it were possible for so much life to enter into marble, as may be discovered in some of the best of them; and even in the meanest one has the satisfaction of seeing the faces, postures, airs and dress of those that have lived so many ages before us." From the last clause it might be conjectured, as is the fact, that on the whole our traveller beheld these remains of ancient art rather with the eyes of the antiquary and commentator, than those of the connoisseur; the descriptions however are the more informing on this account; and medals, as well as passages of the poets, are brought to illustrate some curious points of learning.

Addison appears from several indications to have been a lover of music, although Sir J. Hawkins denies him any skill in it; and he has some observations on the ancient instruments, as shown in sculpture, which appear new.

A letter, without date of place, or address, but

manifestly written from Rome, and no doubt genuine, from the style, which is completely Addison's, may here be inserted, as throwing some light on his pursuits in this city.

Dear Sir,

I hope this will find you safe at Geneva; and that the adventure of the rivulet, which you have so well celebrated in your last, has been the worst that you have met with in your journey thither. I can't but envy your being among the Alps, where you may see frost and snow in the dog-days: we are here quite burnt up, and are at least ten degrees nearer the sun than when you left us. I am very well satisfied that 'twas in August that Virgil wrote his "O, qui me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi!" &c. Our days at present, like those in the first chapter of Genesis, consist only of the evening and the morning; for the Roman noons are as silent as the midnights in other countries. But among all these inconveniences, the greatest I suffer is from your departure, which is more afflicting to me than the canicule. I am forced, for want of better company, to converse with pictures, statues and medals; for you must know, I deal very much in ancient coin, and can count out a sum in sesterces with as much ease as in pounds sterling. I am a great critic in rust, and can tell you the age of it at first sight: I

am only in some danger of losing my acquaintance with our English money, for at present I am much more used to the Roman. If you glean up any of our country news, be so kind as to forward it this way. Pray give [ ] Mr. Dashwood, and my very humble service to Sir Thomas, and accept of the same yourself, from,

Dear sir your most affectionate
humble servant
J. ADDISON.*

Aug. 7.

My lord Bernard &c. give their service.

In his survey of "towns lying within the neighbourhood of Rome," our author has given fresh examples of that difficult art of painting landscape by words, in which he was certainly one of the very earliest English proficients; much as we are now tempted to regard a feeling for the picturesque and skill in describing it, in the light of a national endowment. A prospect at the distance of about a mile from the town of Tivoli, is thus displayed. "It opens on one side into the Roman Campania, where the eye loses itself on a smooth spacious plain. On the other side is a more broken and interrupted scene, made up of an infinite variety of inequalities and

* Addisoniana p. 128. The original is stated to be preserved in the Bodleian library.

shadowings that naturally arise from an agreeable mixture of hills, groves and vallies. But the most enlivening part of all is the river Teverone, which you see at about a quarter of a mile's distance throwing itself down a precipice, and falling by several cascades from one rock to another, till it gains the bottom of the valley, where the sight of it would be quite lost, did it not sometimes discover itself through the breaks and openings of the woods that grow about it..... After a very turbulent and noisy course of several miles among the rocks and mountains, the Teverone falls into the valley above mentioned, where it recovers its temper, as it were, by little and little, and after many turns and windings glides peaceably into the Tiber."

In an exquisite description of the cathedral of Sienna, we may perceive "a treacherous inclination," taking part with the "false beauties" of Gothic architecture, more warmly than is quite consistent with the exclusiveness of his classical principles: his sensibility was evidently too strong for his system. "There is nothing in this city so extraordinary as the cathedral, which a man may view with pleasure after he has seen St. Peter's, though 'tis quite of another make, and can only be looked upon as one of the masterpieces of Gothic architecture. When a man sees the prodigious pains and expense that our forefathers have been at in these barbarous buildings,

one cannot but fancy to himself what miracles of architecture they would have left us, had they only been instructed in the right way.... One would wonder to see the vast labour that has been laid out on this single cathedral. The very spouts are loaden with ornaments, the windows are formed like so many scenes of perspective, with a multitude of little pillars retiring behind one another, the great columns are finely engraven with fruits and foliage that run twisting about them from the very top to the bottom; the whole body of the church is chequered with different lays of black and white marble, the pavement curiously cut out in designs and scripture-stories, and the front covered with such a variety of figures, and overrun with so many little mazes and labyrinths of sculpture, that nothing in the world can make a prettier show to those who prefer false beauties and affected ornaments, to a noble and majestic simplicity."

The view of Lucca suggests the following sentiment: "It is very pleasant to see how the small territories of this little republic are cultivated to the best advantage, so that one cannot find the least spot of ground that is not made to contribute its utmost to the owner. In all the inhabitants there appears an air of cheerfulness and plenty, not often to be met with in those of the countries which lie about them. There is but one gate for strangers to enter at, that

it may be known what numbers of them are in the town. Over it is written in letters of gold *Libertas.*"

The principalities of Modena and Parma call forth other remarks. "Their subjects would live in great plenty amidst so rich and well-cultivated a soil, were not the taxes and impositions so very exorbitant; for the courts are much too splendid and magnificent for the territories that lie about them .... it happens very ill at present to be born under one of these petty sovereigns, that will still be endeavouring, at his subjects' cost, to equal the pomp and grandeur of greater princes, as well as to outvie those of his own rank. For this reason, there are no people in the world who live with more ease and prosperity than the subjects of little commonwealths, as, on the contrary, there are none who suffer more under the grievances of a hard government, than the subjects of little principalities."

At Asti, the frontier town of Savoy, our traveller came at length in sight of the Po, which awakened in him a crowd of poetical recollections; he proceeded thence to Turin, and onward, through a country still bearing distinct traces of the devastation of French armies, to Geneva, whence he addressed to his friend Wortley Montagu, the following letter.

Dear Sir,

I am just arrived at Geneva by a very troublesome journey over the Alps, where I have been for some days together shivering among the eternal snows. My head is still giddy with mountains and precipices, and you can't imagine how much I am pleased with the sight of a plain, that is as agreeable to me at present, as a shore was about a year ago, after our tempest at Genoa. During my passage o'er the mountains, I made a rhyming epistle to my lord Halifax, which perhaps I will trouble you with the sight of, if I don't find it to be nonsense upon a review. You will think it, I dare say, as extraordinary a thing to make a copy of verses in a voyage o'er the Alps as to write an heroic poem in a hackney coach, and I believe I am the first that ever thought of Parnassus on Mount Cenis. At Florence I had the honour to have about three days' conversation with the duke of Shrewsbury, which made me some amends for the missing sir Th. Alston's company, who had taken another road for Rome. I find I am very much obliged to yourself and him, but will not be so troublesome in my acknowlegements as I might justly be. I shall only assure you that I think Mr. Montagu's acquaintance the luckiest adventure that I could possibly have met with in my travels. I suppose you are in England as full of politics as we

are of religion at Geneva. I hope you will give me a little touch of it in your letters.

The rake Wood is grown a man of a very regular life and conversation, and often begins our good friends' health in England.

I am, dear sir

Your most affectionate humble Servant

J. Addison.*

10^{br} 9th 1701.

It will be difficult to obtain pardon for our traveller, from the modern lover of the picturesque, for the horror here expressed of the most awfully sublime cenery in Europe, and the rapture with which he appears to have once more welcomed the sight of a plain. It may be recollected however, that the month was December, and modern roads and modern accommodations as yet undreamed of amid these frowning solitudes. That he was the first traveller who could boast of having thought of Parnassus on Mount Cenis, is likely to have been quite true, in an age when mountains were regarded as blemishes on the face of nature, and when so professed a man of taste as Evelyn, speaks of Salisbury plain as the most enchanting prospect that the eye could rest on. Addison, it may also be pleaded, was eminently a classical traveller, and in exchanging the soft airs,

* Addisoniana.

smiling fields and purple vineyards of Italy, for the storms, rocks and glaciers of the Swiss Alps, he had likewise bid adieu to all associations inspiring to the scholar and the antiquary.

It is precisely these associations, uniting with an ardent love of liberty, which have breathed into the Epistle to lord Halifax from Italy, which he was at this time composing, a spirit and a charm which animate no other of his poems. Who does not share in the genuine ecstasy with which he exclaims,

> "Poetic fields encompass me around,
> And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
> For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
> That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
> Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
> And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.
> How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
> For rising springs and celebrated floods!
> To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
> And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
> To see the Mincio draw his watry store
> Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
> And hoary Albula's infected tide
> O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
> Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
> Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,
> The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
> The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,
> And proudly swol'n with a whole winter's snows
> Distributes wealth and plenty as he flows."

It should not escape remark, that the very phrase "classic ground," which from the familiarity of re-

petition has to us so trite a sound, here makes its appearance, in all probability, for the first time; and it is by no means the only felicitous expression with which Addison, in his poetical capacity, has enriched our language. In the praises of Italy which follow, he has happily adapted new figures to the canvass supplied him by Virgil, and the passage which closes up the splendid enumeration as with a long sigh, is not easily to be paralleled in moral poetry for energy or for pathos.

> "How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
> And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
> But what avails her unexhausted stores,
> Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
> With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
> The smiles of nature and the charms of art,
> While proud Oppression in her vallies reigns,
> And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
> The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
> The red'ning orange and the swelling grain;
> Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
> And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
> Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
> And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst."

The apostrophe to Liberty which follows, well introduces the praises of England, and the animated passage beginning,

> "On foreign mountains may the sun refine
> The grape's soft juice and mellow it to wine,"

serves as preface to a skilful transfusion of Virgil's

> "Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra."

Politics seldom mingle happily with poetry, and it must be confessed that the celebration of King William's foreign policy which follows is somewhat of an anticlimax. Nor can such an expression as "lines like Virgil's or like yours," addressed to Lord Halifax, pass for less than egregious flattery. One circumstance alone mitigates our disgust; Halifax was at this time out of office and under disgrace, having been addressed against and impeached by the House of Commons, though still favoured by the king, and afterwards justified by the peers. The letter addressed by Addison to this statesman at the same critical period of his affairs, further attests, and in plain prose, the sincerity of his attachment to his early patron.

It was in the month of December 1701, as appears from the date of his letter to Wortley Montagu, that Addison arrived at Geneva; and it was here that he paused in his homeward journey, as Tickell informs us, on receiving "advice from his friends that he was pitched upon to attend the army under Prince Eugene, who had just begun the war in Italy, as secretary from his majesty." He was still in waiting at this city when the disastrous news of the death of King William on March 8. 1702, arrived to sweep away all his hopes and projects. Not only was he robbed by this event of the privilege, which he would have known how to prize, of attending on a hero, but the

dismissal of his whig friends from office, which speedily followed under the new reign, shut out for the present all his prospects of advancement at home; and to add to his misfortune, his pension ceased as we have seen, with the life of the sovereign by whom it had been granted. Tickell, however, has not thought proper to point attention to this critical state of his affairs, but dimisses the subject with the cold remark, that "he had leisure to make the tour of Germany in his way home." Of his private letters we have none which throw any light on his feelings or projects in this conjuncture: that to Wortley Montagu already cited, was written before his reverse of fortune, and so no doubt was one addressed to Congreve, and describing in the same tone of feeling the miseries of a winter passage of the Alps, which he afterwards gave to Steele for insertion in the Tatler No. 93. A letter addressed to his friend Mr. Dashwood some months later, but still from Geneva, proves only that worldly anxieties had not the power to repress the playful humour of his pen.

MR. ADDISON TO CHAMBERLAIN DASHWOOD ESQ.

Dear Sir

About three days ago Mr. Bocher put a very pretty snuff-box in my hand. I was not a little

pleas'd to hear that it belonged to myself, and was much more so when I found it was a present from a Gentleman that I have so great an honour for. You did not probably foresee that it wou'd draw on you y^e^ trouble of a Letter, but you must blame yourself for it. For my part I can no more accept of a Snuff-box without returning my Acknowlegements, than I can take snuff without sneezing after it. This last I must own to you is so great an absurdity that I should be ashamed to confess it, were not I in hopes of correcting it very speedily. I am observ'd to have my Box oft'ner in my hand than those that have bin used to one these twenty years, for I cant forbear taking it out of my pocket whenever I think of Mr. Dashwood. You know Mr. Bays recommends Snuff as a great provocative to Wit, but you may produce this Letter as a standing Evidence against him. I have since y^e^ beginning of it taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself much more inclin'd to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude that Wit and Tobacco are not inseparable, or to make a Pun of it, tho' a Man may be master of a snuff-box,

"Non cuicunque datum est habere Nasam."

I should be affraid of being thought a Pedant for my Quotation did not I know that y^e^ Gentleman I am writing to always carrys a Horace in his pocket.

But w aever you may think me, pray S^r^ do me y^e^ Justice to esteem me

Your most &c.

To Chamberlain Dashwood Esq^r^.
Geneva July 1702.*

The published travels of Addison afford no hint of his personal circumstances; the dates of his arrival at Geneva and departure from it are both omitted, and the narrative proceeds with his tour through the Swiss cantons.

This portion of the work exhibits its author more distinctly than perhaps any other, in the character of an *observing* traveller. The country afforded few hints for classical allusion or quotation, and he had only to note the objects which offered themselves to his senses, and to record such information concerning the present situation of the country as his leisurely survey of it had enabled him to collect. The manner however in which he has performed this, is characteristic of him in many respects.

A minute, and what may be called an instructive, description is given of Geneva and its lake; and without giving way to the raptures felt or feigned by modern tourists, the writer sufficiently indicates his sensibility to the beauty, and the *singularity* at least of the surrounding scenes. After some remarks on the effects of the Alps on the climate and aspect

* Tickell Papers.

of Geneva, "These mountains," he adds, "likewise very much increase their summer heats, and make up an horizon that has something in it very singular and agreeable. On one side you have the long tract of hills that goes under the name of Mount Jura, covered with vineyards and pasturage, and on the other huge precipices of naked rocks rising up in a thousand odd figures, and cleft in some places so as to discover high mountains of snow that lie several leagues behind them. Towards the South the hills rise more insensibly, and leave the eye a vast uninterrupted prospect for many miles. But the most beautiful view of all is the lake, and the borders of it that lie North of the town." In a voyage of five days round the lake, touching on the several towns that lie on its coasts, he describes all that he found remarkable, not forgetting to observe that in those on the side of Savoy "there is nothing but misery and poverty." The convent of Ripaille had a forest cut into walks, at one side of which "you have, a near prospect of the Alps, which are broken into so many steeps and precipices, that they fill the mind with an agreeable kind of horror, and form one of the most irregular *misshapen* scenes in the world." Versoy, in the Canton of Berne, attracted the notice of our traveller as the last asylum of Edmund Ludlow. "The house he lived in has this inscription over the door;

" Omne solum forti patria
quia patris."

" The first part," he adds, " is a piece of verse in Ovid, as the last is a cant of his own." Notwithstanding this stroke of contempt, which so fine a classic could scarcely resist, he proceeds to transcribe and translate the Latin epitaph of the old republican, as well as another placed beside it, to one Andrew Broughton, who is said to have had " the honour to pronounce the sentence of the King of Kings;" " I suppose," he says, " by his epitaph, it is the same person that was clerk to the pretended high court of Justice, which passed sentence on the Royal Martyr."

The description of Meldingen has some humour. " It is a republic of itself, under the protection of the eight ancient Cantons. There are in it a hundred bourgois and about a thousand souls. The government is modelled after the same manner with that of the Cantons. . . . . For this reason, though they have very little business to do, they have all the variety of councils and officers that are to be met with in the greater states. . . . . They have three councils, the great council of fourteen, the little council of ten, and the privy council of three. . . . The several councils meet every Thursday upon affairs of state, such as the reparation of a trough, the mending of a pavement, or any the like matters of importance. The river that runs through their

dominions puts them to the charge of a very large bridge, that is all made of wood, and coped over head, like the rest in Switzerland. . . . . You may be sure the preserving of the bridge, with the regulation of the dues arising from it, is the grand affair that cuts out employment for the several councils of state."

The very handsome town house of Zurich, gives occasion to a remark characteristic of his fine taste in writing: "It is pity they have spoiled the beauty of the walls with abundance of childish Latin sentences that consist often in a jingle of words. I have indeed observed in several inscriptions of this country, that your men of learning here are extremely delighted in playing little tricks with words and figures; for your Swiss wits are not yet got out of the anagram and acrostic."

A visit to the Abbey of St. Gall suggests the following protestant reflections. "I have often wished that some traveller would take the pains to gather together all the modern inscriptions which are to be met with in Roman catholic countries, as Gruter and others have copied out the ancient heathen monuments. Had we two or three volumes of this nature, without any of the collector's own reflections, I am sure there is nothing in the world could give a truer idea of the Roman catholic religion, nor expose more the pride, vanity, and self-

interest of convents, the abuse of indulgences, the folly and impertinence of votaries, and in short the superstition, credulity and childishness of the Roman catholic religion. One might fill several sheets at St. Gall, as indeed there are few considerable convents or churches that would not afford large contributions."

Some remarks on the admirable union and harmony maintained among the Swiss Cantons notwithstanding their number and their division in religion, evince the same preference of republican over monarchical government, for small and poor countries, which so often breaks forth in his accounts of the Italian states. "A prince's court," he says, "eats too much into the income of a poor state, and generally introduces a kind of luxury and magnificence, that sets every particular person upon making a higher figure in his station than is generally consistent with his revenue." He highly praises the endeavours used in the Cantons to banish all appearances of pomp and superfluity; observes that luxury wounds a republic in its very vitals, and that precautions against it have become more necessary in some of the governments since the influx of French refugees; "for though the protestants in France affect ordinarily a greater plainness and simplicity of manners than those of the same quality who are of the Roman catholic communion, they have however

too much of their country gallantry for the genius and constitution of Switzerland." As an illustration of the frugality of these states, he observes that "their holiday-clothes go from father to son, and are seldom worn out till the second or third generation; so that it is common enough to see a countryman in the doublet and breeches of his great grandfather.

Many passages in the relation of this Swiss tour refer to the influence, or authority, exerted by the king of France in the Cantons, and attest the mingled feelings of apprehension and abhorrence with which this ambitious and persecuting monarch was regarded by our protestant English traveller. In consequence of the death of James II, and the proclamation of his son at Paris by the arrogant command of Louis XIV, war against France had again been declared by the English court, which had renewed its engagements with its former continental allies.

On reaching the imperial town of Lindau, Addison found the inhabitants all in arms, and under great apprehensions from the Bavarian troops, and "we were advised," he says, "by our merchants by no means to venture ourselves in the Duke of Bavaria's country, so that we had the mortification to lose the sight of Munich, Augsburgh, and Ratisbon, and were forced to take our way to Vienna through the Tyrol, where we had very little to entertain us beside the

natural face of the country." By whom he was accompanied in this part of his travels, no where appears; possibly by a pupil.

A remark on the beauty added to the fine scenery of the Inn by the colours of the changing foliage, apprises us that it was already Autumn when he reached Vienna; whence we may conjecture that he had purposely lingered in Switzerland till finally assured of the disappointment of his hopes, and the fall of his political friends, through the tory predilections of queen Anne.

He found some consolation for his disappointments, in the friendship which he had the opportunity of forming at the Imperial capital with Mr. Stepney, then the British envoy to that court. With this gentleman, long the chosen intimate of his friend Mr. Wortley Montagu, it is curious to observe how numerous were his points of similarity or sympathy. Stepney, like himself, desirous of turning to worldly advantage a distinguished proficiency in classical learning, had composed an Ode on the marriage of the princess Anne, which formed a portion of the customary homage paid by the university of Cambridge on that auspicious occasion. He had also celebrated in English verse the accession of James II; these, added to other effusions of loyalty, with some attempts in the humorous line, and translations in verse from the Latin poets, — a favourite exercise with

the writers of the time,—had gained him considerable distinction as a poet. This character, joined to the claims of a school friendship, entitled him to the zealous patronage of lord Halifax, by whose persuasion he enlisted himself, *after* the revolution, in the whig party, and became a successful candidate for diplomatic employments. From the year 1692, he had been engaged in a series of missions to the different states and princes of Germany, and was now, for the second time, deputed to the Emperor. The official character of Stepney afforded him the means of bestowing on our traveller marks of attention peculiarly welcome in the depressed state of his fortunes; and the warm expressions of gratitude which occur, even in the official correspondence which it was subsequently the duty of Addison to maintain with him, prove that his inclination to serve him had not fallen short of his ability. Their friendship continued without interruption till the early death of Stepney a few years afterwards.

CHAPTER V.

1702 to 1704.

ADDISON IN ADVERSITY. ERRONEOUS REPRESENTATIONS OF THIS PERIOD OF HIS LIFE. SWIFT'S LINES FULL OF MISREPRESENTATION. HE QUITS VIENNA. LETTER TO STEPNEY ON HIS DIALOGUES ON ANCIENT MEDALS. ACCOUNT OF THIS WORK. HIS TRAVELS IN GERMANY. LETTERS TO MR. STEPNEY. TO LORD WINCHELSEA. HIS CHARACTER. TO MR. WYCHE. TO MR. BATHURST. ARRIVES AT THE HAGUE. MEETS TONSON THERE. HIS BUSINESS IN HOLLAND. LETTER OF ADDISON TO HIM. LETTERS OF THE DUKE OF SOMERSET TO TONSON CONCERNING ADDISON. LETTER OF ADDISON TO THE DUKE. OF THE DUKE TO TONSON. REMARKS. LETTER TO BISHOP HOUGH. TO MR. WOOD. TO MR. WYCHE. RETURN OF ADDISON TO ENGLAND.

That the period of Addison's life now under consideration must have been one of considerable anxiety, if not embarrassment, is unquestionable. Every circumstance seemed to conspire against him: disappointed of his promised office abroad, he was returning to meet a defeated party at home; in the meantime his resources had been curtailed by the cessation of his pension, his Oxford debts still pressed upon his mind, and his fellowship and whatever supplies could be afforded him by a father cer-

tainly far from affluent, seem to have formed his whole reliance for present support.

The conduct of a man of merit under difficulties is always the most instructive, as well as interesting part of his history; the total silence therefore of Tickell respecting his situation and engagements after quitting Geneva till he was called upon to celebrate the battle of Blenheim, must always have been a disappointment to the curious reader. Yet no blame can properly be said to attach to the editor of his works on this account; he professed to give no more than a view of the literary life of Addison; his personal acquaintance with him was of much later date, and his own reverence for a patron of such rank in the state as well as in letters, perhaps too the pride of a titled widow, forbade the exhibition of him under circumstances which in the eye of the world might appear humiliating. To these considerations it may be added, that he is not chargeable with veiling any particulars morally disgraceful, for none such, as he well knew, had existed; and it must have cost him a struggle to deny himself the satisfaction of displaying the high and honourable friendships by which Addison was still graced and protected when pensionless, destitute of office, profession or inheritance, and rich in nothing but his genius and the treasures of his accomplished mind. One effect however of Tickell's silence, and which he certainly

did not anticipate, has been, that of leaving room for a variety of false representations, which have passed unexamined from one biographical compiler to another, till they have become a regular part of what is universally believed respecting this eminent person. The source of these must now be carefully laid open.

There appeared in the works of Swift a poem, written as late as the year 1728, and entitled "A libel on the Reverend Dr. Delany, and his Excellency John lord Carteret." This piece was composed by the Dean with the design of deterring his clerical friend from paying his court to the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland by literary flatteries, with the hope of obtaining in return the solid benefits of his patronage. In pursuance of this purpose, he cites a variety of examples exhibiting the unfeeling disregard to the worldly interests of men of letters evinced by pretended patrons, who had cultivated their society from vanity, or merely as the amusement of an idle hour. For the sake of insulting the memory of lord Halifax, Congreve is included in the number, who was in fact a remarkable contrary instance of speedy and substantial benefits received through the favour of a statesman. Afterwards occurs the following:

> "Thus Addison, by lords caress'd,
> Was left in foreign lands distress'd,
> Forgot at home, became for hire
> A trav'ling tutor to a squire,

> But wisely left the Muses' hill,
> To business shaped the poet's quill,
> Let all his barren laurels fade,
> Took up himself the courtier's trade,
> And, grown a minister of state,
> Saw poets at his levee wait."

Swift had assuredly no ill-will to Addison; on the contrary, *he* was always very decidedly one of the small number whom the Dean was pleased to except out of his general hatred of a race of which he was himself, in many respects, a very bad specimen. But when any point was to be carried, and especially any private or party malice gratified, he was one of the most unscrupulous of assertors; this occasion, he perceived, might be *improved* to the dishonour of Somers and Halifax, who though dead, were still chosen objects of his vindictive feelings; and it is really something extraordinary to consider what a tissue of utter falsehoods he has deliberately woven into so few lines, for the sake of involving in it those whig leaders by whom he thought himself to have been neglected and deceived. That Addison was not "forgot at home" by the lords who had "caressed" him, so long as they retained the power of serving him in public life, is manifest, both from the intended mission to prince Eugene which has been mentioned, and from Addison's own letters. Afterwards, displaced and impeached, what succour could they have offered their friend, short of settling him as a pen-

sioner on their private bounty?—A degradation to which we may feel confident that a spirit so delicate, so well acquainted with true dignity, and conscious of such resources in itself, would never have submitted. That Addison was tempted by the want of due encouragement to "quit the Muses' hill" for business, is so absolutely contrary to fact, that this his first check in an intended political career had the immediate effect, as we shall see, of throwing him back upon literature as his best resource. Such indeed it continued to be to him through all the subsequent vicissitudes of his career. No English writer of any age, whose life was not wholly that of a secluded scholar, could with more propriety have adopted Cicero's celebrated praise of letters, as the companions of all hours, all scenes and circumstances, all periods of life, all varieties of fortune. With poetry his course began; with poetry and Cato it almost concluded. We have no evidence that he ever actually undertook the charge of a travelling tutor, though he had it in his thoughts; for the latter part of his tour, the letters now produced to the public for the first time, from the Tickell and the Tonson papers, added to some reprinted in their proper connection and sequence, will be found to afford under his own hand, strong contrary presumptions. They show likewise that Addison, the intimate and equal associate of persons of rank,

merit and influence, modest as he was, knew how to set a due value on himself, his hopes and his fortunes.

His stay at Vienna was brief. Autumn was already advanced, as we have seen, when he reached it, and he appears to have quitted it soon after he addressed to Stepney, the following letter.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

Sir,

That I may be as troublesome to you in prose as in verse, I take the liberty to send you the beginning of a work that I told you I had some design of publishing at my Return into England. I have wrote it since my being at Vienna, in hopes that it might have y^e^ advantage of your correction. I cant hope that one who is so well acquainted with y^e^ persons of our present modern princes shou'd find any pleasure in a discourse on y^e^ faces of such as made a figure in y^e^ World above a thousand years agoe. You will see however that I have endeavoured to treat my subject, that is in itself very bare of Ornaments, as divertingly as I cou'd. I have proposed to myself such a way of instructing as that in the dialogues on y^e^ Plurality of Worlds. The very owning of this design will I believe look like a piece of vanity,

tho' I know I am guilty of a much greater in offering what I have wrote to your perusal.

I am Sr. &c.

To Mr. Stepney Envoy at the Court of Vienna.
November 1702.*

It was thus that he introduced to his friend his beautiful "Dialogues on the usefulness of ancient medals;" perhaps the most perfect, certainly the most graceful examples in our language of this form of composition. Dr. Johnson's assertion, — whose scanty acquaintance with French literature probably did not include even the celebrated and popular work of Fontenelle, — that Dryden's Dialogue on Dramatic poetry was Addison's model, is thus disproved; and this information of the real prototype suggests a curious national contrast. The informing spirit of the dialogues of Fontenelle is that of gallantry; and the fair pupil whom he addresses imbibes the principles of the astronomy of Descartes diluted and dulcified with at least an equal portion of flattery, on the graces of her person and the charms of her mind; but although the study of medals could scarcely be regarded as less within the sphere of female inquiry than worlds and their vortices, — and in fact there had been ladies in this country of a former and a better age celebrated for their numismatic attainments, —

* Tickell Papers.

the English wit carefully exonerates himself from all obligation to compliment the ladies on the occasion, and admits not even a humble listener of the feminine gender. A knowledge of the pattern on which he worked might likewise have shielded the author from a criticism of bishop Hurd, who imputes it as a fault to these dialogues that they deviate from the classical examples in not exhibiting real characters as the interlocutors. In any case, this appears an ill considered objection; and it is probable that the judgment of the bishop was warped by his own practice. Whatever dignity or seeming authority this kind of artifice, — an offensive one at the best to the true lover of historical and biographical truth, — might lend to the discussion of questions of philosophy, politics or history, it would be difficult to point out any advantage to be gained by it on such a topic as the usefulness of medals, essentially a branch of erudition; while the difficulties and objections are obvious. The part of a leading speaker must in all propriety have been assigned to some one of the very small number of learned persons who had distinguished themselves by devoting their lives to profound investigations in this dark and difficult science; and with what modesty could a writer who had only skimmed its surface, have uttered conjectures or remarks of his own under the sanction of names such as those of Spanheim or Le Vailliant?

It appears that the study of medals had been a favourite object of pursuit with Addison in Italy, and especially at Rome, where he had availed himself of the technical instructions of a professor of this branch of antiquities, besides embracing the opportunity of inspecting the most celebrated collections. According to his general plan in the study of antiquity, he applied his knowledge of these objects to the illustration of passages in the Latin poets, by which, in return, he frequently explained the signification of medals. Several examples of this application of his reading occur in his Travels.

The two first of these dialogues are much more thickly interspersed than even his Travels with quotations from ancient writers, brought to explain the objects, customs, and events represented by the charges of the medals; and the wide range of subjects, with the great number and variety of authors quoted, highly honourable as they are to the learned diligence of the author, are also quite effectual in relieving whatever of dryness might have been found in the topic itself. The playful turns of fancy, and the strokes of character and humour which give distinctness and animation to the speakers, have as much of the peculiar zest of his genius as his best Spectators. Besides the two dialogues which strictly answer to the general title, there is a third, called "A parallel between ancient and modern medals," which is laudable

for the moderation, and absence of national prepossession, with which it discusses the merits and defects of those struck by order of Louis XIV. to record the glories of his reign. It is frankly avowed that, in most points of excellence, these come nearer to the ancients than any other modern ones, and it is added, that to the French we are also "indebted for the best lights that have been given to the whole science in general."

For what reason the author of these elegant and highly finished pieces should have left them to make their first appearance in the posthumous edition of his works, it is not easy to divine. Possibly he might apprehend that he had already introduced in his Travels as much of classical matter as the English public, immersed in party contests, would find leisure or inclination to attend to; possibly he might not fully have satisfied the excessive delicacy of his own taste in the execution; probably he might soon become distrustful of the soundness of some of his conjectural interpretations of enigmatical inscriptions and half-effaced or ill-formed figures.

What objects of a more peculiar and personal nature than the general benefits of travel Addison might have at this time in his view, we do not learn; but we may conclude that he had such, since it was both by a very leisurely and a very circuitous journey, including both the free town of Hamburgh

where his stay was long, and almost all the protestant courts of Germany, that he proceeded towards Holland, which country he did not reach till the spring of 1703. His correspondence supplies scanty, yet amusing notices of his progress, and of the gay, and it must be owned, somewhat convivial associates with whom he travelled or joined company on the different stages of his progress. A fragment of a second letter to Mr. Stepney affords some notices of his winter journey to Dresden.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

Sr

If I trouble you with another letter so soon after my last you must impute it to y^e^ frequency of y^e^ favours I receive from you. It is to them we owe all y^e^ pleasures we find at Dresden as well as what we met with at Vienna. Since our leaving Prague we have seen nothing but a great varietie of Winter pieces, so that all y^e^ account I can give you of y^e^ Country is, that it abounds very much in Snow. If it has any other beauties in it this is not a time of year to look for 'em when almost ev'ry thing we see is of y^e^ same colour, and scarce any thing we meet with except our sheets and napkins that is not white. &c. &c.

Jan. 3^d^ $170\frac{2}{3}$.

It is difficult to conceive what congeniality of tastes can have engaged him in a correspondence with Charles third earl of Winchelsea, unless we may impute some malice or misinformation to Macky, who, after mentioning that his lordship was brought into the government by the earl of Nottingham, and held some appointments at the beginning of the Queen's reign, thus characterises him: "He hath neither genius nor gusto for business; loves hunting and a bottle; was an opposer to his power of the measures of King William's reign; and is zealous for the monarchy and church in the highest degree. He loves jests and puns, and that sort of low wit—not thirty years old." He was probably of Oxford.

MR. ADDISON TO THE EARL OF WINCHELSEA.

My Lord,

I can no longer deny myself y^e^ honour of troubling your L^d^ship with a Letter, tho Hambourg has yet furnisht me with very few materials for it. The great Business of the place is Commerce and Drinking: as their chief Commoditie, at least that which I am best acquainted with, is Rhenish Wine. This they have in such prodigious Quantities that there is yet no sensible diminution of it tho M^r^. Perrot and myself have bin among 'em above a week. The

principal Curiositie of y^e^ town, and what is more visited than any other I have met with in my Travails, is a great Cellar fill'd with this kind of Liquor. It holds more hogsheads than others can bottles, and I believe is capable of receiving into it a whole Vintage of y^e^ Rhine. By this cellar stands y^e^ little English Chappel, w^h^ your L^d^ship may well suppose is not all-together soe much frequented by our Countrymen as y^e^ other. I must however do 'em y^e^ justice, as they are all of 'em Loyal Sons of y^e^ Church of England, to assure your L^d^ship that her Majestie can have no subjects in any part of her Dominions that pray more heartily for her health or drink to it oft'ner. We are this evening to take a bottle with Mr. Wyche and Stratford. To draw us in they tell us it shall be to my L^d^ Winchelsea's Health. I dare not lett you know my L^d^, how often we have already made this an excuse for a meeting, least at y^e^ same time that I w^d^ show our zeal for your L^d^ship I shoud give you a very small opinion of our sobriety: But as all here are extremely disappointed in not having y^e^ Honour of your Company at Hambourg, they think this is y^e^ only way they have left of showing their high Esteem for your L^d^ship. I hoped my Stay at Hambourg would have given me occasion to have written a much longer Letter, but as I can find no better a subject to entertain your

L^d^ship with I am sensible I have already made it too long.

I am my Lord with all possible respect
Your L^d^ship's &c.

To y^e^ right Honorable y^e^ Earle of Winchelsea
Envoy Extraordinary to Hanover.
March 170$\frac{2}{3}$.

At Hamburgh, which seems to have afforded no other matter for commemoration in his correspondence than the excellence of the wine and the quantities in which it was swallowed, — though there must doubtless have been other reasons, probably some political commission, for his making so long a sojourn there, — Addison formed or renewed acquaintance with a diplomatist of some note, and apparently an accomplished person; — Mr. Wyche, whom he thus addressed, after he had reached Holland.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. WYCHE.

Dear Sir

My hand at present begins to grow steady enough for a Letter, so that the properest use I can put it to is to thank y^e^ honest Gentleman that set it a shaking. I have had this morning a desperate design in my head to attack you in Verse, which I shoud certainly have done coud I have found out a Rhime to Rummer. But tho' you have escaped for y^e^ present you

are not yet out of danger, if I can a little recover my talent at Crambo. I am sure in whatever way I write to you it will be impossible for me to express y^e^ deep sense I have of y^e^ many favours you have lately shown me. I shall only tell you that Hambourg has bin the pleasantest stage I have met with in my Travails. If any of my friends wonder at me for living so long in that place, I dare say it will be thought a very good excuse when I tell 'em Mr. Wyche was there. As your Company made our stay at Hambourg agreeable, your wine has given us all y^e^ satisfaction that we have found in our journey through Westphalia. If drinking your Health will do you any good, you may expect to be as long-lived as Methuselah, or to use a more familiar Instance, as y^e^ oldest Hoc in y^e^ Cellar. I hope y^e^ two pair of Legs that we left a swelling behind us are by this time come to their shapes again. I cant forbear troubling you with my hearty respects to y^e^ Owners of 'em and desiring you to believe me always

Dear Sir

Your's &c.

To Mr. Wyche her Majestie's
Resident at Hambourg,
— May, 1703.

Another letter, without date of time or place, but certainly written in Holland, is addressed to Mr. Bathurst, afterwards baron Bathurst, being one of

the twelve peers created together by queen Anne in 1711. He was at this time very young, and had doubtless been introduced to Addison at Oxford, where he had been brought up at Trinity College under the celebrated dean Bathurst, his uncle. His politics were strongly tory through life. The style of the letter is adapted to a gay and gallant youth, but one who was at least supposed to be in training for a statesman.

MR. ADDISON TO ALLEYN BATHURST ESQ.

Dear sir,

This letter will find you wholly taken up with y^e^ Ladys and States-General, and dividing your time between Ombre and Politics. I question not but the Odyh's and y^e^ Opdams will follow y^e^ Example of y^e^ Hohenzollerns; for I cant believe any heart impregnable to one that has already carry'd his conquests farther than ever Cæsar did, and made captives among a people that woud not be slaves to y^e^ Roman Empire. I dont suppose you are yet willing to change your Assemblys for Anatomy Schools, and to quit your beauties of y^e^ Hague for y^e^ Skeletons of Leyden. When you have a mind to take a walk among dead men's bones, honour me with a Line and I will not fail to meet you. Your company will I am sure make me think ev'n such a place Agreeable. I drank

your health today with S^r^ Richard Shirly, and desire you to believe nobody wishes it more heartily than

Dear S^r^ &c.

To Alleyn Bathurst Esq^e^
at the Hague.*

On the arrival of Addison in Holland, we find him associating on familiar terms with the most distinguished of the English general officers whom he found there, occupied in concerting with the Dutch commanders and others of the allies the business of the campaign; but himself unemployed, and apparently seeking for some engagement. At Rotterdam he unexpectedly encountered his old acquaintance Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, who had issued proposals for publishing by subscription a splendid edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, and in furtherance, as it appears, of this object, had passed over into Holland in May 1703.

As secretary of the Kitcat club, Tonson was familiarly acquainted with all the leaders of the whig party, who were its members; he even appears to have been himself regarded as somewhat of a political character, at least if we may regard as more than jest a passage in a letter addressed to him at this time by Congreve: "Do you know, the tories (even the wisest of them) have been very grave upon your going to Holland. They often say, with a nod, that

* Tickell Papers.

Cæsar's Commentaries might have been carried through without a voyage to Holland. There were meanings in that subscription; and that list of names may serve for further engagements than paying three guineas a piece for a book."

A short note written by Addison to Tonson proves the zeal with which he entered into the projects of the bookseller, as well as the intimate terms on which he associated with persons of note on the whig side.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. TONSON.

"I have shown your letter to Mr. Cunningham. He will speak to the bookseller about the Tableau des Muses. . . . I should have answered your letter sooner, had I not been two days at Rotterdam, whence I returned yesterday with colonel Stanhope, whom I found unexpectedly at Pennington's. If I can possibly, I will come and see you at Amsterdam tomorrow for a day. As I dined with my lord Cutts t'other day I talked of your Cæsar, and let him know the two German generals had subscribed. He asked me who had the taking of the subscriptions, and told me he believed he could assist you, if they were not full." &c.

Mr. D. Pultney writes from Utrecht to Tonson at Amsterdam, "Give my service to Mr. Addison, and

the inclosed Terræ filius's speech, which may perhaps afford him half an hour's amusement when your business calls you from him;" from which it should appear that these parties were then domesticated together. They had indeed an affair of some consequence to discuss.

Tonson, we find, had been commissioned by no less a personage than that duke of Somerset commonly designated as the Proud, to make enquiry for a proper person to undertake the office of travelling tutor to his son, Algernon earl of Hertford, then in his nineteenth year. He had the good judgment to recommend Addison, to whom he opened the business by letter before he embarked for Holland. The very remarkable particulars of the subsequent negotiation explain themselves in the original correspondence.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET TO MR. TONSON.

Mr. Manwaring told me you had now received a letter from Mr. Addison, wherein he seems to embrace the proposal, but desires to know the particulars; so if you please to come to me tomorrow morning, about nine or ten o'clock, we will more fully discourse the whole matter together, that you may be able at your arrival in Holland to settle all things with him. I could wish he would come over by the return of this

convoy. But more of this when we meet, in the meantime believe me

Your very humble servant

SOMERSET.

For Mr. Jacob Tonson at Grays inn.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET TO MR. TONSON.

London June the 4th 1703.

I received yours of the 21st. of May, yesterday, and am very glad, after so long a time, you are at last safely arrived with the Duke of Grafton at the Hague. As to what you write of Mr. Addison, I shall be very glad to see him here in England, that we may more fully discourse together of that matter, but at the same time I should have been much better satisfied, had he made his own proposals, that he then would have been on more certain terms of what he was to depend on, especially since he did not intend to leave Holland so soon on any other account; therefore I think I ought to enter into that affair more freely and more plainly, and tell you what I propose, and what I hope he will comply with. viz. I desire he may be more on the account of a companion in my son's travels than as a governor, and as such I shall account him: my meaning is that neither lodging, travelling or diet shall cost him sixpence, and over and above that, my son shall present him at the year's end with a hundred guineas, as long as he is

pleased to continue in that service to my son, by taking great care of him, by his personal attendance and advice, in what he finds necessary during his time of travelling. My intention is at present to send him over before August next to the Hague, there to remain for one year, from thence to go to all the courts of Germany, and to stay some time at the court of Hanover, as we shall then agree. The only reason for his stay at the Hague is, to perform all his exercises, and when he is perfect in that, then to go next wherever Mr. Addison shall advise, to whom I shall entirely depend on, in all that he thinks may be most fit for his education. When we are agreed on what terms may be most agreeable to him, I dare say he shall find all things as he can desire. This I thought fit for saving of time to enter into now, for many reasons, that we may the sooner and the better know each others' thoughts, being fully resolved to send him over by the end of the next month: so I must desire him to be plain with me, as he will find by this that I am with him, because it will be a very great lett to me not to know his mind sooner than he proposes to come over. I need not tell you the reason, it being so plain for you to guess, and the main of all, which is the conditions, as I have mentioned, may be as well treated on by letter as if he was here. So I do desire his speedy answer, for to tell you plainly, I am solicited every day on this subject, many being

offered to me, and I cannot tell them that I am engaged positively, because Mr. Addison is my desire and inclination by the character I have heard of him. &c.

MR. ADDISON TO THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

May it please your Grace

By a letter that Mr. Tonson has shown me I find that I am very much obliged to your Grace for y^e^ kind opinion that you are pleas'd to entertain of me. I shou'd be extreamly glad of an opportunity of deserving it, and am therefore very ready to close with y^e^ proposal that is there made me of accompanying my L^d^ Marquess of Hartford in his Travails and doing his L^d^ship all y^e^ services that I am capable of. I have lately receiv'd one or two advantageous offers of y^e^ same nature, but as I should be very ambitious of executing any of your Grace's commands, so I cant think of taking y^e^ like employ from any other hands. As for y^e^ recompense that is proposed to me, I must take the liberty to assure your Grace that I should not see my account in it, but in y^e^ hopes that I have to recommend myself to your Grace's favor and approbation. I am glad your Grace has intimated that you would oblige me to attend my L^d^ only from year to year, for in a twelve month it may be easily seen whether I can be of any advantage to his L^d^ship. I

am sure if my utmost endeavours can do any thing, I shant fail to answer your Grace's expectations. About a fortnight hence I hope to have y^e^ Honour of waiting on your Grace unless I receive any Commands to y^e^ contrary.

I am &c.

To his Grace the Duke of Somerset.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET TO MR. TONSON.

June 22^nd^ 1703.

Your letter of the 16^th^ with one from Mr. Addison came safe to me. You say he will give me an account of his readiness of complying with my proposal. I will set down his own words, which are thus. " As for the recompence that is proposed to me, I must confess I can by no means see my account in it" &c. All the other parts of his letter are compliments to me, which he thought he was bound in good breeding to write, and as such I have taken them, and no otherwise; and now I leave you to judge how ready he is to comply with my proposal. Therefore I have wrote by this first post to prevent his coming to England on my account, and have told him plainly that I must look for another, which I cannot be long a-finding. I am very sorry that I have given you so much trouble in it, but I know you are good, and will forgive it in one that is so much your humble servant.

Our club is dissolved till you revive it again, which we are impatient of.

SOMERSET.

MR. ADDISON TO THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

May it please your Grace,

Since my return from a Journey that I was obliged to make into North Holland I have received y^e^ honour of your Grace's letter, w^h^ has hinder'd my immediate going for England. I am sorry to find that I have not made use of such expressions as were proper to represent y^e^ the sense I have of the honour your Grace design'd me, and shou'd be extremely glad of any occasion that may happen in which I might show how proud I shou'd be of obeying your Commands, and most particularly if during my stay here I cou'd be any-ways serviceable to my L^d^. Hartford.

I am &c.

To the Duke of Somerset
July. 1703.*

On perusing these letters, so harsh and arrogant on the part of the duke, who seems to regard it as insolence in the intended tutor of his son not to accept with humility and gratitude such terms as he was

* Addison's part of this correspondence is from the Tickell Papers; that of the Duke of Somerset, with all former extracts of letters to Mr. Tonson, from Tonson Papers, obligingly communicated by Mr. Baker for the purposes of this work.

pleased to offer, we are prompted to exclaim with the poet

> " How low, how little are the *proud*,
> How indigent the great!"

For the paltry consideration of a few hundreds in salary or annuity, we see the eldest son of the second English duke, by the heiress of the great family of Percy, losing the benefit, the privilege, and with posterity the honour, of being attended on his travels by him who, of all his contemporaries, united in the highest perfection classical learning, personal acquaintance with every scene in Italy renowned in history or in song, taste and skill in the use of his own language and in all the departments of elegant literature, with the manners of a gentleman and morals free from all reproach.

By this niggardliness however, strangely inconsistent in a nobleman lavish to profusion in every expence of ostentation, lord Hertford was the only loser. Addison must often have congratulated himself in the sequel on that exertion of proper spirit by which he had escaped from wasting in an attendance little better than servile, three precious years, which he found means of employing so much more to his own honour and satisfaction and the advantage of the public. At present there was little in his circumstances or prospects to inspire cheerfulness; and the exquisite delicacy with which he thus uttered his

feelings to his venerable friend bishop Hough, inspire at once sympathy and respect.

MR. ADDISON TO BISHOP HOUGH.

My Lord Amsterdam 24 Aug. N S.

I have a long time denied myself the honour of writing to your Lordship, because I would not trouble you with any of my private disappointments, and at the same time did not think it proper to give you a detail of a voyage that I hope to present your Lordship with a general relation of, at my return to England. To finish the misfortunes I have met with during my travels, I have, since my coming into Holland, received the news of my Father's death, which is indeed the most melancholy news that I ever yet received. What makes it the more so is, that I am informed he was so unhappy as to do some things, a little before he died, which were not agreeable to your Lordship. I have seen too many instances of your Lordship's great humanity to doubt that you will forgive any thing which might seem disobliging in one that had his spirits very much broken by age, sickness and affliction But, at the same time, I hope that the information I have re-received on this subject is not well grounded, because in a letter, not long before his death, he commanded

me always to preserve a just sense of duty and gratitude for the Bishop of Lichfield, who had been so great a benefactor to his family in general and myself in particular. This advice, though it was not necessary, may show, however, the due respect he had for your Lordship; as it was given at a time when men seldom disguise their sentiments. I must desire your Lordship to pardon the trouble of this letter, which I should never have taken the liberty to have written, had it not been to vindicate one of the best of Fathers, and that to your Lordship, whom, of all the world, I would not have possessed with an ill opinion of one I am so nearly related to. If I can serve your Lordship in this country I should be proud to receive any of your commands at Mr. Moor's in Amsterdam.

I am my Lord
Your Lordships most dutiful
and most obedient Servant
J. Addison.*

Two letters, written in a more lively strain, and dated in the following month, complete his correspondence while on his travels. The first is addressed to Mr. Wood, perhaps "the rake Wood," whose conversion to sobriety he had reported long before to Mr. Wortley Montagu.

* Life of Dr. Hough by J. Wilmot Esq. 1812.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. WOOD.

Dear S^r^.

I have lately had y^e^ honour to meet my L^d^ Effingham at Amsterdam, where we have drank Mr. Wood's health a hundred times in excellent Champaign. His L^d^ship show'd me a very pleasant letter of your's that wou'd discourage me from sending so bad a one as this is like to be, but that I hope you will consider it only as a case to my Lord's and so pardon it for what it encloses. I am sorry to hear you have entertain'd a thought of taking a journey into Italy, tho I question not but the Alpes will be as effectual a stop to you as it has bin to y^e^ Electour of Bavaria. Think but on Mount Cenis and, as you have not y^e^ brains of a Kite, I am sure it will deter you from so rash an undertaking. I protest to you I am almost giddy at y^e^ very apprehension of y^e^ many Rocks and precipices that we met with in that part of y^e^ world, and in this single particular I must boast to have as good a head as yourself. Shoud you once cross y^e^ Alpes, (which by y^e^ way woud be a March as much to be admir'd as that of Hannibal) y^e^ natural antipathy you have to seas & mountains woud make me despair of ever seeing you in England: besides y^e^ danger there may be of your turning Virtuoso. So that you see in y^e^ advice I give you, like all other Counsellours, I am not without an Eye

to my own private Interest. I han't yet seen your Nephew in this country, but I hear he has signalis'd himself in y^e^ double capacity of a man of arms and of Letters. As for y^e^ first you have heard doubtless that he is a Captain, and as an instance of y^e^ second take y^e^ following story. There happen'd about a twelve-month ago a dispute between him and S^r^ Richard Temple on y^e^ word Believe: S^r^ R. affirmed like a Hardy Knight, that the last syllable shoud be spelt with a double e, your kinsman was for ie. The strongest argument on either side was a Wager of a Hundred pound. The most able Orthographers in Holland were consulted on y^e^ difficulty who all gave sentence against y^e^ Chevalier. From Holland he appeal'd to y^e^ best Critics in England, that confirm'd y^e^ Verdict giv'n on this side y^e^ water. In short Believe maintaind an I in it in spight of all attacks made upon it, and your Nephew won a hundred pound in its defence.

I have lately receiv'd my Book of Travails from Mr. Fisher. It has taken a larger tour than its Authour since it went out of your hands, and made a greater Voyage than that which it describes. But after having past thro' Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and made a Trip into England, it is at last sent me to y^e^ Hague. I thank you heartily for y^e^ trouble it has giv'n you and am &c.

To M^r^. Wood at Geneva
7^br^. 1703.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. WYCHE.

Dear Sir

Mr. Downing letting me know that he intended to pass speedily through Hambourg, I coud not forbear telling him how much I envied him y^e^ good company he was like to meet there. This naturally brought to mind the many obligations I have to Mr. Wyche, w^h^ I would have exprest to you before now in another way, had not my thoughts bin taken up since my coming into this country with more disagreeable subjects. At my first arrival I received the melancholy news of my Father's Death, and ever since have bin engaged in so much noise and company that it was impossible for me to think of Rhiming in it, unless I had bin possest with such a Muse as Dr. Blackmore's that cou'd make a couple of Heroic poems in a Hackney-Coach and a Coffy-house. I have bin for some time at Amsterdam, where I have had great opportunities of informing myself in y^e^ price of nutmegs and pepper, for since y^e^ coming in of y^e^ East India fleet our Conversation here runs altogether on Spice.

I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros!

I am &c.

To Mr. Wyche her Majestie's
resident at Hambourg
7^br^ 1703

Addison's return to England must have taken place shortly after the date of this letter. There was nothing now to detain him in Holland, and the state of his private affairs would render it incumbent upon him to lose no time in transporting himself to that busy scene in which he hoped to find some part speedily assigned him not unworthy of his character and abilities.

CHAPTER VI.

1704 to 1706.

ADDISON CHOSEN OF THE KITCAT CLUB. HIS LINES TO THE COUNTESS OF MANCHESTER. STILL UNEMPLOYED. BETTER PROSPECTS OF THE WHIGS. WAR WITH FRANCE. BATTLE OF BLENHEIM. HALIFAX NOW RESTORED TO POWER, NAMES ADDISON TO GODOLPHIN TO CELEBRATE THE VICTORY. REWARDED BY BEING COMMISSIONER OF APPEALS. POEM OF THE CAMPAIGN. LE CLERC REVIEWS IT. TRAVELS IN ITALY PUBLISHED. DEDICATION TO LORD SOMERS. RECEPTION OF THE WORK. LE CLERC'S FAVOURABLE REVIEW. ADDISON PRESENTS A COPY TO SWIFT. RISE AND PROGRESS OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP. SWIFT'S TESTIMONY TO ADDISON'S SOCIAL POWERS. LADY M. WORTLEY MONTAGU'S. STEELE'S. POPE'S. YOUNG'S. ADDISON UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE TO SIR C. HEDGES. TO LORD SUNDERLAND. ATTENDS LORD HALIFAX TO HANOVER. PARTICULARS OF HIS JOURNEY AND RETURN. OFFICIAL LETTERS TO STEPNEY.

ALMOST immediately on his return from the continent, Addison had the honour of being elected a member of the celebrated Kitcat Club: that distinguished assemblage in which the great nobility and landed gentry composing the strength of the whig party, mingled with the more celebrated of the wits and men of letters who supported the same principles with their pens.

What might be the feelings of his grace the duke

of Somerset on first meeting in such a society him whose services he had thought proper to estimate at so mean a rate, we do not find; possibly their poignancy might be augmented on learning the rank of that beauty to whom the rejected tutor did not hesitate to offer the homage of naming her his *toast*.

According to the rules of the club, each member, on admission, was to confer this distinction on some lady of his choice, whose name was then entered on the minutes of the society, and engraven on a drinking glass, with some lines of verse in her honour: The countess of Manchester, daughter of Robert Greville lord Brook, was selected by Addison on this occasion; and the circumstance of her having accompanied her lord on his embassy to the court of Versailles,—the origin, probably, of his acquaintance with her, — suggested the topic of the lines in which she was thus complimented:

> "While haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
> O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
> Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
> In native charms divinely fair,
> Confusion in their looks they show'd,
> And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd."

Amid all these social distinctions however, no substantial improvement had yet taken place in the condition of Addison. Without a profession, and unprovided as yet of any public appointment, he

still found himself, in his thirty third year, dependent on a diligent pen for the means of a scanty and precarious subsistence. The prospects of his party, however, and consequently his own, were now so evidently brightening, that whatever anxieties might press upon him it was by no means a time to throw up the game of ambition in despair.

In the first months of the reign of Anne, the discomfiture of the whigs had been complete. Hastening without reflection to the full gratification of her tory predilections, the queen had given her political confidence chiefly to her cousin the earl of Rochester; and the management of ecclesiastical affairs, together with the direction of her own conscience, to Sharp archbishop of York, a leader of the high-church party. But the essential contrariety between the principles of Anne and her position; a very real, though an obscure and seldom mentioned source of the unceasing struggles of contending factions which raged around her to her dying hour, — had now begun to make itself felt. The war which she had declared against Louis XIV, on his proclaiming the Pretender king of England, could by possibility appear, even to her dim intellect, in no other light than that of a contest for her own crown and the protestant succession, against the claims of her brother and the principle of right divine; and the obvious inference could scarcely escape her, that

in such a quarrel, the champions of revolution principles were the only supporters on whom she could place a secure reliance. Nor was there wanting one about her by whom suggestions of this nature would be zealously and effectually enforced. It is now matter of history, that the wife of Marlborough had already begun to exert in favour of whig ascendancy the absolute sway which she at this time held over the mind of her mistress, as well as her powerful interest with her husband and his ally Godolphin.

On the rupture with Louis, it had been one of the first steps of Anne to dispatch Marlborough, with the character of plenipotentiary, to assure the States General of her adherence to the alliances formed with them by the late king for resisting the power of France; and at the same time she had declared him Captain general. From this period the authority of this great commander in the council had greatly overbalanced that of the earl of Rochester; while a jealousy of him on the part of the tories, had manifested itself in slights which he was much disposed to revenge by an open desertion of their party. In the meantime his personal consequence was receiving continual accessions; after his first campaign he was created a duke; in his second, the great day of Blenheim elevated him to the summit of glory and of favour. It was out of this brilliant event, which occurred on August 2. 1704, that Addison's zealous

patron, the earl of Halifax, extracted an occasion of doing him an essential service.

In how unpropitious a manner the new reign had opened to this nobleman has been already intimated. The queen, almost immediately on her accession, had struck out his name from the list of privy councillors, avowedly on account of his whig principles. Shortly after, his enemies in the house of commons had advanced several charges against him of malversation and corruption in his office of auditor of the Exchequer, and petitioned her majesty to proceed against him at common law; an impeachment which had been aimed at him on a former occasion having failed of its object. The peers, partly from favour to his political principles and hostility to those of the majority in the house of commons, partly, it may be suspected, from fellow-feeling, for never was there a time in which infidelity to public trusts was more gross and prevalent,— interfered for his protection by advancing a pretension concerning jurisdiction which seemed to have been ill founded. This step was met by the commons with vehement demonstrations of resentment, which in turn further exasperated the indignation of the peers, and the quarrel rose to so formidable a height, that the queen had recourse to sudden dissolution to put a stop to it. In effect however, the house of lords and the whig party carried their point of protecting their champion, and

the immediate result was, to augment very considerably the importance of lord Halifax, and thus to pave the way for his return to power.

Such was his position when the news arrived of the battle of Blenheim. On this occasion lord-treasurer Godolphin, little remarked in general for the love or encouragement of letters, his own leisure being engrossed by the pursuits of Newmarket, — meeting lord Halifax, exclaimed, in the fulness of his joy, that such a victory ought never to be forgotten, and added that he had little doubt so distinguished a patron of literature as his lordship must be acquainted with some one whose pen would be capable of doing it justice. Halifax answered, — with an implied reproach to Godolphin for his imperfect adoption of the whigs, and reluctance to bestow any favours on them, — that he did indeed know a person eminently qualified for such an office, but that he would not desire him to write on the subject. An explanation being asked, he warmly added, that while too many fools and blockheads were maintained in their pride and luxury at the public expense, such men as were really an honour to their age and country, were shamefully suffered to languish in obscurity: That for his own share, he would never desire any gentleman of parts and learning to employ his time in celebrating a ministry who had neither the justice nor generosity to make it worth his while.

The lord-treasurer calmly replied, that he would seriously consider what his lordship had said, and endeavour to give no occasion for such reproaches in future; and that on the present occasion, he took upon himself to promise, that any gentleman whom his lordship would name to him as capable of celebrating the late action, should not repent exerting his genius on the subject. Lord Halifax, thus encouraged, named Mr. Addison, but insisted that the lord-treasurer should himself send to him. This was promised, and the next morning Mr. Addison, "who was at that time but indifferently lodged *," was surprised by a visit from Mr. Boyle chancellor of the Exchequer, sent by lord Godolphin, who after opening his business, acquainted him that his lordship, to encourage him to enter upon his subject, had already made him one of the Commissioners of appeal in the Excise, but entreated him to look upon that post as an earnest only of something more considerable. In short, the Chancellor said so many obliging things, and in so graceful a manner, as gave Mr. Addison the utmost encouragement to begin that poem which he afterwards published and entitled the Campaign.†

* Pope, when taking his usual walk with Harte in the Haymarket, desired Harte to enter a little shop, when going up three pair of stairs into a small room, Pope said, "In this garret Addison wrote his Campaign." D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, p. 246. 2d series.

† The account in the text is taken from the narrative given

The immediate success of this work was brilliant and flattering in the highest degree. It was complimented as a poem equal to the action which it celebrates, and raised the writer at once, in the general estimation, to the level of the greatest English poets. From an estimate like this, which naturally partook of the enthusiasm inspired by so brilliant and important a victory, a sober judgment will doubtless find something to abate, but the reader must indeed be dull who could even now peruse it without recognising in it the genuine offspring of one of the most accomplished minds. A *commanded* poem, — the Campaign has experienced the constant fate of performances of its own class, works of skill, of talent and of elegance which, confounded often at their first appearance with the diviner inspirations of

by Budgell, in his "Life of Lord Orrery," who was the identical Mr. Boyle by whom the request of Lord Godolphin was conveyed: That of Tickell, which though different, is not quite incompatible with it, is as follows. "He (Addison) remained some time after his return to England without any public employment, which he did not obtain till the year 1704, when the Duke of Marlborough arrived at the highest pitch of glory, by delivering all Europe from slavery, and furnished Mr. Addison with a subject worthy of that genius which appears in his poem called the Campaign. The lord-treasurer Godolphin, who was a fine judge of poetry, had a sight of this work when it was only carried on as far as the applauded simile of the Angel; and approved the poem by bestowing on the author, a few days after, the place of commissioner of appeals, vacant by the removal of the famous Mr. Locke to the council of trade."

the Muse, fall afterwards not only into neglect which might perhaps be excusable, but into contempt which is certainly unjust. Of this poem it may be said with confidence that it set an example of good sense and good taste before undreamed of in similar productions. There is no exaggeration, no bombast, no extravagance of flattery, no insipid parade of classical allusions and Homeric machinery. Truth is the presiding power, and if we might construe strictly the maxim of Boileau "Rien n'est beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable," we might hold it to be not merely excellent, but in the only style of real excellence. The poem is however, far from faultless, for even if it could with truth be said, that the plan and conduct of the piece were free from objection, it must be admitted, that in frequent examples of feebleness and tautology* it betrays at least a hasty and careless execution, if not some barrenness of fancy. But these blemishes are well redeemed by passages of indisputable and varied merit. The celebrated simile of the angel, though defective as a comparison, from too great resemblance to the object compared, may justly claim the character of grandeur, if not of absolute sublimity.

"'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was prov'd,
That in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,

* Pope has taken good care, in Scriblerus, to point the finger of derision at every tautological line in the Campaign.

Amidst confusion, horror and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

The last line, it may be pointed out, is one which has in a manner become a part of common speech from frequency of quotation.

A passage of great merit, though much less celebrity, is one which *states the case* against the King of France.

" The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depths of gloomy dungeons heard
And prayers in bitterness of soul prefer'd,
Europe's loud cries, that providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd;
The day was come when heav'n design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below."

There is true pathos and much descriptive vigor in the following lines:

" Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;

Till fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns;
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mix'd with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake:
The list'ning soldier fix'd in sorrow stands
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd."

The eminent critic Le Clerc, with whom Addison had formed an intimacy in Holland, bestowed on the Campaign a highly laudatory notice in his *Journal Literaire*, one of that voluminous series of works by which this able writer taught the art, or established the practice, of *reviewing*, properly so called.

It must have been the profits of this work probably, which enabled Addison in this present year to discharge his college debts with interest.

He likewise availed himself of his recent success as offering a favourable occasion for presenting to the world in a small and modest volume, his "Travels in Italy."

The work was inscribed by its author to Lord Somers, in a dedication part of which may with propriety be here inserted, since beside the model which it affords of perfect taste and elegance in this

difficult kind of composition, it gives utterance to political sentiments which were doubtless greatly strengthened, if not originally suggested, by the German portion of his travels, of which he has published no further account.

"My lord: There is a pleasure in owning obligations which it is an honour to have received, but should I publish any favours done me by your lordship, I am afraid it would look more like vanity than gratitude.

"I had a very early ambition to recommend myself to your lordship's patronage, which yet increased in me as I travelled through the countries of which I here give your lordship some account: for whatever great impressions an Englishman must have of your lordship, they who have been conversant abroad will find them still improved. It cannot but be obvious to them, that though they see your lordship's admirers every where, they meet with very few of your well-wishers at Paris or at Rome. And I could not but observe, as I passed through most of the Protestant governments in Europe, that their hopes or fears for the common cause rose or fell with your lordship's interest and authority in England." &c.

Notwithstanding the high poetical reputation which Addison had already established, and notwithstanding the high auspices under which the work appeared, Tickell frankly avows that his

Travels were "at first but indifferently relished by the bulk of readers, who expected an account in a common way, of the customs and policies of the several governments of Italy, reflections upon the genius of the people, a map of their provinces, or a measure of their buildings. How were they disappointed," he adds, "when, instead of such particulars, they were presented only with a journal of poetical travels, with remarks on the present picture of the country, compared with the landscapes drawn by classic authors, and other the like unconcerning parts of knowledge! One may easily imagine a reader of plain sense, but without a fine taste, turning over these parts of the volume, which make more than half of it, and wondering how an author, who seems to have had so solid an understanding, when he treats of more weighty subjects in the other pages, should dwell upon such trifles, and give up so much room to matters of mere amusement. There are indeed but few men so fond of the ancients, as to be transported with every little accident which introduces to their intimate acquaintance." He concludes however with the information, that the fame of the performance "increased from year to year, and the demand for copies was so urgent, that their price rose to four or five times the original value, before it came out in a second edition."

On this occasion likewise, Addison was indebted to

the good offices of his friendly critic Le Clerc, who contributed to establish the reputation of the work by a careful analysis interspersed with many laudatory remarks. On one point however, he did not refrain from thus gently reprehending the ignorance or credulity of the author.

"Mr. Addison is of opinion that the figure of Jupiter Pluvius sending down rain on the fainting army of Marcus Aurelius, and thunderbolts on his enemies, is the greatest confirmation possible of the story of the thundering legion. This learned man would apparently mean to say, that this figure is a monument of the shower which fell on the Roman army, and of the thunder which confounded the Germans; for as to the Thundering Legion, the learned are agreed that it had that denomination long before this circumstance; and that there is no probability that it was entirely made up of Christians."

All the sentiments in favour of free governments in which the travels abound are cordially echoed by the critic, and the classical remarks are generally approved. It seems that the author, while in Holland, must have communicated to Le Clerc his Dialogues on ancient medals; for the article thus concludes:

"Mr. Addison has not a little applied himself to the study of ancient medals; the mystical meanings of whose reverses he has explained in a work well

worthy to be made public, and which I hope he will soon oblige the world with."*

A presentation copy of his Travels was thus inscribed by Addison:

"To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend and the greatest genius of his age, this book is presented by his most humble servant the author." The circumstance is worthy of notice as the earliest known memorial of the intimacy of two persons, both enrolled in the first ranks of literary fame, but in most other respects strikingly unlike, and it might have been imagined, uncongenial. The origin of their acquaintance is obscure, and has been differently reported. Sheridan, in his life of Swift, gives an odd account of the earliest appearance of his hero among the wits at Button's coffee house; accoutred in the rudest garb of a rustic curate, known to no one, accosting no one, and earning for himself by his grotesque appearance and strange behavior the nickname of the Mad Parson, till he thought proper to cast his slough, and shine forth in the character of a distinguished wit. Addison is represented as not only present at these strange scenes, but presiding. Unfortunately for the accuracy of the narrator, the date assigned to this occurrence is some period between the publication of Swift's first political

* M. Le Clerc's Observations upon Mr. Addison's Travels, &c. Done from the French by Mr. Theobald, London 1715.

pamphlet, in 1701, and that of the Tale of a Tub in 1704; while we know that during the whole of this time, Addison was on his travels, and that he did not set up his servant Button in a coffee house, — nor indeed had the means of doing so, — till several years afterwards; probably not till 1712. If therefore these circumstances ever occurred, it must have been in some other coffee house, and not during the *reign* of Addison at Button's; and no ground will remain for imagining, that it was as the "Mad Parson" that Swift first engaged the favorable notice of so nice an observer of men and manners.

Congreve, who disarmed the envy of contemporary wits by those minor offices of social kindness which are often received with more complacency than essential services, "friendly Congreve, unreproachful man," as he is called by Gay, — who had seen Swift at the table of Sir William Temple, and seems to have been the introducer both of him and Addison to Halifax and Somers, was probably the person by whom they were first made known to each other. Afterwards, many opportunities would offer of improving the acquaintance. Swift had not as yet forsaken the revolution principles with which Temple had imbued him, — or it might rather be said, — had not yet ceased to entertain confident anticipations of preferment from the same ministers who were the patrons of Addison: He was a frequent absentee from his Irish living,

attracted by his ambition to the great metropolitan mart for indigent talent; and at the tables of common friends, and in the coffee houses to which the London men of this period constantly resorted, the new friends must have met almost daily. No rivalry arose between them,—a circumstance honorable to both;—the gifts of wit and humour which were common to them, rendered their society a constant treat to one another; and from this power of mutually delighting there arose a mutual goodwill which matured into sincere friendship. We have seen the warm testimony of Addison to the genius and the social powers of Swift; he in return, writing to his Stella of Addison, when political circumstances had caused a temporary estrangement between them, says with regret, "I yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is." Respecting the charms of Addison's society, there was indeed but one sentiment among qualified judges. "It was my fate," said lady M. W. Montagu to Spence, "to be much with the wits; my father was acquainted with all of them. Addison was the best company in the world; I never knew any body that had so much wit as Congreve; Sir Richard Steele was a very good-natured man, and Dr. Garth a very worthy one."

Steele, on longer and more intimate knowledge of his eminent friend than any other person could boast, in the letter to Congreve written shortly after his death, thus rapturously recalls those golden hours of

social bliss which could return no more. "He was above all men in that talent we call humour, and enjoyed it in such perfection, that I have often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature, heightened with humour more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed." He afterwards mentions "that smiling mirth, that delicate satire and genteel raillery, which appeared in Mr. Addison when he was free among intimates; I say when he was free from that *remarkable* bashfulness which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit; and his abilities were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed."*

Addison's kinsman Budgell, whom he admitted to a close acquaintance, in perfect conformity with the account of Steele, mentions that he was accustomed to call the intimate conversation with a single friend, "thinking aloud;" and that he used to say "there was no such thing as real conversation but between two persons." Pope, according to his disposition, has given a sinister interpretation to the incurable want of ease in mixed company which hung upon him, even while admitting the charms of his intimate

* Preface to the Drummer.

society. "Addison's conversation," he says, "had something in it more charming than I have found in any other man. But this was only when familiar: before strangers, or perhaps a single stranger, *he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence.*" Young gives a different turn to the fact: "He was not free with his superiors. He was rather mute in society on some occasions; but when he began to be company, he was full of vivacity, and went on in a noble stream of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every one to him." We may here perhaps observe, that a man of delicate feelings will always avoid being free with those who might in return be too free with him. That powers so admirable, united with so much modesty, gained for their possessor almost as many friends as witnesses of them, — that it was henceforth in his power to command such society as pleased him best, — and that the patrons who had first adopted him redoubled their efforts to elevate him to stations suited to their augmenting sense of his extraordinary merits, the facts abundantly prove. When the appointment of commissioner of appeals in the Excise was first conferred upon him, he had indeed been expressly desired to regard it as a mere earnest of better things; and early in 1706, by the recommendation of lord Godolphin, he was appointed under secretary of state to sir Charles Hedges. This minister, who ranked with the tories, was superseded before the end

of the year, after a hard contest, by the earl of Sunderland, son-in-law of Marlborough; an ardent lover of liberty, and a devoted partizan of Addison's illustrious and early patron lord Somers; and by him he was continued in office more willingly perhaps than he had been at first admitted by his predecessor.

Apparently the duties of the under secretary were not very onerous, or could at least be executed for a time by a substitute, for it was during his tenure of this post that Addison was able to perform a duty of a very different nature, which appeared likely to open to him another road to future favour and preferment. In consequence of the decided predominance of the whig interest, which, since the new elections of 1705, had been supported even in the house of commons by considerable majorities, the tory leaders had been compelled to quit office to their rivals. Lord Halifax, who had distinguished himself much in the debates of the peers first on the Occasional Conformity bill, and afterwards on the articles of the Union with Scotland, was again high in favour at court. The queen had restored him to his seat at the council board, and on the passing of the bill for the naturalization of the electress Sophia and her descendents, and for the better securing of the succession in the protestant line, his lordship was made choice of as the fittest person to carry that act, together with the order of the garter to the electoral prince at Hanover.

On this brilliant mission he invited Addison to accompany him; Vanburgh, lately appointed Clarencieux king at arms, went also, by whom the ceremony of the prince's investiture with the most noble order was to be performed.* The little court of Hanover put forth, as might be expected, all its splendors on this joyful occasion; and the earl and his suite were entertained with every possible demonstration of welcome and mark of honour. During their stay, the nuptials of the electoral princess with the prince royal of Prussia were celebrated; and on their departure the prince accompanied lord Halifax to the camp of the confederates, whence his lordship proceeded to the Hague, where he laid the foundations of a strict alliance between Great Britain and the United Provinces, for the better securing of the succession of the Hanover family to the British crown. At the city of Amsterdam also, he was received with

* There can be no doubt that Vanburgh went; but that he was not included in Lord Halifax's suite appears from a line of his lordship to Robethon the Hanoverian minister: "Monsieur Nariseau and Mr. Addison, two gentlemen of learning and business, give me their company, and I bring no more servants or liveries than I have at home.

I am &c.

Halifax."

From Original papers &c. published by J. Macpherson. London 1775.

distinction by the magistrates and with general applause by the citizens of every class. *

The time and circumstances of the return of this embassy have been accidentally preserved in a letter to Stepney from Mr. Tilson, dated from the Hague in August 1707.

"My lord Halifax I hear is got safe into England, but he was obliged to go with Mr. Addison to the Texel, and take his passage on board the convoy for our East India ships."

It is not greatly to the credit of the "Mæcænas of the nation," that Addison, in the memorial to king George I. already quoted, should have found occasion to say: "That my lord Halifax upon going to Hanover desired him to accompany him thither, at which time, though he had not the title of his secretary he officiated as such, without any other reward than the satisfaction of shewing his zeal for that illustrious family."

A series of letters, partly official partly private, addressed to his friend Stepney by Addison during the time that he held the office of under secretary of state, are here inserted, not only as specimens of the business style of the writer, but as interesting in themselves, since, while they afford various indications of his sagacity and good sense, they are not destitute

* See The Poetical works of Charles lord Halifax with his Life 8vo Lond. 1716. pp. 141, et seq.

of some few touches of his characteristic humour. One of prior date to Mr. Lewis, perhaps Erasmus Lewis afterwards secretary to lord Dartmouth, precedes them.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. LEWIS.

Sir, July 26th, 1706.

I thank you for yours of the 2d, which I received at the duke of Marlborough's camp. Mr. Cardonnel will give you a better account of all transactions here than I can doe. The duke of Marlborough received a letter from prince Eugene, on Saturday last, that confirms his passing the Adige, and gives great hopes of further successes. He tells his Grace, that the duke of Orleans was arrived in those parts to command the French army; if he had resolution enough to enter on such a post, when his army was in such a situation. The duke of Vendome, they say this morning, is got among the French troups, on this side. A trumpet from the enemy says, that three lieutenant-generals are broken for misbehaviour at Ramellies. Their names are, counts Guiscard, d'Artagnan, and Monsieur d'Etain. All agree here, that the last battle was gained purely by the conduct of our general. I am, Sir, &c.

J. Addison."

[From Original Papers; &c. arranged and published by James Macpherson, Esq. London, 1775. 4to. Vol. 2. p. 58. *Literatim.*]

MR. ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

Sir, Whitehall Sept 3. 1706.

I beg leave to congratulate you upon your removal to a province that requires all those great abilities for which you are so deservedly celebrated, and at the same time to renew to you my assurances of an eternal gratitude and esteem. Tho' I have forbore troubling you with professions of this nature, I have often had an opportunity of mentioning my obligations to you, and the great respect I shall always have for so extraordinary a character; as well in other countries as in England. I shall take the liberty to trouble you with the news of the town and office, since I am better settled in my correspondencies than I was formerly, and may now look upon you to be in our neighbourhood. The union at present takes up all public discourse, and 'tis thought will certainly be concluded at last, notwithstanding the late popular commotions. Our Barbadoes fleet is arrived under convoy of two men of war, and I hear Sir Bevil Granville died on board one of 'em on his return from his government. We have just now received a Lisbon mail, and as I am very much straightened in time, I send you an extract of a letter I received thence.

I am with great respect, Sir,
your most obedient and most humble servant
J. Addison.

I am desired by one Mr. Johnson, an English bookseller at the Hague, to recommend him to your custom. He is a very understanding man, and the Lord Halifax's and Somerset's agent for books.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

Sir, Cock Pitt, Nov. 8th. 1706.

We hear that on the Fast-day appointed in Scotland to beg a blessing on the proceedings in parliament relating to a union, that several of the clergy took occasion to show their aversion to it. Mr. Loggan, an eminent divine in Edinborough, had for his text the 11th verse of the 3rd of the Revelations, "Behold I come quickly, hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Another, they say, desired the Lord in his prayer, that as he had formerly made their nation one of the heads of Europe, he would not now make it one of the tails. But as it is natural for a turbulent discontented party to make more noise than those who are pleased with the ordinary course of affairs, though they are much the fewer in number, so they tell us that not only the parliament, but throughout the kingdom, the majority is for the union.

I have seen a printed memorial, as it is call'd, that has been presented to the Duke of Burgundy, and by him, as I am certainly informed, laid before the

King of France. It proposes for the recruiting the army, and raising money in the present exigencies, that all the superfluous lacqueys be immediately pressed for the army, which, by his calculation, will amount to threescore thousand. He then calculates the number of officers and pensions employed in the finances, taxes, posts, &c, which he reckons at fourscore thousand, half of which he would have suppressed, and their persons and pensions to be employed in the army. For a further supply of money he would have a coin of base alloy stamped, with which the King shall buy up all the works in gold and silver, in convents, palaces, &c. and turn them into current coin, which, by his computation, would bring in two-thirds of money more than there is now in the kingdom. One of these books has been sent into England, and they say makes a great noise in its own country.

A ship is come into Falmouth that left Lisbon ten days ago, (which is four days since our last packet came away,) that says there were then upward of threescore transports and sixteen men of war; but that neither sir Cloudsley Shovell nor my lord Rivers was then arrived.

Since the writing of this I have received a long account of the Scotch affairs, which I send by itself: so begging you will excuse this trouble, I am Sir &c.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

Sir,

On Wednesday morning arrived a packet-boat from Lisbon, with letters of the 10th. of Nov. N. S. They brought us the news of the safe arrival of all our descent fleet, and that sir Cloudesley Shovell and Lord Rivers dined at the consul's the day before, where they had a conference with the Secretary of State, but it was thought they would stay there no longer than to get forrage and provisions, and refit their ships, which will take them up a month at least. Some letters say the Portuguese ministers were very importunate with them to employ all their forces on that side, and those who pretend to dive into affairs, think it is only out of a design to render them ineffectual; but by all our advices from Lisbon we have reason to think, that since they find the king of France is likely to fall, they would willingly come in for their share of the spoil, and consequently contribute what they can to it. Mr. Methuen, I hear, declines his envoyship, and very much solicits leave to return into England; but if he may succeed his father in his embassy, it is not doubted but he will be content to stay there some time longer. On the 10th. Nov. the Winchester man-of-war was sent express to Alicant from Lisbon to advise Lord Galway of the arrival of the fleet.

Mr. Crow, who was named for envoy to the King of Spain on a negotiation of commerce, is now preparing for his government of Barbados, and that whole affair being put into the hands of Mr. Stanhope, who is now with King Charles, under the character of the Queen's envoy, it is supposed that several of his friends, who fancied he might be shocked by Crow's commission, have interposed in the affair.

Edinburgh Nov. 8th. Letters of this date that came in this morning, gave an account of several heats and addresses against the incorporating union. It looks very odd that there should be so great a majority in parliament against what seems to be the bent of the nation, and that they have taken no care to confront addresses on this occasion. The particulars of their transactions will I know be sent to you from other hands.

The bishopric of Winchester will not be disposed of, as it is said, till the next session of parliament is over; which may probably have a good effect on the bench of candidates for it.

I am much obliged to you for yours of the 23rd. and the place you give me in your memory; and shall ever be, with the greatest esteem, Sir, &c.

J. Addison.

Cock-Pit Nov. 15. (1706)

MR. ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

Sir,

Yesterday the Duke of Marlborough came to town, and notwithstanding his Grace had defer'd his arrival till the dusk of the evening, and endeavour'd to enter as privately as possible, the common people of Southwark discover'd him, and immediately giving the alarm to their brotherhood in the city, attended him with huzzas and acclamations to the court.

A credential is dispatching from the Queen to the King of Portugal, to engage his Majesty to treat with Earl Rivers about the operations of the ensuing campaign on that side and in Valentia.

We have a strong report in town of my Lord Keeper's being married to Mrs. Clavering; but I do not hear that his Lordship owns it.

There is tonight a general Council held at Kensington, designed, as it is supposed, to prorogue the Parliament a week longer.

Our last letters from Scotland give great hopes of their coming to a speedy and happy conclusion in the affair of the Union.

We had yesterday a very joyful report in the city of the arrival of nine East-India ships at Kinsale in Ireland, upon which the stock of the new Company rose very considerably; but I find that they have

heard nothing of it at the Admiralty, so that it was probably an invention of the stock-jobbers.

We expect suddenly to hear of a governour of the Tower, Guernsey, and Sheerness, which are all three at present without a head.

Mr. Methuen, I am informed, will have the character, at least the appointments, of an ambassador; that being at present so expensive a post, that he could not think of entering upon it on the foot of an envoy.

I just now hear Major-General Withers is made governour of Sheerness; and I am told that Mr. Prior has been making an interest privately for the headship of Eton, in case Dr. Godolphin goes off in this removal of bishops.

We have no particulars of Scotch news, besides what are to be met with in the public prints.

I am, Sir, &c.*

[Stepney papers. Vol. 1. fol 73.]

" Sir 3d. Decr.

My Lord Sunderland was this night sworn into the Office of Secretary of State for the Southern province, but it being very late and his Lordship in

* From Epistolary Curiosities; Series second, Edited by Rebecca Warner, of Beech Cottage Bath. 8vo. Bath. 1818.

a Hurry of Businesse and Ceremony, he has not time to notifie it to any body, for which reason he has orderd me to present his very humble Service to you and to let you know that he will write to you with his own hand by the next post. I am

Sir

Your most Humble

Servant

J. Addison

White-hall 10ber. 3d. 1706.

Mr. Stepney.

[Stepney Papers. Vol. I. fol. 75.]

Sir 10th Decr

I am very much obliged to you for your kind Letter of the 14th N. S. and for the favour you have shown to the person I recommended to you at the Hague. I hope I need not offer you all the Services of my little post whenever you think proper to employ me in any of them. I believe my Lord Halifax, with whom I have often had the honour to drink your health, hath let you know from his own hand that he has bin attack'd by a fit of the Goute, which is at present pretty well over. You may possibly have heard the late Regulation of the Secretary of State. Whoever enters on that Office hereafter is to succeed the person that quits it in

the same Province, but at y^e^ same time to be reputed y^e^ Junio^r^ Secretary, w^ch^ is the foot we are now upon. I hear S^r^ Philip Meadows Junior is design'd for Vienna: and that M^r^ Methuen is the more unwilling to succeed his Father in Portugal by reason y^e^ accounts that pass't through his hands between England and Portugal are not so clear as might be Wish't. We expect alterãons in yo^r^ Commission, and that Two of the Board, who at present do all y^e^ Business of it, will be remov'd to make room for L^d^ Stanford and I dont hear the other. L^d^ Huntingtowr has married M^es^ Henеage Candish without y^e^ consent or knowlege of his Father the Earle of Disert. This we look upon as an Omen of Union between the two Nations. I am

Sir

Your most Obedient

and most Humble

Servant

J. Addison.

10^br^. 10^th^. 1706.

M^r^ Stepney,

[Stepney papers. Vol. 1 Folio. 71.]

Sir Whitehall 10^br^ 13^th^ [1705]

We had last night an Express from Lisbon that brought news of the Death of y^e^ King of Portugal,

which comes to us from the Ambassadour and several other hands, tho the Portugal Envoy has not yet receiv'd any advice of it, and has bin just now with me to know if the facheuse nouvelle be True. We hear there are three prevailing partys at present in that Court, though I dont know how they are distinguisht but only in General that Ours is the weakest of the Three, tho the Common people in general are for us. It happens therefore very luckily that our fleet and Army are on the Spot, which cannot fail having a very good Influence. Mr Methuen who has not yet receivd his Instructions and Credential of ambassadour, is now at Lisbon and has done very good Office in this nice Conjuncture, tho he has not acted as ye Queens minister but only a friend to the Service.

We had also late last night an Express from Lord Galloway and Mr Stanhope. They tell us Carthagena was then likely to be besieg'd and that they did not expect it shou'd make any defence, as the Event has sufficiently prouved. They were in no pain for Alicant nor their own army, having several mountains and difficult passes between them and the Enemy. I must tell you as a Secret that both Ld Gallway and Stanhope make very pressing requests to be Recalled, and I believe You will not think it Impossible for 'em both to be Really Sick of an Austrian Administration. Ld Galloway has already

heard that his Commission was to supersede L^{d} Peterborows but that has had no Effect on him, and I verily believe the other will persist in his desire of coming home notwithstanding the addition of Three pounds a day by Vertue of his Plenipotentiary-ship for settling the Commerce &c. They are both of opinion y^{t} there are but two Generals in y^{e} world fit to command in chief in those parts, & as one of 'em is engaged necessarily on this side of y^{e} world they propose the sending for the other out of Italy. I am

S^{r}

Yo^{r} most Obed^{t}

Humble Servant

J. Addison.

My L^{d} Sunderl^{d} orders me to give you his most humble Service & to let you know y^{t} he will be very much obliged to you if you will send him y^{e} news of yo^{r} Circular. or w^{t} ever "

[This letter has been injured by wet, and perhaps has lost something on the bottom margin.]

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1. Folio 77]

Lisbon 17 Dece: 1706

On Tuesday last Coll Worsley arrived here from Valencia having been about 14 days in his passage,

and brings the Confirmacõn of the following Acco^{t} viz^{t}.

That in Cuenca was taken a German Reg^{t}. a Spanish Reg^{t}. with a Neapolitan, besides a Detachm^{t} of 600 men of English Dutch & Portuguese.

In Elche was taken Brigad^{r}. Killegrew's Dragoons & a Detachm^{t}. of 400 foot, & as much Corn as would have served the Army all Winter.

There are at least 7000 Recruits wanting in y^{e} English Army, for our Battalions there are reduced to 200 men one with another.

It will be difficult to provide the Army with Horses where we go, thô the King will take up all in the Country.

We are preparing to saile for Alicant where they expect us wth the greatest impatience, Our arrival here has freed them of the Ennemy who designed to have besieged Alicant & Valentia. The Portuguese own likewise that our presence has done them service on this juncture of y^{e} Kings Death, for they suppose there would have been otherwise some disorders. The new King says he will act as vigourously as his Father.

* The New King Don Juan is about 17 years old & has confirmed all Officers in their places, he is of a very mild disposition and 'tis supposed will follow his fathers Councills. Lord Rivers continues here packing up Straw, but 'tis said will Sail hence the

latter End of the month, the men and horses are in very good health. We have little news from Spain, some deserters tell us that the Duke of Anjou has cut down all the woods near Madrid to raise Money, and that the Duke of Berwick has been defeated near Alicant, but little credit is given to it. They are in great apprehensions at Cadiz & fortify every place they can.

" The Marquis de Montandre who has bin driv'n back to Yarmouth was last night sent for back to Town: so that in all probability he will carry different Instructions from those he has to Earle Rivers, since y^e^ posture of Affaires in Valencia is laid open by the Last Mail. L^d^ Galway seriously desires to Retire notw^th^stand^g^ His Commission is to take place of L^d^ Peterborows and Earl Rivers, not having that Interest w^th^ K. Ch. as one woud wish.

I am S^r^

Yo^r^ most obedient

Humble Servant

J. Addison."

10^br^. 20. 1706.*

* N.B. The Lisbon Mail is in two hands. As far as * is an office copy. The rest in the hand of one who wrote the letters, which Addison only signed. Addison's part is marked " ."

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1. Folio 91]

Sir 27 Decr.

Private Letters from Scotland say that the Two Glasgow men in Custody at Edinborough have confess'd in their Examinations who have bin ye great Incendiaries in the Late Tumults of that Kingdome, and that upon sending for them up they have proved to be Servants or Retainers to ye family of the D. of H. They tell us there has been a Duel between the Duke of Argile and Ld Crawford in which both have bin slightly wounded. They are both of ye same side as to ye Union, but ye Duke of Argile's being made Captain of ye Troupe of Guards over ye others head who is the Lieutenant it is supposed may have produced this misunderstanding. We believe the Union will quickly be finish't on the Scotch side, the 6th & 8th Articles being pass'd through. Some apprehend great disputes on the twenty Second that determines the numbers to sit in each house of Parlament, but the present members of the Scotch parlament being those who have the greatest concern in this Article, it is probable they woud not have cleard the way to it had they intended to have stopp'd there. Last Week Brigadeer Meredith married one Mrs Paul a Maiden Lady of about Eight thousand pound fortune. Brigadeer Cadogan suc-

ceeds General Churchill in the Towr, and L^{d} Essex the Earl of Abingdon. General Churchill is appointed Governour of the Isle of Guernsey. I am

Sir

Yo^{r}

Most Obed^{t}

Humble Serv^{t}

J. Addison.

* Whitehall. 10^{br}. 27th
M^{r} Stepney.

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1. Folio 79.]

Lisbon Jan: 3^{d} 1707

(*Copy of a letter by y^{e} Last Lisbon Mail.*)

S^{r}

We are now likely to have more of L^{d} Rivers Company than was expected. The last orders from England have put the officers very much out of humour, they were in hopes of seeing Valencia but must now stay here, and tis feared will meet wth great difficultys, this Country not being able to supply them wth Carriages & Mules sufficient for a March towards Madrid w^{ch} is the Scheme laid: On the other hand K. Charles and L^{d} Gallway will be dissappointed & pressed hard, & have wrote to L^{d} Rivers to desire him to come wth all his forces

* Date in the same hand as the date of No. 45.

thither; If the Packett boat from England had stayed but 2 days longer the Fleet had been gone.

On y^e^ 1^st^ instant Don Juan was crowned King of Portugall in what they call here great Pomp & Solemnity; some days since 3 of our men of War being sent out by S^r^ Cl: the forts at y^e^ mouth of y^e^ River fired at them, however they kept on their course & received all their fire but returned none: upon this S^r^ Clous: sent to the King to know whether it was a declaration of war, but they excuse it & have imprisoned a Lieutenant of one of the Forts, & the King promises he will stand by his fathers Alliances.

" It is very probable that our forces receiv'd fresh orders for Valencia before they disembarqued, there having bin such dispatch'd to 'em.

No body here knows what to make of the firing on our Men of War at Lisbon. The Duke of Cadaval is Governo^r^ of the Fort that playd upon us, and probably will not be a little mortified to find His Citadel of so little consequence for y^e^ safety of the Town. M^r^ Methuen presented a smart Memorial but was answerd with a frivolous Excuse that y^e^ Governour had orders not to let a certain Genoese Vessel in port come out, and that not knowing Her by sight he was resolvd to stop all, that She might not escape him. Their Secretary of State at y^e^ same time complaind of o^r^ Vessels that they did

not come to Anchor under y^e^ Fort upon their firing at 'em. It is probable y^e^ Sub-Governour will be sacrificed.

We talk of raising, some say three & others Six New Regim^ts^.

I am
Sir
Yo^r^
Most Obedient
Humble Servant
J. ADDISON."

" Whitehall Jan. 10. 1706."

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1. Folio 85]

" Sir " 21. Aprill 1707.*

This Morning the Duke of Marlborough accompanied with his Dutchesse set out for Margate in order to take his Voyage for Holland, the wind being fair.

Dr. Chetwood by y^e^ D. of Marlborough's recommendation is made Dean of Glocester.

I hear Colonel Hunter is to go Deputy Governour to Virginia under the Lord Arkney.

The Heralds have bin before a Committee of Council and received orders to adjust the Arms of the two

* The date is in the same handwriting as the former erroneous one. It should probably be March, not April.

Nations on the Publick Seals &c. to be made use of after the first of May.

Brigadier Palmes is to succeed Lieutenant General Windham as Colonel of that Regiment.

The City is full of the talk of a Peace, but I hear nothing of it at this End of the Town.

Mr. Musgrave lost a Thousand pound very nicely in the House of Commons, for upon a Division whether he shou'd have five or six Thousand pound for an Equivalent to his Toll at Carlisle, the Tellers gave it him by a Single Vote, but upon a Review which was demanded by one Mr. Coatsworth, no friend to Mr. Musgrave, the single Vote was against him.

"I am Sir

Your

Most Humble Servant

J. Addison."

"Mr Stepney."

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1. Folio 81.]

Sir Whitehall 25th. March 1707.

We expect a Mail from Lisbon with great Impatience, and have only heard from Valencia by way of Genoa that money and Provisions are there in great plenty. Our West India Merchants are in great pain for the Lee-Ward Islands which are very naked and defenceless, and it is fear'd Du Quêne's

Squadron is designed for those parts, thô 'tis more probable they have only the Conveying of the Galeons in View, having no land-men on board. The packet-boats from Ostende to Dover having hitherto fall'n into the hands of Privateers a new Method is proposed and under consideration for securing them. The Duke of Marlborough is still at Margate with the Dutchesse and I hear intends to stay there till the wind changes, which has kept his Grace there already these four days.

"I am with great truth and respect

S^r^

Yo^r^ Most Humble

Most Faithfull Serv^t^

J. ADDISON."

"M^r^ Stepney"

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1. Folio 83.]

S^r^. 28. Aprill *

Yesterday the Queen passt the Annuity Bill, and tho several had giv'n out that the Fund it goes upon wou'd never be fill'd up, the whole Sum was Subscribed to as fast as the names cou'd be taken, and above a hundred thousand pound return'd. The Fund is for 1,120,000 lb. and the Annuity at Sixteen years purchase for 96 years.

* The date 28 *Aprill* is either the date of receipt, or written in mistake for 28 March. It is not in the handwriting of Addison, nor of his amanuensis.

Last night the Queen Sign'd a Proclamation for a General Thanksgiving to be observed on the 1st of May for the Union, and will Her Self celebrate it at St. Pauls.

A Commission is ordered to search into the Losses sustained by the Inhabitants of the Lee-Ward Islands that some Reparation may be made 'em and proper precautions taken for the future.

Her Majesty sends a Letter to the Republick of the Grisons in Confirmation of the Treaty made with them by Mr. Stanyan and the Emperours Envoy. The Articles that concern Her Majesty are the first and fourth, by which She engages to Indemnifie the Grisons from any Losses they may sustain by the Germans in their March, to protect 'em against the Resentments of the French, to comprehend 'em in the Treaty of Peace and do 'em good Offices with the Emperour.

"There is a talk of Sr Thomas Hanmores being to succeed Mr Mansel and the Latter to be made a Lord, with many other changes yt ye Town usually makes at the End of a Session of Parlament. I am

Sir

Your most obedient

Humble Servant

J. Addison."

"March 28. 1707.

Mr Stepney."

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1. Folio 87.]

" Sir

The Queen has sent a Letter of Reprimand to the Lower House of Convocation for some Intemperate behaviour that has lately pass'd among 'em tending to the diminishing H. M^{s} prerogative as Head of the Church, w^{ch} H. M. lets em know she pardons for this time but will make use of other methods with them in case they do the Like for the future.

This morning the Town was surprised with the news of a marriage solemnised last night at the D. of Montagu's house between L^{d} Hinchinbrook and the only Daughter of Lady Anne Popham.

By our Last Letters from Valencia we find the K. of Spains friends are all, except the Count de Noyelles, very much out of humour at his intended Journey to Catalonia. I hear that Earl Rivers & L^{d} Essex talk of returning home, y^{e} Command being in the hands of L^{d} Gallway. They design to march towards Madrid by y^{e} way of Arragon and by that means leave y^{e} Tajo on y^{e} left, the passing of w^{ch} woud be difficult & dangerous.

Prince Lichtenstein, Count Oropeza, and Count de Cardona are the Cabinet Councellours. The great & only misfortune they have in y^{e} present favourable Conjuncture is y^{e} division among y^{e} General Officers.

You will doubtless hear of our talked of Changes from other hands. I am

Sir

Yo^r

most Humble

Servant

J. Addison."

" Whitehall Apr. 11. 1707.
M^r Stepney "

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1. Folio 89]

" Sir

I send you Enclosed a Letter from my L^d Halifax and thank you for all the kind ones receivd from your side.

This day L^d Sunderland had a Son Christened, The Queen Godmother & y^e Duke of Marlborough and L^d Realton Godfathers. They say Jack How, M^r Blathwait, and Prior, Shake. The Dutchess of Marlborow has invited Lady Peterborow to dine with her & name her company, who are D^r Garth L^d Wharton L^d Halifax & L^d Sunderland. The Earl of Manchester will I believe have directions to call at Vienna in his way to Venice. It was to day proposed in y^e House of Commons to Let in French Wine among us, but y^e proposal was received so

warmly by one of y^e^ Members that it immediately fell to our great mortification

I am
Yo^r^ Most Obed
Servant
J. Addison." *

" Decbr. 17.
M^r^ Stepney "

* This whole series of letters are transcribed from the originals in the British Museum. The order only has been changed where it was obviously erroneous.

CHAPTER VII.

1706 to 1708.

OPERA OF ROSAMOND. UNSUCCESSFUL ON THE STAGE AND WHY PRINTED. LINES ON IT BY TICKELL. HIS INTRODUCTION TO ADDISON AND FAVOUR WITH HIM. ADDISON ASSISTED IN THE TENDER HUSBAND. DOUBTFUL NATURE OF HIS CONNECTION WITH THE WARWICK FAMILY. LETTERS TO THE YOUNG EARL. RISE OF HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE DOWAGER COUNTESS WHOM HE AFTERWARDS MARRIED. POLITICAL MOVEMENTS. GRADUAL PREPONDERANCE OF MRS. MASHHAM AND HARLEY AND BOLINBROKE. PAMPHLET ON THE NECESSITY OF AN AUGMENTATION. RENEWAL OF HIS INTIMACY WITH STEELE. NOTICES FROM STEELE'S CORRESPONDENCE. PECUNIARY TRANSACTIONS BETWEEN THE FRIENDS. CORRESPONDENCE PRIVATE AND OFFICIAL WITH MR. COLE, MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU, EARL OF MANCHESTER.

It is no slight instance of that ardent devotion to literature by which Addison was so constantly distinguished, that he should have ventured to signalize the first year of his appointment to a political station of real business and important trust, by the production of a dramatic poem for music. It appears that while on his travels he had frequently given himself the entertainment of attending the representation of the Italian Opera in its native country, and on his return, finding this amusement recently introduced

on the London theatre, and struck with the absurdity, perhaps more apparent than real, since music has her own tongue and seldom permits any other to be distinguished, — of an audience sitting to hear a performance in a language of which they were almost universally ignorant, — he conceived the idea of writing an English opera. — Such was the origin of his Rosamond. Unfortunately, he was himself no judge in the art which he condescended thus to patronise; and through the unskilfulness of the English composer employed, who produced, according to a report cited by Sir John Hawkins, a mere "jargon of sounds," the piece was coldly received, and fell after two or three representations. As no fact is more notorious than that a large proportion of our most harmonious poets, — Dryden of the number, — have been totally destitute of musical ear, it is evident that there can be no correspondence between the principles of melody in poetic numbers and in music, and that sweet verse will not necessarily make sweet song; yet it must probably have been from belief in the existence of such a correspondence that the author of Rosamond has taken pains to adorn it with lines and stanzas which are among the softest and most flowing in the language. It bears in other respects also the marks of careful and artist-like finishing, and if as a drama it makes but a small part of the enduring fame of a

writer so eminent in other departments, this, in the judgement of no very indulgent critic, is far from being imputable to its want of merit.* By the pub-

* "About this time," writes Dr. Johnson, "the prevalent taste for Italian operas inclined him to try what would be the effect of a musical drama in our own language. He therefore wrote the opera of Rosamond, which, when exhibited on the stage, was either hissed or neglected; but trusting that the public would do him more justice, he published it, with an inscription to the Duchess of Marlborough; a woman without skill, or pretensions to skill, in poetry or literature. His dedication was therefore an instance of servile absurdity to be exceeded only by Joshua Barnes's dedication of a Greek Anacreon to the Duke." It may be remarked that the critic here, in the vehemence of his own party-spirit, and his eagerness to chastise Barnes, has neglected two very obvious differences in the cases: first, that an English piece, and of so light a kind as an opera, might have been dedicated without "absurdity" to any lady of quality whatever; but secondly, that this particular opera,—the scene of which is laid in that very manor of Woodstock which had recently been granted by the crown to the Duke of Marlborough, and in the fable of which the exploits of this great captain are introduced by way of prophetic vision, illustrated with a plan of the rising towers of Blenheim Castle,—could have been dedicated, in all reason and propriety, to no other person living than the Duchess. And after all, the dedication thus inveighed against, is a mere inscription of the simplest form. To the work itself however, Dr. Johnson has done ample justice in the following terms. "The opera of Rosamond, though it is seldom mentioned, is one of the first of Addison's compositions. The subject is well-chosen, the fiction is pleasing, and the praise of Marlborough, for which the scene gives an opportunity, is what perhaps every production of human excellence must be, the product of good luck improved by genius. The thoughts are sometimes great and sometimes

lication of this beautiful drama, its author, shaking off the discordant accompaniment which had marred his harmony, appealed, and not in vain, to the good taste of the reading world. Among the testimonies in its favour, there arrived from his own university a short poem so elegant in its style and versification, and so happy in its topics of commendation, that Addison, always a willing patron of literary talent when fortune put it in his power, and touched no doubt in this instance, by the honour done to the merits of a favourite and ill-treated offspring of his own genius, lost no time in making inquiry for the author. He proved to be Thomas Tickell; the son of a Cumberland clergyman, and an under graduate of Queen's College Oxford. The personal acquaintance that followed fixed the destiny of Tickell, and was the foundation of all his prosperity in life. He appears speedily to have become the habitual companion, often the inmate of Addison, and his

tender; the versification is easy and gay. There is doubtless some advantage in the shortness of the lines, which there is little temptation to load with expletive epithets. The dialogue seems commonly better than the songs. The two comic characters of Sir Trusty and Gridiline, though of no great value, are yet such as the poet intended. Sir Trusty's account of the death of Rosamond is, I think, too grossly absurd. The whole drama is airy and elegant; engaging in its progress and pleasing in its conclusion. If Addison had cultivated the lighter parts of poetry, he would probably have excelled."

amanuensis. We shall hereafter find him the associate of his distinguished patron both in his literary and political career; his second in office when secretary of state, and finally his executor and the editor of his works. The ability and conduct, the worth and honour manifested by him on all occasions, secured him the general esteem, and reflected back on his patron the credit of discerning and well-placed kindness.

It was about this period that Steele published his comedy of the Tender Husband, with a very affectionate dedication to Addison. Several years afterwards, in the concluding paper of the seventh volume of the Spectator, he made the ingenuous declaration, that this play had in it so many applauded strokes from the pen of his friend, that he had ever since "thought very meanly of himself that he had never publicly avowed it." We thus learn, that from an early stage of his literary career, Addison had been led to seek in the drama a frame for those witty conceptions and humorous delineations of character which were native to his genius, but for the conveyance of which a fortunate chance afterwards discovered to him a better adapted vehicle.

At this period of Addison's history, we are compelled again to regret that scantiness of information on the part of his immediate representatives which has left one of the most interesting circumstances of

his private life, — the origin of his connection with the family of the last earl of Warwick of the name of Rich, involved in obscurity and perplexed by circumstances difficult to reconcile. That it was in the capacity of tutor to this young nobleman that he first attracted the notice of the dowager countess his mother, is affirmed by Johnson, has often been repeated since, and was certainly the contemporary report. Thyer appears to have conceived that he was his travelling tutor, and in Italy with him; which is chronologically impossible; Addison was assuredly in Italy but once, and Warwick was then in his cradle. So diligent an enquirer as the late Dr. Drake, in his "Essays illustrative of the Tatler, Spectator and Guardian," declares himself unable to discover any evidence whatever of the fact of his tutorship.

Two letters addressed by Addison to this youth have however been produced, as affording proof of this relation between the parties. These, although first published by Curll, bear every character of authenticity, and run as follows: —

"My dear Lord,

"I have employed the whole neighbourhood in looking after birds' nests, and not altogether without success. My man found one last night, but it proved a hen's with fifteen eggs in it, covered with an old broody duck, which may satisfy your lordship's cu-

riosity a little, though I am afraid the eggs will be of little use to us. This morning I have news brought me of a nest which has abundance of little eggs, streaked with red and blue veins, that, by the description they give me, must make a very beautiful figure on a string. My neighbours are very much divided in their opinions upon them: some say they are a skylark's, others will have them to be a canary bird's, but I am much mistaken in the turn and colour of the eggs, if they are not full of tom-tits. If your lordship does not make haste, I am afraid they will be birds before you see them, for if the account they gave me of them be true, they can't have above two days more to reckon.

"Since I am so near your lordship methinks after having passed the day among more severe studies, you may often take a trip hither, and relax yourself with the little curiosities of nature. I assure you, no less a man than Cicero commends the two great friends of his age, Scipio and Lælius, for entertaining themselves at their country houses, which stood on the sea shore, with picking up cockle-shells and looking after birds' nests. For which reason I shall conclude this learned letter with a saying of the same author, in his treatise on Friendship. 'Absint autem tristitia, et in omni re severitas: habent illa quidem gravitatem; sed amicitia debet esse lenior et remissior, et ad omnem suavitatem facilitatemque morum

proclivior.' If your Lordship understands the elegance and sweetness of these words, you may assure yourself you are no ordinary Latinist; but if they have force enough to bring you to Sandy End, I shall be very well pleased.

" I am, my dear Lord,

" Your Lordship's most affectionate and

" Most humble servant,

" J. Addison.

" May 20th. 1708."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

My dearest Lord,

I can't forbear being troublesome to your Lordship whilst I am in your neighbourhood. The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music, which I have found out in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a blackbird, a thrush, a robin-redbreast and a bullfinch. There is a lark that by way of overture sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing; and afterwards, falling down leisurely, drops to the ground as soon as she has ended her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale that has a much better voice than Mrs Tofts, and something of the Italian manner in her divisions. If your Lordship will honour me with your company, I will promise to entertain you with much better music and more agree-

able scenes, than ever you met with at the opera; and will conclude with a charming description of a nightingale, out of our friend Virgil —

" Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nído implumes detraxit; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens, miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis late loca questibus implet."

" So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone;
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence
By stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains." — DRYDEN.

Your Lordship's
most obedient
J. ADDISON.

May 27th 1708.*

* A short letter of Addison's, recently printed, has so much the appearance of having been written from Sandy End at this time, and with a view to the subject of the two letters in the text, that this appears the fit place for its insertion. The name of his correspondent does not appear, nor is there any date of year, but the month is the same in which the letters to Warwick were written.

Dear Sir

If you are at leisure I will desire you to enquire in any Bookseller's shop for a Statius and to look in the beginning of the Achilleid for a Birds-nest which if I am not mistaken is very finely described. It comes in I think by way of simile

On a careful inspection these letters will be found to leave the situation of the writer with regard to the young earl in much obscurity: That he was not his lordship's domestic tutor is plain, from the invitation he gives him to his own home at Sandy End; and that he had, as yet at least, no superintendence of his studies, is plain, from his professed ignorance

towards y^e^ Beginning of the Book, where the Poet compares Achilles's mother looking after a proper Seat to conceal her Son in, to a Bird searching after a fit place for a Nest. If you find it send it me, or bring it yourself, and as you acquit yourself of This you may perhaps be troubled with more Poetical Commissions from

S^r^
Your most Faithfull
Humble Servant
J. Addison.

My Hearty Service to Dr. Swift. The next Time you come bring a Coach Early y^t^ we may take y^e^ Air in it.

May. 30.

[From C. J. Smith's "Historical and Literary Curiosities." 4to. *Literatim.*]

The lines of Statius referred to are certainly the following, although they do *not*, as Addison imagined, describe a birds-nest. If they had, he would probably have communicated them to the young lord.

"Qualis vicino volucris jam sedula partu,
Jamque timens quâ fronde domum suspendat inanem,
Providet hinc ventos, hinc anxia cogitat angues,
Hinc homines, tandem dubiæ placet umbra, novisque
Vix stetit in ramis, et protinus arbor amatur."

Achillead i. 212.

what progress his young friend had made in the Latin language. The fact also of his filling at this period such an office as that of under secretary of state, might be thought conclusive against his being at the same time in the subaltern employment of tutor to a child of ten years of age. On the other hand, our total ignorance of any previous connection between Addison and the Warwick family which could have led him to take a spontaneous share in the instruction of the boy; the evidence of his being afterwards engaged in a similar task elsewhere, and the proof which will hereafter appear of the part taken by him at a later period in arranging for Warwick's removal to college, are still stronger evidence on the affirmative side. Thus we seem reduced to the conclusion, that the mediocrity of his official emoluments, and still more, perhaps, his continual apprehension of losing them, persuaded the under secretary to submit to such sacrifice of his official dignity as might be involved in accepting, as a kind of family friend, the general direction or superintendence only, of the education of a nobleman. The letters themselves are beautiful models of the style of an accomplished man condescending to the inclinations of a child whom he loved, and whose improvement he was anxious to promote.

It was out of this connection with the young earl as it seems, that the intimacy with the dowager

countess his mother arose, which ended at length in a closer tie. But Addison, as yet, was by no means in circumstances to aspire to such a connection; and many worldly anxieties and vicissitudes of fortune were yet to intervene before this accomplishment of his desires.

The disposition of queen Anne, — the genuine heiress of the capital weakness of her progenitor James I, — rendered the period of her occupancy of the throne, a strife of favourites still more than a struggle of parties; and the whigs, who had gained a temporary ascendency by the predominance of one lady, were now threatened with a fall through the increasing authority of another. The imperious rule of the duchess of Marlborough was drawing towards a close; and the extravagant and romantic fondness for her once entertained by the queen, was fast changing into aversion under the skilful operations of Mrs. Masham, the new favourite. By this lady, the interests of Mr. Harley and his friends were espoused, against the whigs whom they had deserted, and so fortified, they had already ventured on several trials of strength with various success. Before the conclusion of 1707, Mr. Harley and several of his allies having pushed their way into office, the queen had been encouraged to attempt the holding of a council to the exclusion of the General and the lord Treasurer; but this effort had ended in a

signal defeat, and Marlborough and Godolphin had found means to effect the expulsion both of Harley and Bolinbroke from office. A long struggle for the post of secretary of state had ended, as we have seen, in favor of the whigs, by the appointment of the earl of Sunderland; but their opponents were still unconquered and undaunted. Assured by the most solid proofs of her daily augmenting favor and credit with the queen, Mrs. Masham, prompted by Harley, and swayed likewise, it is probable, by the obvious policy of prostrating entirely the patroness whom she had supplanted, and by whom she could never hope to be forgiven, unceasingly urged the Queen to complete what was called her emancipation. For this purpose nothing less was demanded than the dismissal of the duchess and her daughters from the chief posts in the household; of the great and victorious captain her husband from the command of the army; of their near allies Godolphin and Sunderland, and all the other whig leaders from their respective offices, and the substitution of Harley, Bolinbroke and the tories.

Anne long refused, or hesitated, to embark in the troublesome and formidable enterprise of accomplishing so entire a revolution; partly from constitutional timidity and irresolution, partly, it is not unlikely, from some suspicions of the designs of the universally-suspected Harley, some remaining

jealousies of a jacobite interest, and an unwillingness quite to let go her hold of those able supporters of her throne in whom she had most confided. But they who duly weighed her original political predilections, the radical weakness of her character, and the manner in which she was swayed by personal motives, must have been well convinced that the sentence of Marlborough and his allies was in effect past, and its execution probably a question of a little time only. It therefore behoved such as bore office through the favour of these leaders to hold themselves in perpetual readiness to surrender what was perhaps, as in the case of Addison, an only source of regular or stated income.

In the meantime, the under secretary appears to have exerted himself in the business of his place with zeal and ability, and he voluntarily contributed to the cause of his country, and his party, a pamphlet entitled, "The present state of the War, and the necessity of an augmentation considered." This piece, written in a calm, argumentative strain, without any attempt at awakening the passions, undertakes to prove, that true policy would dictate a great and extraordinary effort for the purpose of crushing the enemy in one or two campaigns, rather than a slacker prosecution of the war, by which it might be spun on for many years, and perhaps without final success. It sets out with an enumeration of the causes which must continue to fix the French nation "for ever, in

their animosities and aversions towards us, and make them catch at all opportunities of subverting our constitution, destroying our religion, ruining our trade, and sinking the figure which we make among the nations of Europe." The principle is laid down, that we ought never to make peace until a complete separation shall have been effected between France and Spain, whose conjunction is absolutely incompatible with our safety. The remittances of bullion from the Spanish settlements, are said to supply the sinews of war to the king of France; and the ruin of our woollen manufactures is predicted, should France finally succeed in transferring the supply of Spain with those fabrics from us to herself. At the same time, our Levant trade, it is said, "must likewise flourish or decay in our hands as we are friends or enemies of the Spanish monarchy. . . . . The Straits mouth is the key of the Levant, and will be always in the possession of those who are kings of Spain: "— An assertion remarkably refuted by a circumstance then indeed little to have been anticipated, — our conquest and retention of Gibraltar.

Since the return of Addison from the continent, the course of their respective fortunes had restored him and his earliest friend to the habitual enjoyment of each other's society. Steele had long since quitted the army; he had commenced his career as a dramatic writer in 1704, with the comedy of the Fu-

neral, followed it up with the Tender Husband, in which it has been mentioned that he had received his friend's assistance, and added another but less successful effort, the Lying Lover. He had been appointed to an office in the household of prince George of Denmark, and about the same time, through the interest of Addison with lords Halifax and Somers, obtained the post of gazette-writer, — the lowest, as he says himself, in the ministry, — with a salary of 300*l.* per annum. He had also married in succession two ladies of fortune; the last in 1707. Thus possessed of sources of income, which with a moderate share of prudence would have been ample for all his occasions; by the aid of his dramatic reputation, and the charms of his lively conversation and really amiable temper, he was now able to figure in the gay world which he loved. The Kitcat club admitted him a member in consideration of his zeal as a whig partisan, and he obtained access to much of the same distinguished society which was frequented by his more elevated friend; but with the addition, there is reason to believe, of a looser and less reputable set, composed of what were then styled men of the town. Steele is said to have behaved to Addison in society with a marked deference, very uncommon and striking between old comrades, equals in age and nearly so in all things, excepting genius and conduct. In private however, there can be little

doubt that they associated together on terms of great familiarity and confidence; and were frequent depositaries of the literary projects of each other.

The published correspondence of Steele, worthless as it is in other respects, consisting in great part of hasty notes to his wife, accounting for his detention from home by details of his engagements, — supplies many brief, incidental notices of Addison, some of which deserve transcription or remark.

We find it to have been the custom of Addison to be scarcely ever unprovided of some retreat in the immediate neighbourhood of London, where he might employ his evening and his leisure hours, in study and the labor of composition: — a satisfactory refutation of the injurious account given by Spence on the authority of Pope, which represents him as habitually passing his evenings, "often far into the night," in coffee-houses and taverns with a few convivial and obsequious companions. Sandy End, a hamlet of Fulham, from which his letters to lord Warwick are dated, was at this time his country retirement. He appears to have occupied apartments in a lodging or boarding house established at this place, whence several of the published letters of Steele are dated, written at times when he seems to have been the guest of Addison. "Having reached London," he writes to his wife, "about eleven, and dispatched what was further necessary after what

papers Mr. Addison had before sent to press, I am just returned here to dinner." In the same month he mentions another dinner with his friend at Sandy End, and an engagement to dine at the country house of Mr. Sartre, Addison's brother-in-law, whither he was to be conveyed by him "in a coach and four." In October he says, "Tomorrow your favorite Mr. Addison and I shall set out for Hampton Court; he to meet some great men there, I to see you."

It is probable that the papers here mentioned as "sent to press," by Addison, were either official matters for insertion in the gazette, or some of the political writings referred to in the "Memorial" to George I, where we read the following passage. "That upon his return to England (from Hanover) he took all occasions, both by his writings and conversations to promote y^e^ cause which God be thank'd has so wonderfully prevailed, and to publish those Royal Virtues which the nation sees at present in your Majesty." *

There are traces in these letters of some pecuniary transactions between the friends: Steele informs his wife, in August 1708, that he has "paid Mr. Addison the whole 1000*l.*," and at a later period he says, "Mr. Addison's money you will have tomorrow noon." No part of the correspondence affords the

* Tickell Papers.

slightest confirmation of the story willingly received by Johnson, but discredited by Thyer, of Addison's having put an execution into the house of his friend to recover a hundred pounds which he had lent him. Steele, in one account, is said to have told the circumstance with tears in his eyes; another version of the story makes the debt 1000*l.*, and represents Addison as remitting to Steele the balance of the produce of the execution, "with a genteel letter," informing him that he had taken this step in order to awaken him to a sense of the inevitable ruin awaiting him from his habits of negligence and profusion; Steele, it is added, took the warning in good part, and believed the proceeding designed to do him service. Tales thus contradictory carry their refutation with them; but when, at a later period, Steele in one of his frequent exigences informs his wife that he has raised money elsewhere, "but was denied by his friend," it is no improbable conjecture that Addison might be the person referred to. The accurate Dr. Birch had doubtless some grounds for the observation, that their friendship endured to the end, "with a few little bickerings on economical occasions." When we consider the profligacy,—almost the insanity,—of Steele's profusion, in contrast with the undeviating economy and prudence by which Addison preserved himself free from temptations to private dishonesty or political baseness which might

have proved too strong for his virtue, it will appear certain that his purse could not at all times have been opened so freely as we find that it had once been, to the selfish and unprincipled importunities of his reckless associate.

A few specimens both of the private and the official correspondence of the under secretaty during the years 1707 & 8, may here find a place. The first relates with simplicity and feeling an affecting incident.

TO MR. COLE, AT VENICE.

Sir, Whitehall Oct^r. 31. 1707.

Yesterday we had news that the body of sir Cloudesley Shovel was found on the coast of Cornwall. The fishermen who were searching among the wrecks, took a tin box out of one of the carcases that were floating, and found in it the commission of an admiral, upon which examining the body more narrowly, they found it was poor sir Cloudesley.* You

* Sir Cloudesley Shovel was returning with his fleet from the Mediterranean when his own ship and several others were wrecked on the Scilly islands. On board the admiral's ship every soul perished. Smollet relates in his history, that "the admiral's body being cast ashore was stripped and buried in the sand; but afterwards discovered and brought into Plymouth, from whence it was conveyed to London and buried in Westminster Abbey."

may guess the condition of his unhappy wife, who lost in the same ship with her husband, her two sons by sir John Narborough. We begin to despair of the two other men of war and the fireship that engaged among the same rocks.

I am sir &c.

The two following letters refer in part to an affront put upon the English embassy at Venice, which derived importance from the juncture at which it was perpetrated. The sailing of a French expedition from Dunkirk, with the Pretender on board, for the invasion of Scotland, to which the pope had contributed open encouragement and a portion of the expense, was the circumstance that had emboldened the republic thus prematurely to evince her hostility of feeling towards the first of protestant powers.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Dear sir,

I am very much obliged to you for the honour of your letter, and am glad to hear that there is no occasion for acquainting you with the issuing out of the writs, which I hear will be on Thursday next.

I send you enclosed a print that is thought to be well written. I fancy it is Manwaring's.* We

* This gentleman, barely known by name to the general reader of the present day, stood with his contemporaries in the

hear that the Duke of Florence furnisht the Pope with the money that he contributed toward the intended expedition. If so, his minister will be put hence very suddenly. You have doubtless heard of the affront offer'd your cousin Manchester in searching his gondola for English cloath, which was found in some quantity aboard of it, by the corruption of his servants. It was done at the time when the Venetians had heard that the invasion had succeeded. Their ambassador is banisht our court, and tho' he has desir'd audience to explain the matter, it is refused till your cousin Manchester has had the satisfaction he demands, which is, that the searchers stand in the pillory, and the cloath be put into the gondola on the place where it was taken out.

I long for some of your conversation in country air, and am ever, with the greatest truth and esteem, sir

Your &c.

J. Addison.

Whitehall Apr. 27. 1708.

Steele shall write to you by the next post.*

first rank of able writers, literary judges, and excellent conversers. He was the author of many occasional pieces on the whig side, a member of the Kitcat club, and secretary to the Duchess of Marlborough. Some account of him, and a number of his very sensible and well-written letters, are found in Coxe's Life of the Duke of Marlborough.

* From a fac simile in Addisoniana vol. i.

TO THE EARL OF MANCHESTER.

My Lord, Cockpit July 23. 1708.

I make bold to congratulate your lordship on the appearance of so honourable a conclusion as your Lordship is getting to your dispute with the senate of Venice. I had the pleasure to day of hearing your Lordship's conduct in this affair very much applauded by some of our first peers. We had an unlucky business about two days ago, that befel the Muscovite ambassador, who was arrested going out of his house, and rudely treated by the bailiffs. He was then upon his departure for his own country, and the sum under a hundred pounds that stays him; and what makes the business the worse, he has been punctual in his payments, and had given orders that this very sum should be paid the day after. However, as he is very well convinced that the government entirely disapproves such a proceeding, there are no ill consequences apprehended from it. Your Lordship knows that the privileges of ambassadors are under very little regulations in England, and I believe that a bill will be promoted in the next parliament for setting them upon a certain foot; at least, it is what we talk of in both offices on this occasion.

I am, my Lord
Your &c.

The Russian ambassador, still more severe in his requisitions than the earl of Manchester, demanded as reparation on occasion of the indignity offered him, the lives of the bailiffs by whom his privileges had been so rudely violated; but English lives not being at their prince's disposal, he was obliged to content himself with such apologies and reparations as could be made. Another letter to Wortley Montagu, is a pleasing proof that this early friendship flourished still amid the anxieties of public business and the distractions of London life.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Dear sir,

I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind letter, but am afraid that the present posture of affairs in our office will not let me have the happiness I proposed to myself of passing part of the summer in your company. My brother Hopkins is aiming at the House of Commons, and therefore desired me to take out my month in the country as soon as I can, that he may be at leisure to push his interest there in its season.

At the same time I am very much disposed to go to the Bath, where I hope to put myself in good humour for the rest of the year, and gain as much benefit by the waters as a friend of mine did about a

twelve-month ago. I wish your inclination would determine you to the same place, or that going thither or coming back, I might have the honour of waiting on you; for I hope you don't think it a compliment when I assure you that I value your conversation more than any man's living, and am, with the greatest truth and esteem, sir

Your most affectionate friend
and most obedient servant.

Whitehall May 1. 1708.

I think of setting out next week with Col. Frowde, in a coach that we shall hire for ourselves to the Bath.

To the same friend he soon after communicates the state of the war, as follows.

Dear sir, August 17. 1708.

The last time I had the honour to see you, I was in so much haste that I could not tell you I had been talking of you tête à tête to my lord Halifax that day, who expressed himself with a great deal of friendship and esteem. I have not yet made the grand experiments. We think here as you do in the country, that France is on her last legs. By a mail just now arrived, we hear that the duke of Marlborough had made a movement to prevent the junction of the two armies under the dukes of

Vendome and Berwick. They give out that they will resign all rather than lose little; and they of the army are of opinion that we are at the point of a general action, which our friends are very eager upon. There has been an action between the Marshal de Villars and the duke of Savoy, which the French tell to their advantage; but as soon as our letters come from Switzerland, we hope to have a better account of it: for the French letters own that, immediately after their pretended success, the duke of Savoy took Exilles. I am, dear sir, your &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

1708 & 1709.

EARL OF SUNDERLAND DISMISSED. ADDISON LOSES THE VICE-SECRETARYSHIP IN CONSEQUENCE. EARL OF WHARTON LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND APPOINTS HIM HIS CHIEF SECRETARY. ACCOUNT AND CHARACTER OF EARL WHARTON. HIS POLICY AND CONDUCT IN IRELAND. LETTER OF SWIFT RESPECTING ADDISON. OF STEELE. ADDISON CHOSEN A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR MALMSBURY. UNABLE TO SPEAK IN THE HOUSE. TAKES BUDGELL TO IRELAND. HIS OFFICIAL CONDUCT. STATE OF PARTIES.

THE earl of Sunderland was not suffered long to retain his hard-won secretaryship; in the last month of 1708 he was dismissed to make room for lord Dartmouth who ranked with the tories. By this revolution, his under-secretary would likewise have found himself thrown back upon private life and his own resources, had not a fresh patron stood forth, by whom he was preferred to an office similar in its functions to that which he had lost, but of higher trust, and probably superior emolument. Just at this time, the earl of Wharton, being appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, named Mr. Addison his chief secretary. His acceptance of so confidential a post under such a principal, having been supposed by Dr. Johnson to require an apology, it will not be improper here to enter at some length

into the history and character of this nobleman, certainly one of the most remarkable men of his time.

He was the son of Philip baron Wharton, whose name often occurs in connection with the great struggle of the reign of Charles I. By this king, when on his march against the Scots in 1640, he had been committed to custody at York, and even threatened with death as a sower of sedition, for presenting to his majesty petitions for the calling of a parliament; but was speedily liberated for fear of a mutiny of the army. In the civil war he commanded a regiment for the parliament; but, like the greater part of the presbyterians, among whom he was a principal leader, he protested against those steps which led directly to the trial and death of the king, and retired from public life for some time after that event. Subsequently however he had accepted of a seat in Cromwell's council, and in his Upper House, on which account he was in danger of being excluded from the act of indemnity passed at the Restoration. The arbitrary measures of Charles II. found in him a steady and courageous opponent; in 1677 he was committed to the Tower for declaring against the legality of a parliament which had been continued from the beginning of the reign without a fresh appeal to the people. His intimacy with Algernon Sidney afterwards

brought him into so much suspicion concerning plots, or pretended plots, that on the accession of James II. he judged it for his safety to obtain a license to travel; but he was one of the first noblemen in readiness to greet the prince of Orange on his arrival in London. To the end of his days, defying pains and penalties, he entertained a presbyterian minister in his house as chaplain. This nobleman, sometimes called the *good* lord Wharton, died very aged in 1694. Thomas his son and heir, earl and afterwards marquis Wharton, was born in 1647, and early sent by his father to travel, under the care of a learned tutor of his own sentiments in religion and politics. The love of civil liberty thus inculcated upon him remained with the young nobleman throughout his career; and in after life, notwithstanding his public conformity and professed conversion to the established church, notwithstanding even the character of an open scoffer at all religion which was often cast upon him, he was never able to clear himself from the reproach of sectarianism. In fact however, he soon manifested "an aversion to the severities of a puritanical life," and began "to indulge himself in all the pleasures of mirth and gallantry." Nor did riper age teach him more control over his propensities; friend and foe are agreed that his private morals always continued worthy of a courtier of Charles II. But a life of

pleasure only, could not long suffice a genius so bright, so active, so fearless and so aspiring. He threw himself into politics, became knight of the shire for Buckingham, was one of those bold men who presented the duke of York to the grand jury of Middlesex as a popish recusant; and he voted for the exclusion bill. When the rash and culpable rebellion of the duke of Monmouth broke out, Wharton's known intimacy with him justified a warrant to search his country seat for arms. He held a secret correspondence with the prince of Orange, and was one of that small number of trusty adherents to whom the plan of his intended expedition was privately communicated. On the Prince's landing he was the first man of consequence who joined him, hastening down to Exeter to meet him with twenty friends, and the store of arms which had *not* been found in the search of his house. He sat too in the Convention-parliament.

Such eminent services were duly rewarded under the new reign by the place of comptroller of the household, the lieutenancy of the counties of Oxford, Westmorland and Bucks, and other honors. The post of secretary of state to which he aspired was refused him, on account, it is said, of some offence taken by the king at his violence of temper, and his hostility to Charles earl of Sunderland, a wily statesman who had rendered himself necessary to a long

series of administrations by his abilities and extraordinary dexterity, though trusted by none. Wharton, if less skilled to render himself indispensable *in* the government, was largely endowed with every qualification which could render him formidable when left *out* of it. He was a great public speaker; somewhat coarse, it should seem, in his style, since Bolinbroke called him the *scavenger* of his party, but bold, fluent, ready, full of wit, and merciless in sarcasm and invective; artful at the same time, and dexterous in swaying the passions of a popular assembly; better adapted therefore to the lower house than the upper; but terrible to his adversaries in both. Added to this, he was quite unrivalled in all the arts of canvassing and electioneering, and certainly the greatest *borough-monger* of his time. At one important juncture he is said to have returned thirty members. His biographer affirms that he devoted no less a sum than eighty thousand pounds to the maintenance of his parliamentary interest.

Not content with these distinctions, he was the first man on the turf, paid great attention to his stud, and cultivated a matchless breed of greyhounds. In architecture and gardening he was so skilled as to be consulted by all his friends, and his seat of Winchendon in Wilts, on which he laid out vast sums, was a model of taste and magnificence. "He had a peculiar way," says his biographer, "of engaging

men in his friendship and sentiments. When any young lords or gentlemen appeared first in the world, he took care to fall in with their passions, and diverting them in their way, never failed of gaining them over to his party when he set about it. If they delighted in hunting, he assisted them in their sports with his horses and hounds; if in racers, he mended their breed for them; if in play, he had those about him who fitted them, though himself did not much affect it; if in mirth, himself was the gayest company upon earth; if in a bottle, they were humoured in that, though he hated excess in it. He was not only good to others for his own ends but for theirs too, and served his friends upon all occasions with a readiness and industry which seldom failed of success."

On the accession of Anne, lord Wharton, with others of the whigs, was dismissed from his offices, and the Queen even went so far as to strike out his name from the list of privy councillors with her own hand. But he was not thus to be put down. By an able application of his various resources, and especially by a well-timed alliance with Godolphin, he speedily regained such a footing in the court as enabled him to extort from her Majesty, not merely his restoration to the rank of a privy councillor, but by way of amends, a favourite object of his ambition, advancement to an earldom. Still striving onwards, he had

now battled his way into the great office of lord lieutenant of Ireland.

At the commencement of lord Wharton's administration, the same arrogant and selfish faction which had delighted in trampling upon the rights and the feelings of the protestant dissenters of England, was striving by the schism bill to aggravate the hardships of the exclusive laws imposed already upon the presbyterians of Ireland. Swift, who in his character of a churchman, indulged himself in an antichristian scorn and hatred of *sectaries*, informed archbishop King, in the letter in which he recommended Addison to his acquaintance, that he had taken pains to give him *right* notions on the propriety of these laws. How far he had been successful in this laudable attempt appears not; Addison had strong prejudices of birth and education to struggle against on this subject, but neither his temper, nor the purity and disinterestedness of his pious affections, could have permitted him under any circumstances to join actively with forcers of conscience and oppressors of their christian brethren; and it may be added, that his writings contain far more censure and ridicule of the high church party than of the dissenters. Lord Wharton too, partly no doubt from sound views of policy, and partly, it is probable, from secret lingerings of respect for a form of religion which he had deserted chiefly because it rebuked too sternly the

license of his morals, steadily resisted the aggravation at least, of these unjustifiable impositions. It was the leading object of his government to conciliate the attachment of the whole protestant interest of the country. Against the unfortunate catholics on the contrary, whom he regarded with well-founded political jealousy, and perhaps with some impressions of puritanical aversion, it was his policy to enforce the whole rigor of the penal code, combined with the mortifications of social exclusion. He admitted, according to his biographer, "no Romanist to his presence," but with respect to others, "never was there a court at Dublin so accessible, never a lord lieutenant so easy to be approached. His lordship there, as in England, divided the hours between business and pleasure. The day was for council, the night for balls, gaming tables and other diversions. . . . He took over with him Mr. Clayton, who composed Arsinoe, Rosamond and other operas, and had several entertainments of that kind in the castle, where the aldermen and chief citizen's wives came and were welcome, my lady Wharton receiving them with that humanity and easiness which adorn all the actions of her life." His court was crowded also with people of quality who came over from England either to enjoy the pleasures of the place, and his society, or to push their interest with so powerful a patron.*

* See Memoirs of the most noble Tho. late Marquis of Wharton &c 12mo. London 1715. This life is anonymous, but it is de-

A scene like this could not have been barren either of instruction or amusement for an observer like Addison; but this is the fair side of the tapestry. The acrimonious Swift, who, although he had accepted from the lord lieutenant the title of his chaplain, and would probably have accepted of any thing better had it been offered, held him in utter detestation, partly for political, partly for personal reasons, has drawn us his character in the darkest colors. He accuses him, in his government of Ireland, of numberless acts of oppression and injustice, of systematic rapacity, and gross venality, in which, as in other kinds of corruption, his "easy" lady was largely a partaker; of utter disregard of his word, and of the most shameless and revolting depravity of manners.

We want the means of reducing these charges exactly to their just value; but knowing as we do, that Wharton was unscrupulous, and though of great estate sometimes needy from his profusion, those of venality and extortion may well be credited; and from what we learn of the general impression of contemporaries respecting both himself and his lady, it is

dicated to the son and successor of the Marquis, and has all the air of being written, as it professes to be, on personal knowledge of him. It is however not to be implicitly followed, being a kind of panegyric, though with many honest admissions, and curious traits of character.

likely that the rest are rather exaggerations in degree than total calumnies. This lord was the father of the notorious duke of Wharton.

It might be either at the Kitcat club or in private society that this nobleman first became acquainted with the genius and the merits of Addison. He had quite enough of wit and taste himself to be sincerely delighted with these qualities in another, and of penetration to discover the uses he could make of such abilities, and he lost no time in inviting him down to his country house, and procuring his return to parliament. To contemplate an Addison in such society, or under such patronage, is perhaps not quite satisfactory; but it ought to be considered, that the principles of government which Wharton had consistently as well as courageously maintained, were entirely consonant with his own; that their political friendships were the same; that he was no longer of an age to dread infection from libertine conversation or example; and if in Ireland precedents were afforded him of official corruption, we have good reason to believe that they were not followed.

Queen Anne is said to have been impressed with personal esteem for the character of Addison, who had been first recommended to her by the duchess of Marlborough; and on his departure for Ireland she conferred upon him the office of keeper of the records there, raising the salary of the place to 300*l.* per annum for his encouragement.

Swift, whose warmth of friendship sometimes redeemed in part the bitterness of his enmities, expressed himself thus cordially and pleasantly respecting the new secretary to their common acquaintance colonel Hunter at Paris. . . . . "I know no men so ill used by men of business as their intimate friends. About a fortnight after Mr. Addison had received the letter you were pleased to send me, he first told me of it with an air of recollection, and after ten further of grace, thought fit to give it me. . . . . I am now with Mr. Addison. . . . he is hurrying away for Ireland, and I pray too much business may not spoil, le plus honnête homme du monde: for it is certain which of a man's good talents he employs on business must be detracted from his conversation."

To archbishop King he writes thus: "Mr. Addison, who goes over our first secretary is a most excellent person, and being my intimate friend, I shall use all my credit to set him right in his notions of persons and things. . . . . I will say nothing further of his character to your grace at present, because he has half persuaded me to have some thoughts of returning to Ireland, and then it will be time enough: but if it happens otherwise, I presume to recommend him to your grace as a person you will think worth your acquaintance."

A letter written at this time by Steele to an Irish gentleman of the name of Keally, introduces us to

another friend of Addison's afterwards included among his correspondents:

"Dear sir, Jan. 20 1709.

"I have your very kind letter of the 1st instant, and am sorry you had not intelligence sooner of Mr. Addison's being secretary of state for Ireland. The same messenger who carried an account of it to the Lords Justices, had a letter for you in Dublin, wherein I told you the happiness your old acquaintance proposed to himself in your friendship and conversation. I have communicated your friendly design to the secretary, relating to his being chosen a member. He gives you his hearty thanks, and desired me to tell you that he believed that matter already provided for.

"Since he had the honour to be named himself for this post in Ireland, a brother of his has been chosen by the directors of the East India Company governor of fort St. George, in the room of Mr. Pitt.

"I had hopes of succeeding him in this office; but things are ordered otherwise, in favor of the North Britons, one of whom is come into that employment very suddenly. In the meantime something additional will be given to, dear sir, your &c."*

* Steele's Epistolary Correspondence I. 173.

The seat in the house of commons here referred to, was probably for the town of Malmsbury, which elected Addison to the parliament of 1709 through the interest, it has been generally supposed, of lord Wharton. He was however first returned, probably by the influence of this patron, for the borough of Lestwithiel, an election which was declared void, on the ground of partiality in the returning officer. In common with several other persons of high literary distinction, he was destitute of the qualifications of a public speaker. Once indeed he rose, but overpowered by the "*hear him, hear hims*" which resounded on all sides, he stammered, faltered, sat down in confusion, and never ventured on a second attempt. As yet however, this infirmity, by which he was subsequently much obstructed in his public capacity, was not anticipated; his fortune was at the flood, and he seemed wafted over to the sister island by the united gales of friendly vows and royal favor.

Mindful of the advantages which he had himself enjoyed in his humbler fortunes through the patronage of men whose abilities had already raised them to power and distinction, Addison showed himself ever prompt in his turn to impart assistance to obscure and struggling merit. Eustace Budgell, his kinsman, was among the earliest objects of his protecting kindness, and notwithstanding the circumstances which

threw so deep a cloud over the closing scene of this unhappy man, when his imprudence was no longer checked in its career by the counsels and the awe of his virtuous patron, there is good reason to think that this favor was not bestowed on one at that time undeserving. Budgell accompanied Addison to Ireland in the capacity of his secretary, and afterwards filled with credit some higher stations to which the influence of his patron recommended him; he was also a respectable contributor to the Spectator and Guardian.

Every thing we learn of the conduct of Addison in his new post, confirms his own statement in his memorial, which is as follows: "That your Memorialist was afterwards Secretary to the Earl of Wharton in y^e^ Government of Ireland, and endeavoured to behave himself with that Diligence and Integrity that he has gained y^e^ Friendship of all y^e^ most Considerable Persons in that Kingdom." That no particulars of his public conduct should now be discoverable, is not surprising. A great portion of his duties were doubtless a routine, or acts performed under the special orders of his principal; and although he found means to acquire much popularity with the Irish, there is reason to think that his most welcome services to the earl of Wharton were rather of a political than a strictly official nature. Much of the business of the Irish secretary was at this period ha-

bitually transacted in London, and the lord-lieutenant evidently relied much on the reports of so vigilant and sagacious an observer of the humours and factions of the court, for shaping his course among its rocks and shoals.

During the year 1709, no actual change in the administration was accomplished, and the whigs in office appear to have kept up the feeling, or at least the tone, of security. The duchess of Marlborough, seriously alarmed at the exclusion from office and favor which she saw impending over herself and her friends, had at length exercised so much command over her haughty spirit as to attempt regaining by some attentions and compliances the alienated affections of the queen. But it was too late; the new favorite had secured her ascendency, and the duchess humbled herself in vain. It was not yet however a convenient season for dispensing with the services of the Great Captain. In the campaign of 1709 he had sustained his reputation by the victory of Malplaquet; the terms of peace which the French afterwards offered had been rejected from distrust of their sincerity, and the queen's speech on opening the parliament in November had sounded a warlike note. Negotiations were indeed resumed early in the spring, at which Marlborough himself was sent to preside; but these likewise having failed, a fresh campaign

was inevitable, with which no other commander could be intrusted. It was believed that the general would not however consent to retain his commission for a day after the dismissal of the lord-treasurer; and from this consideration a short reprieve was granted to the party in general.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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THE

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BY LUCY AIKIN.

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lieutenant of Ireland appoints him chief secretary. He refuses to give up the acquaintance of Swift. Correspondence of Archbishop King. Letters to Major Dunbar. Remarks. Anecdote. Authorship of the Drummer - Page 134

CHAPTER XIII.

1716 to 1718.

Addison's Irish secretaryship ended. Rebellion of 1715. Addison employed to write the Freeholder. Account of the work. Rewarded with commissionership of trade and colonies. Marries the Countess Dowager of Warwick. Accounts of his courtship. Reasons for doubting them. Welstead's lines to Lady Warwick. Addison's lines to Kneller. Halifax without power to advance him. Death of Halifax. Lord Sunderland secretary of state appoints Addison joint secretary. His qualifications for business. Official letters to the lords justices of Ireland. To Mr. Davenant. To the Earl of Peterborough. Answer of the Earl. To the Duchess of St. Albans. Minutes of official letters. Mr. Temple Stanyan. Anecdote of Addison. Embassy to the Porte. Mr. Wortley Montagu. Letter of Addison to him. Letter of Archbishop King. Of Mr. Budgell. Of Mr. Gibson to Mr. Tickell. Of the Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Addison. Lawrence Eachard. Sickness of Addison. Latin lines of Vincent Bourne. Addison's letter of resignation - - - 171

CHAPTER XIV.

1718 to 1719.

Addison in retirement. Letters to Swift. Literary projects. Peerage bill. Writes the Old Whig against Steele's Plebeian. Account of the controversy. Death of Addison. Discussion of his imputed intemperance. His will in favour of his lady. Anecdotes of his last days. Notice of him by Whiston. His interview with Gay. Circumstance related by Dr. Young. His funeral and monument. Notice of his daughter. His library and pictures. Conclusion - - 216

CORRIGENDUM IN VOL. II.

Page 64. — The reader is requested to expunge the clause relating to the Earl of Halifax. The fact belongs to another person.

THE LIFE

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

CHAPTER IX.

1709 to 1712.

THE TATLER BEGUN BY STEELE. ADDISON BECOMES A CONTRIBUTOR. STATE OF MANNERS. TIMES FAVORABLE TO THE DESIGN. CHARACTER AND PURPOSES OF ADDISON'S PAPERS. THE WAR UNPOPULAR. GENERAL DISMISSAL OF THE WHIGS. LETTER OF ADDISON IN FAVOR OF AMBROSE PHILIPS. NOTICE OF HOADLEY. LETTER TO DESMAISEAUX. SITUATION OF SWIFT. LETTER OF STEELE TO HIM. CORRESPONDENCE OF ADDISON WITH SWIFT. KEALLY. LORD WHARTON. IS RE-ELECTED FOR MALMSBURY. ADHERES TO HIS PARTY. WRITES THE WHIG EXAMINER. ACCOUNT OF THE WORK. ATTACKS SACHEVEREL. COOLNESS WITH SWIFT ON POLITICAL GROUNDS. EXTRACTS FROM SWIFT'S JOURNAL RELATING TO ADDISON. STEELE DROPS THE TATLER. AND WHY. SETS UP THE SPECTATOR. PRIVATE CONCERNS OF ADDISON. CORRESPONDENCE WITH WORTLEY MONTAGU. MISREPRESENTATIONS OF HIS COURSE OF LIFE BY POPE OR SPENCE. RESIDENCE AT SANDY END. IMPROVED CIRCUMSTANCES. PURCHASE OF BILTON. POLITICAL SERVICES TO THE HOUSE OF HANOVER.

If the year 1709 be somewhat barren for the biography of Addison as a politician, a man of

business, and a member of social life, it forms an epoch in his career as an author and in the literary history of his country.

In the early part of 1709 it was, that a paper appeared, published three times in the week, which undertook to unite observations on life and manners in all ranks and classes, "Quicquid agunt homines," as the motto expressed it, with the ordinary matter of a newspaper, foreign intelligence and advertisements. Literary topics were also mingled, and Addison, then in Ireland, had proceeded no further than the sixth number in the perusal, when he recognized it as the production of his friend Steele, by an original remark on a passage in Virgil which he had himself communicated to him. He was struck with the plan, as offering what his diffidence required, namely a safe and private channel through which to pour forth the treasures which he hoarded in the recesses of his mind, and thus "to give a rich invention case;" he lost therefore no time in opening a communication with *The Tatler*, to whom he imparted in the beginning hints alone and sketches, but afterwards entire papers, some of them finished specimens of his best manner.

Steele has expressed with all the ingenuous warmth of his character, his feelings on the great and unexpected succour thus afforded him: "I fared," he says, "like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful

neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." And again referring to Tickell's expression, that the reputation of the Tatler was "advanced" by Addison, he exclaims, "It was advanced indeed, for it was raised to a greater thing than I intended it; for the elegance, purity and correctness which appeared in his writings were not so much my purpose, as in any intelligible manner, as I could, to rally all those singularities of human life, through the different professions and characters in it, which obstruct any thing that was truly good and great. . . . . I rejoiced in being excelled; and made those little talents, whatever they are, which I have, give way and be subservient to the superior qualities of a friend whom I loved, and whose modesty would never have admitted them to come into daylight but under such a shelter." And with a just and not ungraceful assertion of his own good service to the world in thus acting the part of harbinger, or escort, to a greater person than himself, he concludes that "whatever Steele owes to Addison, the public owes Addison to Steele." In fact, when it is considered to what a height the reputation of Addison himself was elevated by this occurrence, the benediction given by his father to their early friendship, might almost be esteemed prophetic.

Steele was all his life an indefatigable projector;

but the periodical papers of which he was the inventor and editor, were the only schemes of his that ever greatly prospered; partly perhaps for the very reason that they alone gave him, what lord Bacon coveted: "the command of more wits than his own." From the beginning he found many and able coadjutors. Swift, whom he had flattered by bestowing upon his imaginary Tatler the name of Bickerstaff, under which that unmerciful wit had lately carried on his attacks on Partridge the almanac-maker, immediately became a contributor. Letters flowed in from all quarters, and even had its literary character not been so wonderfully enhanced by the communications of Addison, it is probable that the undertaking would have proved highly successful; since it was at once novel in its plan, and admirably adapted to the circumstances of an age which required above all things to have a mirror held up to it.

That long period of revolution and political reorganisation which began with the reign of Charles I. and terminated with the accession of William III, may be considered to have swept away the last remains of the social fabric of the feudal ages. In its place the solid foundations of a more regular and better constructed constitutional edifice had been securely laid; but the becoming superstructure of corresponding manners, uniting manliness with mildness and grace, and the charms of ease and

freedom, with due obedience to salutary laws and checks, was still deficient.

A furious party spirit, in which all the worst passions of civil war survived its devastation and bloodshed, offered one formidable obstacle to the progress of genuine civilization and social happiness; another existed in an imported style of manners and morals at once absurd, artificial, impure, and unsuited alike to the genius and the institutions of the people. Public opinion was indeed beginning to apply some counteraction here. The politeness of the court of Charles II, already odious by its association with the recollections of a scene of triumphant profligacy, domestic and political, of which most men were now ashamed, was branded with an additional stigma from its origin. The true-born Englishman, never more anti-gallican than during the long wars waged against the ambition and perfidy of Louis XIV, had learned to scorn as *French* servility, *French* libertinism and coxcombry, its pervading spirit of elaborate and exaggerated compliment, and universal gallantry. Such studied frivolities, or ingenious refinements, were now generally recognised as derogatory and repugnant to the simplicity, the gravity, perhaps it may be added, the surliness of the national character. Mercenary adulation indeed, we may confess with shame that there had always been Englishmen abundantly

forward in offering; but the perpetual obligation of paying compliments to all kinds of persons, without immediate motives of interest, and as a part merely of the common courtesies of society,—above all, the necessity of constantly flattering the whole female sex,—light as it sits upon "the supple Gaul," was felt by the sturdy Briton as an insupportable burden or an ignominious yoke. All professions, ranks and parties, the peer, the politician, the man of letters, the commercial whig and the landed tory, seem to have heartily concurred in a sense of this general grievance; and to have unanimously sought relief in the rude freedom of taverns and clubs, those "schools of coarse good-fellowship and noise."

It is apparently to the constrained imitation of the breeding of the court of Louis XIV, superseded as yet by no other model, on one hand, and to a constant desire and effort to escape from its restraints and exactions on the other, that we are chiefly to ascribe those strange contrarieties, those alternate extremes of ceremony and barbarism, exhibited in all delineations of English manners at this period. General excess in wine was indeed an additional, and a still more disgraceful cause of irregularity and boisterousness of behaviour. On the whole, rich as was the age in men of wit, talents, learning and accomplishments, it seems no great exaggeration to affirm, that the true gentleman, in the highest sense of the term, was a character scarcely extant.

To women, this state of society was a truly calamitous one. Amid all the forms of the most obsequious deference, never, in this country, had the sex been in reality so contemned or so contemptible. Like spoiled children who have just attained the age when petulance and caprices from amusing become intolerable, they found on all hands chidings succeeding to flatteries, and satire to deification. Marriage itself was treated with licentious and insolent contempt, and when it took place, the transition was strangely sudden from the obsequious lover to the lordly husband. That almost universal neglect even of the common rudiments of female education which had ensued upon the restoration, had left them destitute of any power to attract by the graces of the mind; and for the homely occupations of the good housewife, which they had mostly learned to despise, they had nothing to substitute but the dissipation, the idleness, the silly airs and affectations, of the beauty and coquet; or according to the phrase then fashionable, the *fine lady*. The general secession of the more respectable portion of the other sex from their insipid circles, served to aggravate the foibles of which it was in part the result and the punishment; and it exposed them almost without defence to the enterprises and the evil influences of an order of mortals known by the appellation of *beaux*, or *women's men*.

The *beau* was the exact counterpart of the *belle* to

whom he consecrated his attentions. Absorbed like her in the round of amusements, in gallantry, and "the soft cares of dress," he was in no condition to humble her by his superior erudition. "Beau spelling" was on an exact level with the lady's own, and their reading was equally limited to songs and sonnets, plays, and English translations of French romances. Within the range of *light literature* indeed, and the native tongue, scarcely any thing else at this time existed; and perhaps neither the full extent of this deficiency, nor, consequently, the whole merit of those who supplied it, has been sufficiently observed. Fictitious narrative in prose, was then almost a lost kind of writing; for the date of the old romance was nearly out, and that of the modern novel had scarcely commenced. It seems indeed that the first publication of Congreve was an attempt of this nature, under the title of 'Love and Duty reconciled;' but it had no success even in its own time, and is now totally forgotten. Some love stories of a vulgar kind there doubtless were; and Mrs. Manley had constructed her New Atalantis as a vehicle for scandalous anecdote; but before the appearance of the Tatler, it was in comedy alone that interesting or amusing portraitures of modern life and manners, — of characters in action, — were to be found. Hence it was that the drama made so great a portion of the reading of the young and the gay; how pernicious a portion few readers will require to be told.

Steele, with considerable humour, had still more power in the pathetic; not indeed that of the buskin, but of every day life; hence his short narratives of domestic circumstances, often conveyed in imaginary letters, which have much of this quality, were doubtless among the most attractive portions of the Tatler on its first appearance. In fact, notwithstanding a considerable alloy of what must now be reckoned for dross and refuse, — coarseness of idea and bluntness of expression, — they still interest; and in good part by virtue of the liberal, the humane, and the generous sentiments which they seldom fail to inculcate, and which evidently came from the heart. They contain especially, many earnest and touching appeals against that ruthless despotism then customarily exercised by parents with respect to their children's marriages, to which the whole happiness of life was often made a sacrifice; and it was probably by them that public opinion was first brought to bear against this crying evil, and a general correction or mitigation of it effected.

The delineations of Addison will be examined more at length hereafter; but in this place it may be remarked, that their character differed widely from that of Steele's, inasmuch as the genius of this great master had no bent towards the pathetic. His pictures, much more finished in style, more correct in drawing, and fuller of nice touches of truth and nature, are of the humorous and satirical class, and turn rather on

displays of character and manners than on adventure. Both these originals made many imitators; and perhaps it may be fairly suggested, that it was they who sowed the seed from which, forty years afterwards, sprang up the patriarchs of the race of novelists; Steele imparting the vital spirit to Richardson, Addison to Fielding.

Of the general deficiency, even of men of rank and hereditary legislators, with regard to one of the most essential branches of general knowledge, we have a remarkable exemplification in a passage of Evelyn's Memoirs. This gentleman having, at lord Cornbury's request, given him a sketch of a course of reading in history, chiefly ancient, and by no means an extensive or critical one, adds, "and by that time your lordship has arrived thus far, you will have performed more than any man of your quality can pretend to in the court by immense degrees, according to my weak observation, who sometimes pass my time at the circle where the gallants produce themselves with all their advantages, and God knows small furniture." It was doubtless out of his knowledge of the continued prevalence of this kind of disgraceful ignorance, that Addison, having previously recommended a young man of the name of Harrison, often mentioned by Swift, to the office of tutor to a nobleman, said to him, "We who have gone through a good school education may easily enough get to be good classical scholars, but there is one thing that I would now advise you

to; read a good history of England, that you may know the affairs of your own country."

It was a still graver deficiency which had some time earlier extorted a severe remark even from the loose and reckless Otway:

> "Men read not morals now, it was a custom;
> But all are to their fathers' vices born,
> And in their mothers' ignorance are bred."

In societies thus destitute of more creditable resources, the vigils of the card table were found an indispensable protection against the inroads of that weariness of an empty and insipid self, which was modishly styled the *spleen*. Play became the most serious business of life, and was often pushed to a ruinous excess by both sexes. Even youthful beauties were sometimes totally engrossed by it, though

> "A youth of frolics, an old age of cards,"

might be the more frequent case.

Some of the evils of such a state of manners had begun to make themselves severely felt, and remedies were sought. As far as the force of example could go, Anne endeavoured to render her court decent and religious; and a society had been formed under high auspices, yet with small success, for Reformation of Manners; but Steele deserves the praise of being the first writer who set himself purposely and resolutely to work to put the sickle into so ripe a harvest of

follies and vices. He proposed, as we have seen, to reform the world, or at least the town, although in him this design appears to have been mingled at least with the vanity of showing how well he knew it, and could entertain it with sketches of noted characters, and hints at the scandal of the day. The original purpose of Addison was perhaps little more, as has been hinted, than to communicate to the public in an attractive form, and without personal responsibility, the copious collections which he had formed, partly of remarks, literary and critical, and partly of observations on morals and manners; the mature fruits of his studies, his reflections, and his experience of life at home and abroad. But by degrees, the secret of his own genius was revealed to him. The Tatler, in its later portions, is enriched with some exquisite specimens of that delicate and graceful wit, that original vein of humour, and that sportiveness of fancy, in the union of which he had no predecessor or rival, and has had no successor.

It was however not till the Tatler had been transformed into the graver and more dignified character of a Spectator, that he fully disclosed his resources to the world, and the subject will be resumed hereafter.

In the meantime, public events were in preparation which, by withdrawing him awhile from the avocations of official life, were to give him leisure for a more constant devotion of his thoughts to this his

genuine and higher calling. The war, long glorious and popular, began to be felt by the people as a burden. The successes of Marlborough in the last campaign had been greatly overbalanced by the surrender of general Stanhope and his army in Spain, and the consequent submission of the whole country, with the exception of Catalonia, to the Bourbon competitor. Harley and his party aggravated for their own purposes every example of ill-success or ill-conduct in any department; and the queen, impatient at once to gratify her affection for the reigning favourite, and her resentments against the deposed one, was evidently hastening with her best speed towards a change of ministry and a peace. The accomplishment of her wishes however still encountered serious obstructions. The directors of the Bank of England, the States General and the Emperor, all interposed with earnest representations against the dismissal of her old advisers for others who were regarded as secret friends, if not pensioners of France, and secret enemies of the protestant succession; and in order to conciliate such powerful intercessors, the queen was compelled to promise that Marlborough at least should retain his command. Nothing however restrained her from inflicting on him various affronts and mortifications, designed to pique him into a resignation; and before the conclusion of the year 1710 he found himself the only member of the

whig, or war party left in office. The avocations of Addison during this anxious and busy year, his sentiments on public affairs, and the terms on which he associated with some leading characters both in literature and politics, will best be learned from his own correspondence and that of his friends, interspersed with a few explanatory remarks.

The ministry, though nearly at the last gasp, had still it appears some preferments at its disposal; and we possess in the following letter a pleasing proof of the alacrity with which Addison exerted all the interest he yet possessed in favor of a humble friend, whose encouragement from the world was not at this time equal to his deserts. This was Ambrose Philips, of whose performances both in dramatic and in pastoral poetry there will be occasion to speak hereafter. The situation he was soliciting was a secondary one in the diplomatic line, and he appears some time afterwards to have obtained a mission to Copenhagen which enabled him to gratify the world with his poetical description of a frozen shower; a piece of first-rate excellence in its kind.

MR. ADDISON TO AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Dear sir, April 25. 1710.

Upon the receipt of your first letter I consulted with Mr. Pulteney, who is very much your friend,

and extremely desirous to serve you, but as the province to which Muscovy belongs is under Mr. Boyle he did not think it proper for me to move any one else in that affair, designing to mention you to the Secretary, who you know is his intimate friend, upon the first favorable opportunity. Since that I have received your second, and have got Mr. Hopkins to join with me in the affair of Geneva to my Lord Sunderland, but his Lordship tells us that Dairolle has been named to that post for some time. I knew the Marquis du Caen applied to the Duke of Marlborough upon the same account. I have been several times to speak to my L^d^ Sommers upon this Occasion but could not find him at home till about three days ago, and then he was just going out with lord Orford. However I took his Lordship aside, and upon my telling him your desire in regard to Geneva H. L^dp^ promised that he would move in it. I told him at the same time what I had heard of Dairolle and that probably you would be very well pleased to succeed Dairolle at the Hague. I likewise told his L^dp^ of y^e^ Vacancy that might possibly happen in Muscovy, and begged H. L^dp^ to turn it in his Thoughts to your advantage. He was very particularly attentive to me, and by the very kind manner that he received what I had to say and that he formerly has spoken to me of you, I promise myself y^t^ something may rise out of it for your Good.

I intend to mention you once more to His L^p^ before I go for Ireland, and I believe it would not be amisse for you to ground a Letter of Thanks upon the Gracious Hearing he has already given me. I must beg you to present my most Humble respects to Mr. Pulteney and I hope you have already let him know how much I love and honour him. Farewell dear Philips and believe me to be more than I am able to expresse Your

most Affectionate and
most Faithful Humble
Serv^t^ J. Addison.

Dick Steele and I reñber you once a day. Little Thomson is y^e^ same excellent youth he was.*

Another letter to the same correspondent without date, but evidently written from Ireland, during the first or second secretaryship of the writer, possesses some interest on account of the opinion which it expresses concerning the noted Pastorals of Philips. Perhaps it may be regarded as a civil intimation that his pen might be better employed.

* From the original MS. in the possession of John Scott Esq. Westminster.

Dear Sir

I am very much obliged to you for sending me my Letters from Mr. Vandewaters, but more for the Copy of your Pastoral. I have read it over with abundance of pleasure, and like extremely well the alterations you have made in it. You have an admirable hand at a Sheep-Crook, tho' I must confess y^e^ Conclusion of your poeme woud have pleas'd me better had it not bin for that very reason that it was the Conclusion of it. I hope you will follow the example of your Spencer and Virgil in making your Pastorals the prelude of something greater. He that can bewail Stella's Death in so good a Copy of Verses woud be able to Anatomise her after it in a better. I intend for England within a day or two, and shoud be very glad if I coud be any way serviceable to you there.

Yo^r^
Faithfull Humble Serv^t^
J. Addison.

[Addressed to Ambrose Phillips]

From "The Autograph Portfolio." London, 1837. 4to. *Literatim.*

The spring and summer of this year must have been passed by the secretary for Ireland chiefly or wholly in London, whence he thus informs his Irish friend Keally of the aspect of affairs.

Sir, London April 13. 1710.

We are here in a great puzzle of politics. Little Ben winks, speaks half sentences and grows more mysterious than ever. Dick Steele is entirely yours. Lord Halifax, after having talked of you in a very friendly manner, desired me to give you his humble service when I writ to you."* &c.

The person here so familiarly designated as "little Ben" was no other than Mr. Hoadley, afterwards the celebrated bishop. He had recently so distinguished himself by his writings in controversy with bishops Bramhall and Atterbury, that the house of commons had specially addressed her majesty to bestow on him some dignity in the church, in reward of his services to the cause of civil and religious liberty; a request with which she promised compliance, but under the influence of her new advisers was induced to omit the performance. Hoadley was likewise the author of several small anonymous pamphlets referring to the state of public affairs during this year of crisis. From the tone in which he is here mentioned it appears, that although coinciding with him in politics, Addison, from sincere reverence for the clerical character and office, regarded with little approbation or respect this exercise

* Steele's Epis. Corresp. I. 188.

of his pen. In June, Congreve writes to Keally, "It is impossible any change can be in the court, and Mr. Addison not able to inform you." Soon after however we find him writing from Ireland, and making no secret of the precariousness of his tenor of office.

Mr. Desmaizeaux, his correspondent, was French, a refugee probably, and a man of letters. He was the editor of the works of St. Evremond, and perhaps had gained some favor with the secretary as the biographer of Bayle, whose dictionary, as Tonson reported, he usually found open on Addison's table whenever he called on him. It appears from Steele's correspondence, that this gentleman was his intimate friend, and that it was at his request that Addison had taken him with him to Ireland, where he seems to have recommended him to some appointment.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. DESMAIZEAUX.

Sir Dublin Castle Aug. 1. 1710.

I did not care for answering your letter till I could do it in some measure to your satisfaction. I have at last watched a convenient season to move my L^{d} Lieuten^{t}. for your Lic^{ce}. of absence, which he has granted till December next. I am affraid I shall not then be in a capacity to serve you any further in this

particular, but if I can you may depend upon it. I heartily wish you joy of your new post and am Ever

Sir

Your most faithful

Humble Servant

J. Addison.

Mr. Desmaiseaux *

The shocks given to private friendships are among the most cruel effects of political changes; that of Addison and Swift, built on a foundation which generally proves one of the firmest, — a mutual and disinterested pleasure in the conversation of each other, — is soon to be exhibited in a situation of danger, for the comprehension of which it will be necessary now to observe the position of Swift with respect to the whig leaders. Towards the close of the former year we find Steele addressing him as follows: —

MR. STEELE TO DR. SWIFT.

Dear sir Lord Sunderland's Office Oct^r 8. 1709.

Mr. Secretary Addison went this morning out of town, and left behind him an agreeable command for me, viz. to forward the inclosed which lord Halifax sent him for you. I assure you no man could say

* From the Birch Collection, Addit MS. 4281 art. 2.

more in praise of another than he did in your behalf at that noble lord's table on Wednesday last. I doubt not but you will find by the inclosed the effect it had upon him. No opportunity is omitted among powerful men, to upbraid them for your stay in Ireland. The company that day at dinner were, lord Edward Russell, lord Essex, Mr. Maynwaring, Mr. Addison and myself. . . . . Mr. Philips dined with me yesterday; he is still a shepherd, and walks very lonely through this unthinking crowd in London. I wonder you do not sometimes write to me.

The town is in great expectation from Bickerstaff: what passed at the election for his first table being to be published this day sevennight. I have not seen Ben Took* a great while, but long to usher you and yours into the world. Not that there can be any thing added by me to your fame, but to walk bareheaded before you.

I am &c.†

Similar hopes, delusive ones as it proved, from the favor of Halifax, were thus held out to Swift by Addison himself in the succeeding year; it is observable however that the clergymen whom he mentions as the intended new bishops were both of them known tories.

* Swift's printer.

† Steele's Correspondence.

MR. ADDISON TO DR. SWIFT.

Dear sir, Dublin Castle July 23. 1710.

About two days ago I received the inclosed, that is sealed up; and yesterday that of my friend Steele, which requiring a speedy answer, I have sent you express. In the meantime I have let him know that you are out of town, and that he may expect your answer by the next post. I fancy he had my lord Halifax's authority for writing. I hope this will bring you to town. For your amusement by the way I have sent you some of this day's news; to which I must add that Doctors Bisse and Robinson are likely to be the bishops of Bristol and St. Davids: that our politicians are startled at the breaking off the negotiations and fall of stocks; insomuch that it is thought they will not venture at dissolving the parliament in such a crisis.

I am ever, dear sir yours entirely.

Mr. Steele desires me to seal yours before I deliver it: but this you will excuse in one who wishes you as well as he or any body living can do.

Shortly after, Addison came over to England, and Swift addressed him in the month of August, from Dublin, in the following terms.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. ADDISON.

I believe you had the displeasure of much ill news almost as soon as you landed. Even the moderate tories here are in pain at these revolutions, being what will certainly affect the duke of Marlborough, and consequently the success of the war.

I am convinced that whatever government come over, you will find all marks of kindness from any parliament here with respect to your employment; the tories contending with the whigs which should speak best of you. . . . . In short, if you will come over again when you are at leisure, we will raise an army and make you king of Ireland. Can you think so meanly of a kingdom as not to be pleased that every creature in it who hath one grain of worth, has a veneration for you? I know there is nothing in this to make you add any value to yourself; but it ought to convince you that they are not an undistinguishing people. . . . . I long till you have some good account of your Indian affairs, so as to make public business depend upon you, and not you upon it.

I read your character in Mrs. Manley's noble Memoirs of Europe. It seems to me as if she had about two thousand epithets and fine words packed in a bag; and that she pulled them out by handfuls, and strewed them on her paper, where once in about five hundred times they happen to be right.

The "ill news" referred to, was doubtless that of the dismissal of Godolphin from the office of lord treasurer, to make room for Mr. Harley; which was justly regarded as the severest blow which could be aimed at the Duke, and the sure prelude of his disgrace.

Mrs. Manley was the author of a work of scandalous notoriety, — the New Atalantis, — as well as of other pieces eulogizing or vituperating the public characters of the day, in one of which she had thought proper to sound the praises of Addison under the name of Maro. Notwithstanding the contempt with which Swift here speaks of her performances, we shall soon find him carrying on in close alliance with her the dirty and detestable work of a party-assassin of reputation.

Addison's office, here mentioned, was that of Keeper of the Records for Ireland, concerning which he appears to have received an important favor recited in the document copied below.*

* Whereas y^e^ office of Keeper of y^e^ Records in Birmingham's Tower in y^e^ Castle of Dublin by Letters patent under y^e^ great seal of Ireland, is granted to y^e^ R^t^. Hon^ble^ Joseph Addison Esq^re^. on y^e^ surrender of Casack Baldwin gent, in consideration of w^h^ surrender y^e^ s^d^. Joseph Addison paid to y^e^ s^d^. Casack Baldwin £230 Ster. & consented & agreed to give him y^e^ said Casack Baldwin an Irrevocable Deputation of y^e^ same with all fees due for making Copies & Certificates of y^e^ Searches into such records as now are or hereafter shall be in s^d^. office, & all other business to be done therein to y^e^ sole & proper use & benefit

The weight of the commercial interest, thrown at this time into the scale of the whigs, still

of him y^e^ s^d^. Casack Baldwin without giving any acc^t^. of y^e^ same. Know all men by these presents that I y^e^ s^d^. Joseph Addison do hereby constitute & appoint y^e^ s^d^. Casack Baldwin my Lawful Deputy to do execute & perform all & every lawful act & thing that is or shall be necessary in y^e^ due & legal Execution of y^e^ s^d^. Office by signing Copies of Records & justly keeping y^e^ s^d^. records in y^e^ s^d^. Office, & I do hereby give, grant, & assign to y^e^ s^d^. Casack Baldwin, y^e^ legal & just fees due for making Copies Certificates & searches & other business to be done in y^e^ s^d^. Office, & if y^e^ occasions of y^e^ s^d^. Casack Baldwin shall at any time during his s^d^. Deputation, call him for England or elsewhere, so y^t^. y^e^ s^d^. Casack Baldwin cannot in person officiate in y^e^ place of Deputy, I do hereby constitute & appoint Arthur Baldwin of y^e^ City of Dublin gent, Brother to y^e^ s^d^. Casack Baldwin, my lawful Deputy to act & do every thing y^t^. shall be necessary to be done in y^e^ s^d^. Office, by signing copies of Records, & justly keeping y^e^ s^d^. Records in y^e^ s^d^. Office as afores^d^. until y^e^ s^d^. Casack Baldwin shall return from thence or elsewhere, to y^e^ proper use & benefit of him y^e^ s^d^. Casack Baldwin, Referring however to me y^e^ s^d^. Joseph Addison & my Assigns y^e^ full benefit of y^e^ Salary or Salaries y^t^. now is or are or hereafter shall be allowed by y^e^ Crown to y^e^ Patentee or Patentees of y^e^ s^d^. Office, In witness whereof I y^e^ s^d^. Joseph Addison hath put my hand & seal this 29^th^ day of May 1710.

JOSEPH ADDISON. (Loc. Sigill.)

Signed Sealed & Delivered in presence of
Jos. Kelly
J. Dawson
R. Fitzgerald

Copia Vera.

8^ber^. y^e^. 15^th^. Examined
E. Budgell.

[From the Tickell papers.]

supported their hopes under all discomfitures; and those, they were not a few, who looked only to their own immediate profit, still found cause to hesitate concerning the *principles* it would be proper to embrace. Addison thus reported the state of affairs to Mr. Keally early in August 1710. "The Bank have represented that they must shut up upon the first issuing out of new writs; and Sir Francis Child, with the rest of the monied interest on the tories' side, have declared to the duke of Shrewsbury, that they shall be ruined if so great a blow be given to the public credit as would inevitably follow upon a dissolution. We hear from all parts of England that the people daily recover their senses, and that the tide begins to turn so strongly, that it is hoped the next parliament will be of the same stamp with this in case of a dissolution."

Perplexed in the extreme by these fluctuations, Swift wrote in the same month to Addison, begging his advice whether he should at this juncture come over to England; and observing that he expected every day to hear of the dismissal of lord Somers, else he might have hoped for some of his good offices. The particular objects one or both of which he had at this time in view, appear to have been the place of historiographer, and a prebend then held by South, but which the old man did not vacate by death as soon as was expected and desired.

What answer Addison gave to the question of his clerical friend does not appear; but Swift came over, as he had probably predetermined, and finding the whigs, and especially lords Somers and Halifax, either not in a capacity to advance his fortunes, or as he always resentfully maintained, not sincere in their declarations of having always desired and endeavoured it, lost no time in making his applications to Mr. Harley and the tories. He was unsuccessful with regard to the office of historiographer, and obtained at this time no church preferment; but the ministers quickly discovered in him, and eagerly enlisted in their service, the talents of an able and formidable phampleteer, and one of the most audacious of party libellers.

Meantime Addison was occupied in London with the business of his office and that of lord Wharton, two of his dispatches to whom have been preserved, and well merit transcription. The last curiously exhibits the anxiety of the lord lieutenant not to be understood to have resigned till he was absolutely certain of being turned out.

MR. ADDISON TO THE MARQUIS OF WHARTON.

My Lord, London Aug. 24. 1710.

This morning I had the honour of a visit from Mr. Bertie, who upon my acquainting him with

your Lordship's concern for his brother's election, declared himself very much obliged to your Lordship, but said his brother was so tired of sitting in the house, that he would not be in it again upon any consideration.

I hear from my lord Dartmouth's office, that all the particulars which I had in charge for your Lordship have been already complied with, except that about proroguing the parliament, which I have desired may be dispatched forthwith to your Excellency, in case it is judged necessary.

The privy council was to meet this night, in order (as it was said yesterday) to place my lord Peterborough at the head of the admiralty, and to determine of the dissolution: but this morning I hear from very good hands that there is advice of the Prince of Wales being ready to embark with a body of troops at Dunkirk, and that the admiralty is to attend the privy council upon the occasion.

It is said the Duke of Queensborough has had intimation of such a designed invasion, about a month ago, from several parts of Scotland. This report, I believe comes from sir George Byng, and is of such a nature, that I should be cautious of mentioning it to any body but your Excellency.

Among the prints which I send you by this post, the Essay upon Cries is said to be written by Mr. Harley, and that of Mr. Bickerstaff Detected, by Mr.

Congreve. Dr. Garth, under whose hands I am at present, will not excuse me, if I do not present his most humble duty to your Lordship: the doctor this morning shewed me a copy of verses which he has made in praise of the lord treasurer. The lord Islay is lately returned from Scotland, and it is said the Duke of Argyle is expected every day from Flanders.

I am with the greatest respect, &c. &c.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

My Lord London Oct^r. 17^th. 1710.

I received the honor of your Lordship's of the 13th, and have sent the commissions mentioned in it according to your Lordship's commands; not hearing as yet of any thing that hath passed, which should hinder your Lordship from signing them.

I must however acquaint your Lordship with a passage in one of Dawson's letters, dated the 3d instant, which did not come to my hands till last night, having been sent after me to Malmsbury by mistake.

I had mentioned to him, as your Lordship had told me you would have it believed, and as you had yourself written the post before to some of your friends in Ireland, that you had signified to her majesty your unwillingness to continue in that go-

vernment when all your friends were dismissed, or to that purpose; but at the same time told him, that I believed your Lordship would not be out of it till some months after. In answer to that letter he writes to me in the following words: "You might be assured that whatever you writ to me was lodged in a safe hand; but what you desired should not be taken notice of, came over hither by twenty letters in the same post; and the Whitehall letters from both secretaries' offices, which came hither by the same packet with yours, positively mention my lord lieutenant's resignation of his government to her majesty on the 22nd of the last month; so that it is here no secret, and every body says upon it that his excellency cannot act any more on his commission, but that the government is absolutely in the hands of the lords justices, till a new governor is appointed."

I will not take any notice of the receipt of this letter till I hear further from your Lordship; having by the last post, and all along, written in the character of secretary to the lord lieutenant. Your Lordship is doubtless the best judge of this matter, how far the resignation went, and how far it was accepted; or whether it could be accepted effectually, but by superseding your Lordship's commission. I shall only take notice that your Lordship's letters to the secretary of state, and to the Lords justices in Ireland; the first relating to the horses that are

wanting there, and the other to the draughting of 250 dragoons for the embarkation of them, bear date Sept. 23. The Irish gentlemen are positive that your Lordship will be succeeded by the Duke of Ormond, though there goes a whisper among some of your Lordship's friends that my lord Rivers is certainly designed for that employment.

Nobody here knows what to think of the present state of affairs. Those who got the last parliament dissolved, are as much astonished, and they say troubled, for the glut of tories that will be in the next as the whigs themselves.

I am

with great respect &c.

Harley, a very mysterious, because a very irresolute and very unprincipled politician, seems at times to have aimed at a kind of middle course between the two grand political parties, and it is doubtless to him that the last sentence of this letter alludes. Addison himself was rechosen for Malmsbury without a contest, but in general the elections fully realised the predicted "glut of tories;" which event was in great part produced by the triumphal procession of Sacheverel to his living in Wales, attended by vast mobs of all ranks and classes, which caught at once and kindled the flame of high-church fanaticism throughout the country. In the mean-

time, every kind of reproach and obloquy was heaped on Marlborough, so lately the ruler of the court and the hero of the nation.

The abruptness of these changes struck the beholders with astonishment. "Things happen like earthquakes," writes Congreve to his friend Keally, in the month of December, "sudden, unusual, and unforeseen. Mr. Addison very well applied a line out of Œdipus yesterday,

> "'One but began
> To wonder, and straight fell a wonder too.'"

On the feelings and conduct of Addison the effect of all these incidents was of a kind directly opposite to that which they had produced on Swift.

> "Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power,
> By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour."

So far, indeed, from abating in the least of his warmth of attachment for the party of his early choice, we find him roused to an energy of zeal alien from his habits, and almost from his nature, in defence of the falling fortunes of friends and patrons to whom he was bound by the double tie of private affections and public principle. They had lately experienced great annoyance from a periodical paper entitled the Examiner, then conducted by Prior, a deserter from the camp of the whigs and the cause of Marlborough, towards whom he is accused of

acting with base ingratitude. Addison undertook the service of replying, or retaliating, in the Whig Examiner; of which it was the design "to *censure the writings of others, and to give all persons a rehearing who have suffered under any unjust sentence of the Examiner, a paper which would have been more properly entitled the Executioner."

The first number of this paper appeared on September 14. 1710, and was devoted to a defence of those lines of Garth's to Lord Godolphin which Addison mentions in one of his letters to Lord Wharton; they having sustained a rude attack at the hands of Prior in the Examiner. There is a good deal of sharpness as well as ability in this paper, and the assailant is reprehended in a tone of marked contempt. At the same time, the verses in question being really very indifferent, although the production of one of the first poets of the time, it was easier to retaliate on the critic than to defend the object of his satire. The succeeding numbers have much of Addison's own vein of wit and humour. The Examiner having brought forward a humble correspondent to tell the public that the writer of this paper could furnish mankind with "an antidote to the poison that is scattered through the nation," he

* In our elder writers to *censure* has its primitive Latin meaning, to *estimate*, and does not necessarily imply an unfavorable judgment. Such is evidently its sense in this place.

says, it puts him in mind of the first appearance that a celebrated French quack made in the streets of Paris. A little boy went before him, publishing with a shrill voice, "Mon père guérit toutes sortes de maladies." To which the Doctor, who walked behind, added in a grave and composed manner, "L'enfant dit vrai."

One paper opens with an admirable panegyric on nonsense, by which however he solemnly protests that he has had no design of currying favor with his antagonist. He divides it into high and low. The last, he says, "is the talent of a cold phlegmatic temper, that in a poor dispirited style creeps along servilely through darkness and confusion." "On the contrary, your high nonsense blusters and makes a noise. It stalks upon high words, and rattles through polysyllables. It is loud, sonorous, smooth and periodical. It has something like manliness and force, and makes one think of Sir Hercules Nonsense in the play called The Nest of Fools." "We meet," he says, "with a low grovelling nonsense in every Grub Street production; but I think there are none of our present writers who have hit the sublime in nonsense, besides Dr. S——l in divinity, and the author of this letter in politics." It was thus that Addison brought to a termination equally public and abrupt, his early friendship for Sacheverel, — the "dear Harry" to whom his juvenile Epistle on

the English poets was so affectionately dedicated! Though always to be deplored, such ruptures are not however always to be condemned; on the contrary, to renounce a private friendship on public grounds may sometimes be an imperative duty, and this is to be considered as a case in point.

The mildness of Addison's disposition enabled him through life, and in times infamous for the fury of faction, to maintain the intercourses of friendship with persons very decidedly opposed to him in politics; and his eagerness to put a scorn upon the furious and mischievous rants of Sacheverel, proves his full conviction that there existed between him and their author an incompatibility never to be surmounted, — that between the sincere man and the hypocrite, — the honest man and the knave. In fact, Sacheverel was scorned by the very party which made him its tool.

The grounds of the dispute concerning passive obedience and the right of resistance, have seldom been better stated, and never illustrated with more vivacity, than in the last number of the Whig Examiner. Nor should it by any means be forgotten among its merits, that this paper, in marked contrast with its rival, is nearly free from personal reflections. Severe upon writings, it abstains in general from casting reproach upon their authors.

But party-pamphleteering was at best a kind of

writing little worthy of the genius of Addison, and thoroughly uncongenial to his taste; and he dropped the paper at the end of the fifth number. Its satire had evidently not been unfelt by the ministerial writers, since it is with exultation that Swift, who had now enrolled himself in that body, announces to a correspondent, in the words of a tory song, that it is now "Down among the dead men." His satisfaction indeed, was no doubt augmented by the reflection that he would thus be spared the pain of measuring himself in single combat with a friend whom he could not cease to love and esteem. Addison's last Whig Examiner appeared on October 8. 1710; Swift's first paper in the Examiner, on the second of the following month.

Even thus, it could scarcely be hoped that the former cordiality could long subsist between the parties; since it was impossible that Addison should either fail to perceive from what motives the disappointed churchman had turned round upon his former party and patrons, or to reprobate the temper and spirit in which he had done so. They strove however still to remain friends, and we have the means of learning to what degree they succeeded.

Swift, during his residence in London at this period, addressed to his unhappy Stella that curious journal which gives us so clear an insight into the peculiarities of his very extraordinary, and certainly

by no means engaging character, — his pride and self-consequence, his ambition, his minute attention to expense, and other petty personal objects, his dexterity in serving his own ends with the greater part of his acquaintance, his zealous patronage of some favorite dependents, and his hearty affection for a very few friends. In the last number, Addison held one of the highest places. His name occurs oftener than almost any other in the journal, and by bringing into one view the passages in which mention is made of him, we gain a more intimate knowledge of his manners and habits during this period of his life, and of the society which he frequented while in London, than is elsewhere to be obtained.

Journal to Stella. "October 12. 1710. I dined today with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison at the Devil tavern by Temple Bar, and Garth treated..... Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king he would hardly be refused. 19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr. Addison at a merchant's. 20. I spent the evening with Wortley Montagu and Mr. Addison over a bottle of Irish wine. 22. I was this morning with Mr. Lewis the under secretary to Lord Dartmouth ..... contriving to keep Steele in his office of stamped paper, he has lost his place of gazetteer, 300*l.* a year, for writing against Mr. Harley ..... but I had a hint given me

that I might save him the other employment, and leave was given me to clear matters with Steele: Well, I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and in the evening went to sit with Mr. Addison, and offer the matter at distance to him as the discreeter person; but I found party had so possessed him that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with any thing I said. So I stopped short in my overture, and we parted very drily, and I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will .... Is not this vexatious? ..... I endeavoured to act in the most exact points of honour and conscience, and my nearest friends will not understand it so. 25. I dined today with Mr. Addison and Steele, and a sister of Mr. Addison's, who is married to one Mr. Sartre, a French prebendary of Westminster, who has a delicious house and garden; yet I thought it was a sort of monastic life in those cloisters ..... Addison's sister is a sort of a wit, very like him. I am not fond of her. 28. Garth and Addison and I dined today at a hedge tavern; then I went to Mr. Harley. 29. Mr. Addison and I dined today with lord Mountjoy. 31. I dined with Mr. Addison and Dick Stuart, lord Mountjoy's brother; a treat of Addison's. They were half fuddled, but not I; for I mixed water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten. November 16. I dined in the city today with Mr. Manley, who invited Mr

Addison and me and some other friends to his lodging, and entertained us very handsomely. I returned with Mr. Addison, and loitered till nine in the coffee house, where I am hardly known by going so seldom . . . . . Mr. Addison and I meet a little seldomer than formerly, although we are still at bottom as good friends as ever; but we differ a little about party."

Under the date of December 15. Swift gives a detailed account of Mr. Harley's having been induced by him to appoint Steele a time to wait on him, and Steele's failing to come, and in his vexation, he accuses Addison of having hindered it, "out of mere spite, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend. Yet," he adds, "now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends secretary at Geneva, and I'll do it if I can; it is poor pastoral Philips." There is evidently the inconsistency of an angry man in supposing, that while Addison was willing to seek favors for another friend through the interest of Swift with the ministers, he should "out of mere spite" prevent Steele from availing himself of the same interest. The truth was, that Steele went on his own grounds.

The breach, for the present, went on widening. In December Swift writes to Stella: "Mr. Addison and I are as different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off by this d—— business of party. He cannot bear seeing me fall in so with the

ministry; but I love him still as much as ever, though we seldom meet." Again: "I called at the coffee house, where I had not been in a week, and talked coldly awhile with Mr. Addison; all our friendship and dearness are off; we are civil acquaintance, talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that's all: Is it not odd? But I think he has used me ill, and I have us'd him too well, at least his friend Steele."

With regard to Addison however, though not Steele, we find his anger soon subsiding, for thus the journal of the new year commences:

January 2. 1710–1. At six went to Dartencuf's house to drink punch with him and Mr. Addison and little Harrison, a young poet whose fortune I am making . . . . . Steele's last Tatler came out to-day . . . . . He never told Mr. Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I; but to say truth it was time, for he grew cruel dull and dry.

February 4. I went to Mr. Addison's and dined with him at his lodgings. I had not seen him these three weeks. We are grown common acquaintance, yet what have I not done for his friend Steele? Harrison, whom Mr. Addison recommended to me, I have introduced to the secretary of state, who has promised me to take care of him; and I have represented Addison himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him

before.—Well, he is now in my debt, and there's an end; and I never had the least obligation to him, and there's another end. March 6. I have not seen Mr. Addison these three weeks; all our friendship is over. March 16. Have you seen the Spectators yet, a paper that comes out every day? It is written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his Tatlers, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club. I never see them, and I plainly told Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, ten days ago, before my lord keeper and my lord Rivers, I had been foolish enough to spend my credit with them in favour of Addison and Steele, but that I would engage and promise never to say a word in their behalf, having been so ill-used for what I had already done. April 28. The Spectator is written by Steele with Addison's help; 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his Tatlers, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too; but I never see him or Addison.* April 29. I

* Swift was here under a mistake. The paper in question was not written by Steele but Addison; and the coincidence was probably accidental.

never go to a coffee house; you hear no more of Addison, Steele, Henley . . . . . lord Somers, lord Halifax &c. I think I have altered for the better. June 26. Mr. Addison and I have at last met again. I dined with him and Steele today at young Jacob Tonson's . . . . . Mr. Addison and I talked as usual, and as if we had seen one another yesterday; and Steele and I were very easy, though I writ him a bitter letter in answer to one of his, where he desired me to recommend a friend of his to lord treasurer. September 14. This evening I met Addison and pastoral Philips in the Park, and supped with them at Addison's lodgings. We were very good company, and I yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is. I sat with them till twelve."

The Tatler was indeed dropped by Steele, as Swift relates, without the knowledge of Addison, not however because "he grew cruel dry," but for more cogent reasons. He had rendered it too much of a vehicle for his opposition-politics; and after being deprived of the post of gazetteer for an attack on Mr. Harley contained in one of the numbers, he had come to a kind of treaty with the minister, in virtue of which he was to keep his place in the stamp office as long as he should remain neutral in politics. When he could no longer be satisfied to do so, he resigned his office in a letter to Harley. Steele therefore always denied that Swift had any merit in

preserving him from dismissal; and when provoked by the furious assaults of the Examiner, still, as he well knew, secretly controlled, though no longer openly edited by Swift, he told him in print that the ministers made a fool of him, if they pretended to have spared him at his intercession. This appears to have been so near the truth, that the reverend lampooner never forgave it. In these quarrels Addison was too wise to take any part; but Steele's compelled forbearance from political topics, contributed not a little both to the merit and success of the Spectator, which appeared in the ensuing March.

Before entering on the fertile topic of this great work, it will be desirable to present to the reader a few letters throwing light on the private concerns and situation of him whose genius has alone imparted to it the odour of immortality.

His early friendship with Wortley Montagu still subsisted in its pristine vigor; and it is fortunately in our power to peruse this part of their correspondence entire. *

MR. ADDISON TO MR. WORTLEY.

Dear sir,

Being very well pleased with this day's Spectator, I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you

* Addisoniana.

have a son I shall be glad to be his Leontine, as my circumstances will probably be like his. I have within this twelvemonth lost a place of 2000*l.* per ann. an estate in the Indies of 14,000*l.*, and what is worse than all the rest, my mistress. Hear this and wonder at my philosophy. I find they are going to take away my Irish place from me too: to which I must add that I have just resigned my fellowship, and that stocks sink every day. If you have any hints or subjects, pray send me up a paper full. I long to talk an evening with you. I believe I shall not go for Ireland this summer, and perhaps would pass a month with you, if I knew where. Lady Bellasis is very much your humble servant. Dick Steele and I often remember you.

I am dear sir
Yours eternally

July 21. 1711.

The beautiful story of Eudoxus and Leontine (Spectator No. 123.) will be in the memory of many —it would once have been said of all readers. It represents the benefit of educating the heir to a large fortune under an accomplished tutor, (Leontine) in the false opinion that being destitute of patrimony, his success in the world must be the effect of his talents and application alone. *

* This appears the fit place for discussing a circumstance of the life of Addison which has been passed over by his earliest

Of the estate in "the Indies," referred to also by Swift, no other notice has been found; and concerning

biographer in as complete silence as his share in the education of lord Warwick, and which has just been made known to the present writer. It appears from documents handed down in the family of Rushout, that sir James, second baronet of this name, who was born in 1676 and died in 1705, was for some time under the tuition of Addison, and probably at Oxford. This connection, it is believed, was the commencement of a friendship between him and John, younger brother of sir James, who on the death of his nephew in 1711 succeeded to the baronetcy, subsequently became distinguished in public life and was created lord Northwick, being the grandfather of the present respected peer. It is further stated to have been through the interest of sir John Rushout, who was lord of the manor of Malmsbury and one of its representatives in the parliaments of 1710 '13 and '14, that Addison occupied that seat for the borough during the same period, which he has hitherto been supposed to have owed entirely to lord Wharton. The two accounts may perhaps be reconciled, by supposing that his lordship, who certainly had a strong interest in Malmsbury, may have contributed his efforts to bring in a member for the parliament of 1709, when the Rushout property was held by a minor, while in the subsequent ones, Addison may have owed his success solely to the support of sir John, his colleague. Addison was a frequent guest, it appears, at Northwick Park during all this period, and an authentic token of his intimacy with its master still subsists in the admirable original portrait of him by Kneller preserved there, together with the portraits of sir John Rushout himself and his nephew the first lord Sandys; painted and signed by the same artist at the same date. The circumstance is a pleasing one, as indicative of the respect and affection inspired by Addison in the character of an instructor; and it is very probable that among his correspondents or companions while on his travels, mostly persons

the mistress he complains of having lost, nothing further has been discovered.

MR. WORTLEY TO MR. ADDISON.

Wortley July 28. 1711.

Notwithstanding your disappointments I had much rather be in your circumstances than my own. The strength of your constitution would make you happier than all who are not equal to you in that; though it contributed nothing towards those other advantages that place you in the first rank of men. Since my fortune fell to me, I had reason to fancy I should be reduced to a very small income. I immediately retrenched my expences, and lived for six months on 50*l.* as pleasantly as ever I did in my life, and could have lived for less than half that sum. I often entertained myself with the speech of Ofellus in the second satire of the second book; and still think no man of understanding can be many days unhappy, if he does not want health. At present, I take all the care I can to improve mine. This air is

of rank and consequence, other Oxford pupils might be discovered.

It is to the very obliging information of lord Northwick himself that I am indebted for the knowledge of these facts, as well as for the power of presenting to the public that engraving of the excellent portrait in his possession which forms the frontispiece to this work.

as proper for that as any I know; and we are so remote from all troublesome neighbours and great towns, that a man can think of nothing long but country entertainments or his books; and, if you would change the course of your thoughts, you will scarce fail of effecting it here. I am in some fear I shall be forced to town for four or five days, and then we may come down together. If I stay I shall let you know it in a week or ten days, and hope to see you very soon.

You was never in possession of any thing you lose but your places, and those you could not call your own. After I had read what you say about them, I could not take pleasure in the Spectator you sent, but thought it a very good one. In two months, or a little more, I think I must go the Newcastle journey. You told me you should like it; if you do not, perhaps we may contrive how you may pass your time here. I am not sure we shall easily have leave to lodge out of this house, but we may eat in the woods every day if you like it, and nobody here will expect any sort of ceremony.

The chief interest of the following letter, besides the anxious desire it evinces to secure the society of a friend justly prized, may be thought to consist in the curious plan of *leisurely* travelling which it traces out.

MR. WORTLEY TO MR. ADDISON.

Dear sir Wortley Aug. 25. 1711.

Hearing you are at the Bath, I am almost afraid you have laid aside the thoughts of this country. If you still intend to be here, I wish I knew the time, that I might delay or hasten my journey to Newcastle; which you please. I shall pass three months more in the north, and would stay your own time, if you come. I have now my choice of two or three pretty but small places, besides this house, which perhaps you may like the least. You are almost as near to this place as to London. I am afraid you will not meet with an opportunity of coming in a coach. But if you have not seen Worcester, Stafford, Nottingham and Chatsworth, you may make your journey pleasant; and if you travel but eighteen or twenty miles a day, you will get here almost insensibly in five or six days, as you are taking the air. After you are a little beyond Gloucester, you will find a gravelly soil, as good in wet as in dry weather, which will not leave you till you are within fifteen miles of home. I can have one here that writes a better hand than your own secretary. But if you like him better, he would be no trouble to any here, though you should desire to live with my lord. But I must add to all this, that when the Bath season is quite over, so late as in October, you will in all like-

lihood have a better season for travelling than the summer. When I have said this in hopes of drawing you hither, I cannot but wish you may be as well where you are as I was once, and have no desire of changing the place.

MR. WORTLEY TO MR. ADDISON.

Dear sir Wortley Oct. 8. 1711.

I intend to set out this week for Durham, and to return hither about three weeks hence; I can scarce hope you will be for a long journey this season; but if you should like a country life so well, I will stay here till January to attend you, and perhaps longer. There is a house within two miles of this place, which I am sure would please you as well as any in these parts. I design to lodge you there for the advantage of shooting when I come back from Durham; but if you should not like it, I can find another. Lest this climate should not suit with you, I dare say nothing in praise of it; unless you think I speak well of it in telling you that I grow fat, and am very easy. It would however agree with me much better if you were in it. My most humble service to Mr. Steele; he knows I should have inserted him often had he been at liberty to come.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. WORTLEY.

Dear sir, Oct. 13. 1711.

I am very much obliged to you for your last kind letter and invitation, which I heartily wish I could accept; but you know I have put my hand to the plow, and have already been absent from my work one entire month at the Bath. I hope you will not think of staying in the country so long as you mention. Sure it will be worth your while to hear the peace treated in the house of commons, and as you have seen *mores hominum multorum et urbes*, I think you cannot have a better opportunity to show yourself. If you will be my lodger, I'll take a house in the Square at Kensington, and furnish you a chamber; not forgetting a cook and other particulars. I send you enclosed a paper of Abel Roper's, which every body looks upon as authentic: we talk of nothing but a peace. I am heartily glad you have your health, and question not but you would find the Kensington air as good as the Wortley. I am ever, with the greatest sincerity, &c.

MR. WORTLEY TO MR. ADDISON.

Dear sir, Newcastle Nov. 11. 1711.

Since I cannot have your company in the country I shall leave it as soon as I can without damage to

my affairs. I would have left this place early enough to meet you at Wortley, had you given me notice of your coming. Now you do not, I intend to continue here a fortnight longer; for I think it will be for my advantage; if I stay a fortnight at Wortley, as 'tis like I may, it will be near the middle of December before I get to Kensington, when I am very glad to hear I may be your lodger, if you will not be mine as I proposed. Should you like any other place out of town better than Kensington, I desire you will choose it, and I shall certainly be pleased with it.

The peace, I should think, will not be debated before Christmas; when it is, I fancy it will be accepted [or] refused by a very great majority, and the public would not suffer by the absence of all our friends put together. If I am mistaken in this, I desire you will let me know it. My opinion is, the nation must be ruined by such a peace as is talked of; notwithstanding I should pay for the war more than any man in the house whose fortune is not above double to mine. That we may bear up the better under misfortunes, I hope you will be nice in the choice of a cook, and other particulars.

In this plan of domestication with a friend in a village several miles removed from the centre of London, we find a fresh proof how greatly Addison has been wronged by the accounts of Pope, or Spence,

which represent him, in the ordinary course of his life, as spending all that remained of the day, — and at this period it was the larger part, — after a studious morning, and often much of the night also, in taverns and coffee houses, attended by a little knot of obsequious and convivial associates. He was still lodged at Kensington in the following year, perhaps led to this choice by its nearness to Holland house; and thus saw much of Swift, who was his neighbour. The Spectator seems to have been the plough to which he had set his hand, and such was its great and immediate success, that there can be no doubt of its having brought him in considerable supplies.

In other respects, his melancholy anticipations concerning his pecuniary affairs were far from being realized in their full extent. His Irish place was preserved to him till he obtained permission to sell it, stocks probably rose again, and whatever became of his Indian estate, — an estate in a West Indian Island probably, — it is certain that before the conclusion of this year, he found himself justified to that prudence which never forsook him, in making the acquisition of the house and lands of Bilton, near Rugby, for the sum of 10,000*l.*; his brother Gulston however assisting him, we know not to what amount, in the purchase. That the political services in which he was privately employed by the court of Hanover, brought no accession at this time to his

pecuniary resources, we have certain proof in an article of his Memorial to George I. which, from the order in which it stands, evidently relates to some period between his secretaryship under lord Wharton and the end of the reign, and runs thus: "That when Baron Groet was Your Majesty's Minister in these Kingdoms, Your Memst. was employed to meet and discourse with him upon such points as might be thought conducive to y^{e} Interest of y^{e} Protestant Succession, y^{e} s^{d} Baron Groet having proposed to my L^{d}. H. this method [as] y^{e} best means to avoid giving any Umbrage to*..... That at this time your Memst. was employed to draw a new Credential Letter from that excellent Princess y^{e} late Electress Dowager of Brunswick, with o^{r}. Instruments of y^{e} same nature for which he thought himself amply satisfied by y^{e} Pleasure he took in doing any thing which might promote Your Majesty's cause."

* The MS. is here imperfect.

CHAPTER X.

1712 & 1713.

REMARKS ON THE SPECTATOR. TRANSACTIONS AND INTERCOURSE WITH WHISTON. CLARKE. BERKLEY. NOTICE OF POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM IN THE SPECTATOR. LETTER OF STEELE TO POPE. OF POPE TO ADDISON. HIS PATRONAGE OF AMBROSE PHILIPS. CATO BROUGHT ON THE STAGE. ACCOUNT OF ITS RECEPTION BY TICKELL. BY CIBBER. ERROR OF YOUNG. POPE'S OPINION ON IT. HUGHES APPLIED TO BY ADDISON TO WRITE A FIFTH ACT. ANXIETY OF THE AUTHOR. POPE'S ACCOUNT OF ITS RECEPTION. LITERARY REMARKS. PUBLICATION OF THE TRAGEDY. COMPLIMENTARY POEMS PREFIXED. CRITICISM OF DENNIS, WHO IS CHASTISED BY POPE. LETTERS ON THIS SUBJECT. FURTHER HONOURS PAID TO CATO. LETTER OF DR. SMALRIDGE.

THE Spectator exhibits in its full expansion that genius which half disclosed itself in the Tatler. Several circumstances in the plan itself and structure of the work invited its great contributor to redoubled exertions: First, in consequence probably of some direct stipulation, a much larger proportion of the contents was to be supplied by himself, and the general tone of the work would thus be raised as well by the matter excluded as by what would find admission. Secondly, there was to be no mixture of the ephemeral matter of a common newspaper; and what was highly meritorious at a period when every

thing else was deeply infected with the spirit of party, a resolution had been taken of avoiding all allusions to the politics of the day, which was adhered to with few exceptions to the end, although the general spirit is that of liberty. But what was of the greatest avail, the mind of Addison proved like the richest kind of mines; the more it was wrought, the deeper the shafts were sunk, and the more various and more precious, as well as the more abundant, the products became. If in the Tatler he had given excellent specimens of his power of humorous delineation, as in the proceedings of the Court of Honour, and the political Upholsterer, in the Spectator, besides adding largely to the number of his draughts, and varying them with admirable fertility of invention, he produced in sir Roger de Coverley a finished comic character which had no model in our language, and which, in the delicacy of its touches, Fielding never equalled. That the first hint of this personage should have been thrown out by Steele, in his account of the members of the Spectator's club, is a singular circumstance, but on the whole it detracts little from the merit of Addison in his portion. It became under his hands not only so superior, but so different a conception, that even its original author,—to say nothing of several occasional contributors who had the presumption to intrude upon it with their clumsy inventions,—never

touched but to disfigure and distort it. No reader now regards as a part of the *true* history of sir Roger any but the incidents described by that immortal pen.

The Spectator is also enriched with several creations of his imagination of a higher and more poetical nature. Those beautiful allegories which so powerfully excite the fancy and exercise the ingenuity of the youthful, and from their elegance, more especially of the female reader, — while they impress upon the heart, as by stealth, moral truths the most touching and sublime, first appear in the Spectator. The two Tuns of Jupiter, the Mountain of Miseries, and the Vision of Mirza, are examples of this kind. Other delightful fancy pieces of a comic, and somewhat satirical nature, such as the Freezing of Words, the Lover's Leap, and Shallum and Hilpah, adorn both works, but it is the Spectator which first exhibits Addison as a Critic, by his papers on the Drama, on True and False Wit, on Paradise Lost, and on the Pleasures of the Imagination; essays, from which it ought to be regarded as no derogation, that they are popular in their character, and better adapted, as it has been remarked, to form readers than writers. To form readers, was in fact a leading purpose of the periodical paper in which they are found; and with respect to writers, those of any merit have always formed themselves.

In his Saturdays' papers, he is found as the per-

suasive advocate of the grand truths of religion, and of a cheerful and liberal devotion; and these views are recommended to the reader by all the elegance of his imagination, the suavity of his disposition, and the richness of his style. They are also adorned by several hymns and sacred odes, which are among our best and most popular productions, in a kind which is shown to be a far more difficult one than might have been supposed, by the frequent failures of writers of undoubted merit in other kinds of poetical composition.

It is very observable, that amid all the sports, we might almost say, vagaries, of his happy fancy, Addison scarcely ever entirely loses sight of what he had doubtless come to regard as the great vocation which in these papers he was called upon to exercise, —that of Reformer of the Morals and Manners of Domestic life. Yet so admirably skilled was he to sheathe his ridicule of follies in good-temper and good-breeding, and to turn even serious reproof "to favour and to prettiness," that he perhaps alone among reformers, had the satisfaction to see his suggestions widely adopted, and productive of general benefit, and himself the while neither persecuted nor maligned, but on the contrary, thanked, admired and honored. How far these happy results might be due to his prudent precaution in making the more docile half of the species the principal objects of his censorial

admonitions, is left to the consideration of the sagacious reader.

We can scarcely conceive of more entire and perfect adaptation to an end than that of the powers and qualifications of Addison to the novel kind of writing in which he had engaged. It seemed made for him, or he for it; and his success will probably ever remain the despair of all imitators. His praises have been long resounded, and by many voices. The charms of that wit and humour, and that creative fancy, in which his *genius*, properly speaking, may be said to consist, have been universally felt and applauded; and justice has often been done to his extensive and accurate knowledge of human nature, and the nice discrimination with which he portrays the diversities of natural characters, and the influence of artificial tastes and manners. His fine taste and excellent judgment in wit and poetry have likewise been frequently celebrated; but amid these more obvious and shining excellences, sufficient attention has scarcely been given to the number and variety of topics treated of in his papers, and the range of thought, no less than the beauty of illustration which they display. Let them be compared in this respect with the lucubrations of any of his successors, and his superiority will become strikingly manifest. But it is the simplicity and singleness of heart with which he utters his conceptions which most of all

marks them for the offspring of a spirit of the highest order. Entirely exempt from the egotism and self-conceit of inferior writers, he is never a *mannerist;* if he were, he would have been found more imitable. There is indeed a pervading moral tone in his writings, which is that of purity, mildness, candor and benevolence. In his religious papers he loves to dwell on the beauty and felicity of a life of virtue, and on the infinite benignity of the Creator, and it is very observable how studiously, in some of the imaginative pieces where he has luxuriated in the images of a future state of happiness, he has evaded all details concerning a place of punishment.

Political subjects, we have observed, it was in his bond to avoid; but he has many reprehensions of the injustice, untruthfulness and malignity of party-spirit, and it is with peculiar zeal that he exposes its deformity when viewed as the inhabitant of a female bosom. In fact, he professes it to be one great purpose of his papers to afford to the public less irritating subjects of thought and conversation.

The merit of Addison as a poetical critic is that of the restorer, or first promulgator among ourselves, of a pure and correct taste; that taste of which good sense is the law, and Horace the expounder. We have seen him laboring, both by precept and example, to banish from our serious poetry the impertinences of Greek mythology, and compel our

poets to draw from native sources. In this he was in great measure successful, partly no doubt by the aid of Pope, who, after his early pastorals, silently laid aside these fopperies, and established his character as eminently the poet of correctness and judgment. Another object against which he aimed many and effective strokes, was that fondness for *conceits*, or studied turns of thought, prevalent in some entire schools of poetry, and with which many of our own writers are deeply infected. In his masterly remarks on Ovid, he reprehends the great leader of this corruption; in his papers on True and False Wit he may be said to have given it a death-blow. Unfortunately, his zeal for pure taste, and his abhorrence of every thing to which the epithet *Gothic* could by any licence of language be applied, has sometimes rendered him cold or unjust to productions of real genius, whether in art or letters. Thus we have seen him chiding his own involuntary admiration of the magnificent Gothic cathedrals of Lombardy, on account of their wanting the majestic simplicity of the antique; and in a similar spirit we find him concurring in the sentence passed by the frigid Boileau on the "tinsel" of Tasso, contrasted with the "pure gold" of Virgil. It was indeed to be expected, that he who censured, though reluctantly, Milton's allegory of Sin and Death for going out of that probability required in epic narrative, would want

toleration for the adventure of the enchanted wood in the Gerusalemme Liberata; — although it might be difficult to discover on what equitable principle Virgil's transformation of ships into nymphs, or of Polydore into a tree, could be exempted from the like note of reprobation. Perhaps however it was principally to the occasional conceits of the Italian poet that the satire of Boileau was intended to apply. It may further be observed, that there are no traces in any part of the works of Addison of his having ever turned his attention to the literature of modern Italy. In his Travels not one of the great Italian writers is even named, and it is not improbable that he knew Tasso only through the medium of Fairfax's translation.

In French literature he was evidently well versed, and in several passages he has given liberal commendation to their critics, dramatists, and general writers. At the same time he was not averse to manifesting his distaste for their national character and manners; and he has enlivened his lucubrations as well as his familiar letters, with various amusing traits of French vanity and impertinence, copied from the life, as it offered itself to his observation during his residence in that country.

With regard to his estimates of our own distinguished authors, it may be with truth observed that by his frequent citations of Locke, and the manner

in which he showed the application of his principles, he contributed almost as much to extend the popularity of his philosophy, as of the poetry of Milton, — both of them inestimable services to the highest interests of his fellow-countrymen! In one of his papers he had the courage to refer to Hobbes, and quotes his account of laughter from the tract Of Human Nature, with the remark that it is the best of his works. He delights in making an occasion to evince his high esteem for Tillotson, discovers a sense of Shakspeare by no means universal in his time, by styling him "inimitable," and praises Dryden wherever he can safely do it, — as in observing upon his Absalom and Achitophel, — but freely blames both the manners and the morals of that school of dramatists in which he was conspicuous. In the rude but nervous simplicity of our old English poets his sensibility enabled him to find a powerful charm; witness his eulogy on Chevy Chace, and his cordial mention of the ballad of the Babes in the Wood.* In fact he could relish all manners but the affected.

* This part of his literary character is further illustrated by the following extract: —

"This poem, [the *Hours* by the earl of Stirling] says Mr. Coxeter, in his MS. notes, was reprinted in 1720, by A. Johnston, who in his preface says, that he had the honour of transmitting the author's works to the great Mr. Addison, for the perusal of them, and he was pleased to signify his approbation

The tone of unmitigated contempt and abhorrence in which Addison constantly refers to the Freethinkers of his time has been regretted or censured by many of his warmest admirers. Since even that "Representation of the state of Religion" which Atterbury drew up in 1711 for the two houses of Convocation, but which they rejected for its hostility to all idea of toleration, and its violent spirit and exaggerated statements, contains no complaint of the circulation of any one *atheistical* work, we must hope it to have been in ignorance that the authors of the Tatler and Spectator seem to involve in a general charge of atheism, writers all of whom were theists, and many very sincere christians, though not according to the received system. Yet a dread of the mischief of discussions tending to unsettle belief, may have tempted them, like many others, to some wilful misstatements or unfair inferences. The broad principle was as yet scarcely recognised, that all persons having equally the natural power, and by consequence, having equally the natural right, to think and to

in these candid terms, That he had read them with the greatest satisfaction, and was pleased to give it as his judgment, that the beauties of our ancient English poets are too slightly passed over by the modern writers, who, out of a peculiar singularity, had rather take pains to find fault, than endeavour to excel."

From "The Lives of the Poets, by Mr. Cibber." [*alias* Robert Sheils] London, 1753. 12°. Vol. i. p. 319.

express their thoughts, no other weapon can justly be employed against the propagators of whatever opinions, than fair argument; which, wielded in the cause of truth, must surely be in the end victorious. Addison however has not gone so far in his papers as some of his coadjutors, and it is a little remarkable, that in his personal capacity no one could evince less repugnance, or less scruple, at entering into very friendly and very confidential relations with known unbelievers or stigmatised heretics, than he: Witness his long connection with lord Halifax, who has recorded his scepticism on his tombstone,—his acceptance of the patronage of the scoffer Wharton,—his intimacy with Garth, who, when on his death-bed, actually sent to him, it is said, to ask whether Christianity was true,—his patronage of Whiston, and his open demonstrations of respect both for Thomas Burnet and for the Arian Clarke! In fact, such was at this time the state of opinion, that no man engaged in public life, and mixing freely with the wits, philosophers and politicians of the first London society, could avoid continual intercourse with avowed deserters from the religion of their country.

The subject of Addison's qualifications and characteristics as a prose writer must not be closed without some distinct notice of what has been so frequently the topic both of vague eulogium and critical analysis, his luminous and beautiful style. When he began

his career, few examples were to be found in the English tongue of that middle tone of composition suited to essays for general reading. Cowley, Dryden, and sir William Temple, are all the names that readily occur. Dryden declared to Congreve that he owed his own prose style,—much the best of these,—to the frequent perusal of the sermons of Tillotson, and although we have not exactly this avowal from Addison, it was probably in great measure his case likewise. There is a tradition that he regarded these excellent discourses as the highest authority for *language;* and Dr. Johnson informs us that there had been sent to him a set of examples of the use of words drawn from Tillotson by Addison, who had once projected an English dictionary. This prelate was perhaps the first of our great preachers whose diction was sufficiently free from latinisms and scholastic terms to serve as a general model, and so pure was his taste, that even now the learner in the art of composition could scarcely draw from a better or more authentic source than his "well of English undefiled."

Addison's style is characterised by Dr. Johnson in an elaborate passage, too well known for quotation, in which he gives large praise, though pretty evidently without corresponding sentiments of admiration. In one point however he has, inadvertently no doubt, defrauded his author of his just meed of public gratitude, by omitting to commemorate Addison as

an eminent *reformer* of the English tongue at a period of its lowest declension, when common speech and all familiar writing were overrun with cant phrases, ridiculous contractions, and other gross barbarisms disgraceful to a lettered people. The critic has also failed to point out, what indeed it may be questioned if he felt or appreciated, the *poetical*, in contradistinction to the *rhetorical* character, which lends enchantment to the eloquence of this delicious writer.

Since the time of Dr. Johnson, Addison's style has once been characterised partly in contrast to his own, with such clearness and elegance of discrimination, and such power and felicity of language, as to leave nothing to his biographer but to transcribe the passage.

"The style of Addison is pure and clear, rather diffuse than concentrated, and ornamented to the highest degree consistent with good taste. But this ornament consists in the splendor of imagery, not in the ordonnance of words; his readers will seek in vain for those sonorous cadences with which the public ear has been familiarised since the writings of Dr. Johnson. They will find no stately magnificence of phrase, no trials of sentences artfully balanced, so as to form a sweep of harmony at the close of a period.

"His words are genuine English, he deals little in inversions, and often allows himself to conclude neg-

ligently with a trivial word. The fastidious ear may occasionally be offended with some colloquial phrases, and some expressions which would not now, perhaps, be deemed perfectly accurate, the remains of barbarisms which he more than any one had laboured to banish from good writing; but the best judges have doubted, whether our language has not lost more than it has gained since his time. An idiomatic style gives a truth and spirit to a composition, that is but ill compensated by an elaborate pomp, which sets written composition at too great a distance from speech, for which it is only the substitute." *

In the forty years which have elapsed since these sentences were written, it is gratifying to think how much ground the school of Addison has regained upon that of Dr. Johnson.

While the fame of Addison was advancing to maturity by a secret growth, — for his share in the Spectator was not yet avowed, though pretty widely known or suspected, — it is highly gratifying to trace him in his various intercourses with the men of letters and science his contemporaries, which appear to have been uniformly of a liberal and friendly character.

William Whiston, a name become almost pro-

* Selections from the Spectator, Tatler, Guardian and Freeholder: with a preliminary Essay by Anna Lætitia Barbauld. 3 vols. 8vo. London 1804.

verbial for a downright honesty and sincerity deaf to all the cautions of worldly prudence, — for a childlike simplicity in the ways of men, combined with clear intuition into the depths of abstruse science, — had about this time suffered expulsion from the university of Cambridge, and deprivation not only of his catechetical lectureship, but of the mathematical professorship in which Newton had appointed him his successor, on a charge of heresy. Being thus stripped of all his sources of emolument, he had repaired to London at once to publish what he regarded as the grievances of his case, and to seek some means of subsistence for his family. It is not probable that he should have been previously known to Addison otherwise than by character, but he, honoring in him, neither, it is probable the Arian nor the enthusiastic champion of the genuineness of the Apostolical Constitutions, but the man who was ready to sacrifice all for conscience' sake, scrupled not in this emergency to stand forth openly as his patron.

Whiston in his Life of himself, makes grateful mention of his kindness in the following terms. "Mr. Addison, my particular friend, who with his friend sir Richard Steele brought me, upon my banishment from Cambridge, to have many astronomical lectures at Button's coffee-house, near Covent Garden, to the agreeable entertainment of a good number of curious persons, and the procuring me and my family

some comfortable support under my banishment." The intercourse thus begun did not cease with the occasion; the attachment of worthy Whiston followed his benefactor, as we shall observe, even to his death-bed.

Dr. Clarke, who had already distinguished himself by the publication of those admirably reasoned sermons on the being and attributes of a God which Pope unworthily made the subject of an ignorant and flippant sarcasm, published in 1712 an edition of Cæsar's Commentaries which did him honour as a philologist. Addison, with a generous alacrity, seized the opportunity of thus commemorating the work and its editor in his 367th Spectator. "The new edition which is given us of Cæsar's Commentaries, has already been taken notice of in foreign Gazettes, and is a work that does honour to the English press. It is no wonder that an edition should be very correct, which has passed through the hands of one of the most accurate, learned and judicious writers this age has produced." It was probably about the same time that we find him stimulating to controversy on a new and curious metaphysical subject, two eminent disputants, of whom Clarke was one. Berkley, afterwards bishop of Cloyne, on the publication of his "Principles of Human Knowledge," had sent copies of the work both to Whiston and Clarke, perhaps by way of challenge. Whiston frankly de-

clared that he understood nothing of the matter, but wished that Clarke would answer it. This task however had not been undertaken by this able writer when, some years after, Addison procured a personal conference between him and Berkley. It ended unsatisfactorily, as disputations of this nature are wont to do; Berkley complaining that his antagonist, though unable to reply to his arguments, refused to own himself convinced: — a dilemma in fact to which the Berkeleian system of immaterialism has often reduced the most able and unprejudiced inquirers. In the mental constitution of Addison every thing turned to nourishment for the fancy, and it is probably to the hypothesis of Berkley that we owe the beautiful tale of Maraton and Yaratilda, which transports us into the world of spirits and empty shades.

Pope's Essay on Criticism, published in 1711, was made the topic of a Spectator, (No. 253) worthy of our particular notice as the immediate occasion of an acquaintance which Addison had too much reason, in the sequel, to number with the chief infelicities of his life. This paper opens with the observation, that nothing more denotes a great mind than the abhorrence of envy and detraction, and that this passion reigns more among bad poets than among any other set of men. After a beautiful passage commemorating the good understanding in which "the greatest wits ever produced in one age," — those of the reign

of Augustus,—lived together, and the generosity with which they celebrated one another, an unfavorable comparison is thus drawn. "In our country a man seldom sets up for a poet without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the scribblers of the age, the decay of poetry, are the topics of detraction with which he makes his entrance into the world. . . . . I am sorry to find that an author who is very justly esteemed among the best judges, has admitted some strokes of this nature into a very fine poem, I mean the Art of Criticism, which was published some months since, and is a master-piece in its kind." After this exordium several remarks succeed, all of a laudatory kind, and some of the more remarkable lines where the sound is designed to make an echo to the sense, are quoted. On the whole, the notice deserves to be regarded as a partial one; for doubtless the sagacity of Addison cannot have failed to perceive in this very juvenile performance, a multitude of errors, and even absurdities, which his candor, and the indications afforded by this very piece of a genius from the ripeness of which immortal fruits might be anticipated, withheld him from even hinting to the world. The youthful poet immediately paid his acknowledgements for this act of generosity to Steele, with whom he was already acquainted, having submitted his Messiah to his

criticism, after which the piece had been published in the Spectator. Steele returned him an answer in the following terms:

Dear sir,

I have received your very kind letter. That part of it which is grounded upon your belief that I have much affection and friendship for you, I receive with great pleasure. That which acknowledges the honour done to your "Essay," I have no pretence to; it was written by one whom I will make you acquainted with, which is the best return I can make to you for your favour to, sir

&c.*

This intimation gave occasion to a very respectful letter from Pope to Addison, in which it will be seen that he kisses the rod of the critic, and even promises, on a second edition, to expunge such strokes of satire against contemporaries as he may be pleased to point out. We still find however in the edition of the Essay which received the author's last corrections, some contemptuous expressions pointed at Dennis, which were the commencement of the long and savage hostilities waged between Pope and this

* Steele's Correspondence I. 234.

critic, and of Pope's share in which Addison on a later occasion marked his strong disapprobation.

TO MR. ADDISON.

Sir

I have past part of this Xmas with some honest Country Gentlemen, who have Wit enough to be good-natured but no manner of Relish for Criticism or polite writing, as you may easily conclude when I tell you they never read the Spectator. This was the Reason I did not see that of y^e^ 28^th^ till yesterday at my Return home, wherein tho' it be y^e^ highest satisfaction to find myself commended by a Person whom all y^e^ world commends, yet I am not more obliged to you for that, than for your Candour and Frankness in acquainting me with y^e^ Errour I have been guilty of in speaking too freely of my Brother-Moderns. Tis indeed y^e^ common method of all counterfeits in Wit, as well as in Physic, to begin with warning us of others' Cheats, in order to make y^e^ more Way for their own. But if ever this Essay be thought worth a second edition, I shall be very glad to strike out all such strokes which you shall be so kind as to point out to me: I shall really be proud of being corrected; for I believe 'tis with y^e^ Errors of y^e^ Mind, as with y^e^ Weeds of a Field, w^h^ if they are consumed upon y^e^ Place, enrich and improve it

more, than if none had ever grown there. Some of y^e^ Faults of that book, I myself have found, and more (I am confident) others have, enough at least to have made me very humble, had not you given this public approbation of it, which I can look upon only as y^e^ effect of that Benevolence you have ever been so ready to show to any, who but make it their endeavour to do well. But as a little Rain revives a flower, which too much overcharges and depresses, so moderate praise encourages a young writer, but a great deal may injure him; and you have been so lavish in this Point, that I almost hope (not to call in Question your Judgement in y^e^ Piece,) that 'twas some particular partial Inclination to y^e^ Author which carried you so far. This would please me more than I can express, for I should in good earnest be fonder of your Friendship than the World's applause. I might hope too to deserve it better, since a man may more easily answer for his own sincerity, than his own Wit. And if y^e^ highest Esteem built on y^e^ justest ground in y^e^ World, together with Gratitude for an obligation so unexpectedly conferred, can oblige a Man to be ever your's, I beg you to believe no one is more so than

Sir, your most Faithful and ob^t^.
humble servant
A. Pope.*

* Tickell papers. The letter has never before appeared in print.

When "pastoral Philips" produced in 1712 his tragedy of the Distressed Mother, founded on the Andromache of Racine, but adapted with much skill and good taste to the English stage, it was supplied with a humorous epilogue ascribed to Budgell, in the concluding paper of the 7th volume of the Spectator, but of which the following story was traditional in the family of Tonson. That it was in fact Addison's, and was actually printed with his name; but that he came early in the morning, before the copies were taken off, and ordered it to be given to Budgell, that it might add weight to the solicitations he was then making to procure him a place. The truth of the anecdote seems to be vouched by the behaviour of Budgell himself, who openly bestowed on the piece even extravagant praises, and loudly called for its repetition at the theatre. Such a method of assisting two friends at once does credit, it must be owned, to the ingenuity, if not the ingenuousness of its contriver. But, not content with this secret service to Philips, though inforced by the zealous and indeed somewhat fulsome panegyric of the good-natured Steele in the 290th Spectator, Addison further availed himself of the happy thought of carrying his own sir Roger to the representation of the Distressed Mother; and out of the innocent remarks of the rustic baronet, to which says he, "I was very attentive, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural

criticism," he has constructed a very elegant and complimentary account of the tragedy. From this Spectator, it may be remarked by the way, that Fielding has taken more than the hint of his relation of the behaviour of Partridge at the play, and it must be owned that ignorance so gross appears somewhat more consistent in the person of a country barber than of a gentleman of family and fortune; — but to cast ridicule on the country party, then strongly tory, if not jacobite, was doubtless a secret purpose of the author even in his favorite character of sir Roger.

It was doubtless to a constant readiness to perform the offices of social kindness, not unaided by the refined politeness and the talent for elegant compliment of which his letters afford so many examples, that Addison owed his rare exemption from the usual penalty of distinguished and successful merit. Detraction, during his lifetime, rarely approached him, and not only was he crowned by the general suffrage, but rival wits made it their glory to be known for his friends and eulogists. The most signal display of the public sentiment in his favor was made on occasion of the performance of his tragedy of Cato in April 1713.

Concerning the production and reception of this celebrated piece many particulars have been transmitted to us, some on better some on worse authority; the account of Tickell, which claims our full reliance,

is as follows: "The tragedy of Cato appeared in public in the year 1713, when the greatest part of the last act was added by the author to the foregoing, which he had kept by him for many years. He took up a design of writing a play upon this subject when he was very young at the university, and even attempted something in it there, though not a line as it now stands. The work was performed by him in his travels, and retouched in England, without any formed resolution of bringing it upon the stage, till his friends of the first quality and distinction prevailed with him to put the last finishing to it, at a time when they thought the doctrine of liberty very seasonable. It is in every body's memory, with what applause it was received by the public; that the first run of it lasted for a month; and then stopped only because one of the performers became incapable of acting a principal part. The author received a message, that the Queen would be pleased to have it dedicated to her: but as he had designed that compliment elsewhere, he found himself obliged by his duty on the one side and his honour on the other, to send it into the world without a dedication. The fame of this tragedy soon spread through Europe, and it has not only been translated, but acted in most of the languages of Christendom."

The duchess of Marlborough is understood to have

been the person for whom the dedication was designed, and the author doubtless took the ground of party, as well as gentlemanly honour, in declining to mortify the heroine of the whigs in her state of disfavor by compliance with the suggested wish of royalty.

Colley Cibber in his Apology says, that so long before as 1703, he had the pleasure of reading the four first acts, all that were then written, privately with Steele, who told him that "whatever spirit Mr. Addison had shown in his writing it, he doubted that he would never have courage enough to let his Cato stand the censure of an English audience; that it had only been the amusement of his leisure hours in Italy, and was never intended for the stage." He agrees with Tickell in ascribing the completion of the play to the entreaties of Addison's friends, at the latter end of queen Anne's reign, when the administration had passed into other hands, and they "thought it a proper time to animate the public with the sentiments of Cato." The piece was represented at Drury Lane, of which theatre Cibber was at this time a joint patentee and manager, and, as he attests, to constantly crowded houses. The celebrated Booth, then a young actor, "made his fortune," by playing the part of Cato. It was afterwards performed by the same company at various provincial capitals, and at Oxford; and here, says the manager,

"on our first day of acting it, our house was in a manner invested, and entrance demanded by twelve o'clock at noon; and before one, it was not wide enough for many, who came too late for their places. The same crowds continued for three days together, an uncommon curiosity in that place; and the death of Cato triumphed over the injuries of Cæsar every where." Cibber's account supplies one further circumstance highly honorable to the liberality of Addison. "As the author had made us a present of whatever profits he might have claimed from it, we thought ourselves obliged to spare no cost in the proper decorations of it."

Dr. Young, apparently no careful relater of matters of fact, speaks of this tragedy as having been sent to Dryden to recommend it to the theatre, and returned by him "with many commendations, but with his opinion that on the stage it would not meet with its deserved success." That Dryden had seen some early dramatic attempt of Addison's he has indeed himself informed us, but clearly not that Cato which the world admires. Pope, to whom its author imparted it, expressed the same judgement of its unfitness for the stage erroneously ascribed to Dryden; to which Addison replied, that it was his own opinion, but that his consent to the performance had now been extorted by friends who thought differently. That the genuine sentiment

of the author was what is here expressed, we may fairly conclude from his extraordinary reluctance to set himself to the task of supplying the indispensable fifth act which was still deficient. Mr. Maynwaring has left it upon record, that he actually desired Mr. Hughes to add a fifth act. This gentleman, afterwards the author of the Siege of Damascus, but at this time young and little known, with a somewhat presumptuous readiness, took him at his word; and in a few days brought him a portion of his intended continuation, but found that he had himself been at work, and had achieved about half the act. "I was told this," says Mr. Maynwaring, "by Mr. Hughes, and I tell it to show that it was not for the love scenes that Mr. Addison consented to have his tragedy acted, but to support the old Roman and English public spirit among his countrymen." Taken in connection with these circumstances we may well put faith in Dr. Johnson's anecdote, that while it continued to be performed night after night without intermission, "the author, as Mrs. Porter related, wandered through the whole exhibition behind the scenes with restless and unappeasable solicitude." He was now too rich in the fruits of literary enterprise to hazard himself willingly on a forlorn hope; and such the remarks of his literary friends must have led him to regard the act of giving his tragedy to the stage. But

every circumstance was in his favour. The whig leaders who had urged him to make this noble protest in behalf of the spirit of freedom at a time of just alarm from the machinations of a jacobite party in the very cabinet; — or, in the language of Dr. Johnson, "those who *affected* to think liberty in danger, and had *affected* likewise to think that a stage play might preserve it," were loud in their applause of every glowing sentiment. The tories, not choosing to take to themselves the implied satire, seconded these applauses with equal vehemence, if not equal sincerity. For the first night, Steele says that he had undertaken to pack an audience, — apparently a very needless precaution, — and that nothing might be wanting, Pope gave a prologue, of which it is little to say that it puts to shame all earlier performances in this kind, since it rises to the moral sublime; and Garth wrote a humourous epilogue.

A passage in one of the published letters of Pope to sir William Trumbull brings the scene before us, while it intimates on the part of the writer some distaste at being mixed up in a whig triumph, and no great pleasure in the success of the author, to whom he professed friendship.

. . . . "As to poetical affairs, I am content at present to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very usual. Cato was not so much the wonder

of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party-play, yet what the author once said of another may the most properly in the world be applied to him on this occasion,

> 'Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
> 'And factions strive who shall applaud him most.'

The numerous and violent claps of the whig party on the one side of the theatre, were echoed back by the tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case too of the prologue writer, who was clapped into a stanch whig at almost every two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my lord Bolinbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas; in acknowledgment (as he expressed it) for defending the cause of liberty so well against a Perpetual Dictator.* The whigs are unwilling to be distanced this way, and therefore design a present to the same Cato very speedily; in the meantime they are getting ready as good a sentence as the former on their side: so betwixt them it is probable

* The long sway of the Duke of Marlborough was here glanced at.

that Cato (as Dr. Garth express'd it) may have something to live upon after he dies."

When this triumphant performance had been continued, as it should seem, during a greater number of nights than any play had before been suffered to run, the publication was of course the next step. This ordeal, which has proved too severe for many of the best acting plays, had in it nothing formidable for Cato. If the wise man of the Stoics, with his solemn dignity and impassive virtue, had been invested by the poet in his last tragic scene with enough of human interest to engage the sympathies of an audience, there could be little doubt of his conciliating the admiration and esteem of the reader. In effect, the experience of more than a century has now shown, that although this noble work may occasionally be restored to the stage with success during some particular states of political feeling, and when aided by the powers of an actor distinguished by the talent of impressive declamation, and endowed with sufficient dignity of figure and carriage fitly to impersonate the noble Roman, it is scarcely to be reckoned in the ordinary list of stock plays; but so long as English literature exists, it can scarcely lose its rank among closet pieces. Thus Dr. Johnson, after remarking with much more than enough of severity, on the failure of all the subordinate characters strongly to attract affection or esteem, adds,

that " they are made the vehicles of such sentiments and such expression, that there is scarcely a scene in the play which the reader does not wish to impress upon his memory." The eminent applicability of the last remark is evinced by the extraordinary number of *quoted lines* with which Cato, even more than the other poems of Addison, has enriched our language; of this number are the following:

" The woman who deliberates is lost."
——— " Plant daggers in my heart."
" 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more Sempronius, we'll deserve it."
" The pale unripen'd beauties of the north."
" 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire."
" Painful pre-eminence."
" Curse on his virtues, they've undone his country!"

These and others of the fine thoughts and pointed expressions with which the piece abounds, still circulate among us like current coin, though often now passed, it may be feared, with little thought or knowledge of the mint which issued them.

When Dr. Johnson remarks, that the success of Cato " has introduced or confirmed among us the use of dialogue too declamatory, of unaffecting elegance and chill philosophy," he overlooks, or possibly was unskilled to explore, a more probable origin of the faults which he indicates, and which he has himself exemplified. These are found in Philips, Rowe, Hughes,

and other contemporaries, to at least as great a degree as in Addison, in whom they are palliated, if not entirely justified, by the nature of his subject; and they may surely be traced to imitation of the masters of French tragedy, whose genius, like the ambition of their monarch, had gone near to giving law to all Europe. With respect to Philips's Distressed Mother, this origin is unquestionable, and little less so with respect to Cato; since Addison always expressed himself concerning Corneille and Racine with marked esteem, and seems to have laid the plan and begun the execution of his tragedy during his long sojourn at Blois, while he was making the study of the French language his principal occupation. In the conduct of his plot he has made considerable sacrifices to a rigid observance of the unities of time and place, as laid down by Aristotle, and it can scarcely be doubted that this restraint, unknown to our earlier dramatists, was imposed upon him as an indispensable law by the precepts and practice of the French school of dramatic art.

That the tragedy of Cato does not appeal strongly to the passions, may be frankly conceded; but whatever be said of its "unaffecting elegance and chill philosophy," it is at least free from the error which Boileau so forcibly remarked to Addison himself in the manner of Corneille. The speakers run neither into description nor declamation uncon-

nected with the business of the scene, or unsuited to the persons or the occasion. Severe correctness and good taste preside alike over the sentiments and the diction.

The versification, though deficient in the richness and variety of pause which charms in our elder dramatists, and, like all blank verse of this period, constructed with too much resemblance to the rhymed couplet, is yet easy and graceful; and certainly far preferable to that of Rowe, then the most popular tragic writer.

In contemplation of Cato's appearance from the press, the literary friends of Addison flocked round him, each bearing his tribute of laudatory verse; an attention which occasioned him some embarrassment, if we may judge from the following letter.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. HUGHES.

Dear sir April 24. 1713.

This is to acquaint you that I am obliged to practise a great piece of self-denial; In short, I must deprive my play of the noble ornament you designed for it. My friends, who all of them concur with me in admiring your beautiful copy of verses, are however of opinion that it will draw upon me an imputation of vanity, and as my play has met with an unexpected reception, I must take particular care not to aggravate the envy and ill-nature that will rise on

course upon me. Besides, to tell you truly, I have received other poems upon the same occasion, and one or two from persons of quality, who will never pardon me if I do not give them a place at the same time that I print any other. I know your good sense and friendship towards me will not let you put a wrong interpretation upon this matter, and I am sure I need not tell you with what sincerity and esteem, I am, Sir

Your most obliged and most faithful servant.*

Hughes, though mortified doubtless at this second frustration of his hopes of engrafting his own name on those of Addison and Cato, expressed with a good grace his concurrence in the suggested reasons against the publication of his lines. What occurred afterwards to change the determination we do not learn, but the tragedy appeared at last without any *verses by a person of quality* prefixed, but accompanied by testimonials of merit from Steele, Hughes, Young, Eusden, Tickell, Digby Cotes, and Ambrose Philips. There were also some "Lines left with the printer by an unknown hand," of which Dr. Johnson says that they are the best, but "will perhaps lose somewhat of their praise when the author is known to be Jeffreys." Who was this author? is a question which has fre-

* Hughes's Letters I. 67.

quently been asked, and many readers, little exact in matters of chronology and acquainted with but one Jeffreys, "damned to everlasting fame," have conceived that the unrighteous judge must be the person referred to. He however had been more than twenty years in his grave, and the person intended was George Jeffreys, son of a Northamptonshire gentleman and nephew of James earl of Chandos, who was in 1701 a fellow of Christchurch Cambridge, and secretary to Dr. Hartstonge bishop of Derry, but afterwards resided chiefly under the roof of two successive dukes of Chandos, engaged in no profession, but devoting to literature a long life of leisure. He wrote two tragedies, and gave translations from Horace, and of Vida on chess; published by subscription in 1753 two quarto volumes of Miscellanies in verse and prose, and died two years afterwards, aged 77. Some of his literary correspondence is printed in Hughes's Letters. (2nd. edit. 1773.) His writings appear to have been feeble efforts, they had little success in his own time, and are now forgotten; but it is difficult to conceive by what offence a person apparently as innocuous as inconspicuous could have drawn upon himself so labored an expression of Dr. Johnson's contempt.

The verses in question are happy in thought, and elegant in expression, and it was an act of cruelty in the critic to pluck at the single bay leaf with which

the niggard Muse had deigned to crown the homage of so persevering and devoted a suitor.

We have not the means of knowing whether Addison felt it as any very serious interruption to the enjoyment of his well-earned fame, that Dennis, emphatically surnamed *the Critic*, now thought proper to make his Cato the object of a furious attack.

It is creditable neither to the taste nor the temper of Dr. Johnson, that he should have preserved this coarse and virulent diatribe from merited oblivion by his large extracts. A very brief notice of it shall here suffice. "Detraction," said Burke, "is allied to none of the virtues," and as little affinity can it claim with any of the higher powers of intellect. To demonstrate, of any poetical creation whatever, that it wants in some respects the consistency and probability of truth and nature, is a task as easy, as that of fixing upon defects alone, and of aggravating and holding them up to scorn by the employment of vulgar and debasing expressions, is odious and despicable. Neither of them will be the office of any one on whom nature has bestowed that precious gift of sensibility which is the prime, the indispensable requisite for judging of all that appeals to the sense of the beautiful or sublime.

Let every reader jealous of the delicacy of his taste, or anxious not to dry up in himself the sources of the purest and most exalted pleasures, shun as his

bane these wretched disenchanters, who blast with their pestiferous breath the very roses of paradise.

Both the policy of the author and the dignity of the gentleman required that such an attack should remain without direct notice, and the mild temper of Addison enabled him without effort to obey their dictates; but there was one who refused to be influenced in this respect by his example, or guided by his wish. Dennis had not permitted the unprovoked assault upon him by Pope in his Essay on Criticism to go unpunished. He had taken his revenge first by strictures on the Essay on Criticism, and afterwards by remarks on the Rape of the Lock, still more ferocious, and written with a still denser insensibility to poetical beauties than his remarks on Cato. Pope was now lying in wait for a favorable opportunity of retaliation, and wishing to earn by the same effort the character of a formidable enemy and a zealous friend, he grounded on Dennis's strictures on Cato a burlesque piece entitled, "Dr. Norris's Account concerning the strange and deplorable frenzy of John Dennis." It was obviously however no part of the real purpose of the author to defend the tragedy, all the objections to which were left in their full force, while unmeasured reproach and contumely were cast upon the character, the qualifications, and even the poverty of the critic; mingled with scurrilities truly loathsome. Enchanted, as it should seem, with his

fair performance, Pope caused it to be immediately imparted to Addison, whose sentiments respecting it were thus conveyed through the printer.

MR. STEELE TO MR. LINTOT.

Mr. Lintot August 4. 1712.

Mr. Addison desired me to tell you he wholly disapproves of the manner of treating Mr. Dennis in a little pamphlet by way of Dr. Norris's Account. When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections to his writings, he will do it in a way that Mr. Dennis shall have no just reason to complain of: but when the papers above mentioned were communicated to him, he said he could not either in *honour* or *conscience* be privy to such a treatment, and was sorry to hear of it.*

I am sir &c.

* The *objections* of Dennis to his Cato were never answered by Addison in any manner; but he may be thought to have designed a just reprehension of the tone and spirit of the remarks of this fierce critic *because* unsuccessful dramatist, in the 592nd Spectator, where we find, among others, these keen strokes: I do not indeed wonder that the actors should be such professed enemies to those among our nation who are commonly known by the name of critics, since it is a rule among these gentlemen to fall upon a play not because it is ill written, but because it takes. Several of them lay it down as a maxim, that whatever dramatic performance has a long run, must of neces-

This rebuke had not the effect of inducing Pope to suppress the piece, but he wrote a handsome letter to Addison on the occasion, which however has much of his genuine character and temper in it, and runs thus:

MR. POPE TO MR. ADDISON.

July 20. 1713.

I am more joy'd at your return than I should be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season; but 'tis his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscure animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night birds was John Dennis, whom I think you are best revenged upon, as the sun was in the fable, upon those bats and beastly birds above mentioned, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their

sity be good for nothing; as though the first precept of poetry were *not to please*. Whether this rule holds good or not, I leave to the determination of those who are better judges than myself: If it does, I am sure it tends very much to the honour of those gentlemen who have established it; few of their pieces having been disgraced by a run of three days, and most of them being so exquisitely written, that the town would never give them more than one night's hearing.

part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncensured and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that 'twas never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a Critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him. But indeed your opinion that 'tis to be entirely neglected, would have been my own had it been my own case; but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself, (tho' indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry.) He has written against every thing the world has approv'd these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited upon his disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concerns is worthy a friend and honorer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the Critic that he deserves. I think in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them looked upon no better than themselves. I am

Your &c.

Before we quit the subject of Cato, it seems proper to quote from Dr. Johnson an enumeration of the further honours which it received. "It was censured as a party play by *a Scholar of Oxford*, and defended in a favorable examination by Dr. Sewel. It was translated by Salvini into Italian, and acted at Florence; and by the jesuits of St. Omers into Latin, and played by their pupils." A French version speedily appeared, and it may be added that sooner or later it has been made to assume the dress of almost every European language, not excepting the Russian.

This subject may be closed with a letter from the worthy Dr. Smalridge, dean of Carlisle and canon of Christchurch Oxon. referring to the representation of Cato at Oxford, and further interesting as affording proof of the intimate connection now subsisting between Addison and the noble house of Warwick. There had been a long university friendship between this divine, who soon after became bishop of Bristol, and Addison; who appears from the beginning of the letter, to have ascribed some part of the merit of his own Spectators to suggestions thrown out, or sentiments imparted by his friend in the course of conversation. The distinguishing merit of Smalridge seems to have consisted in a candor and suavity of disposition and an impartial benevolence which, in the midst of the bitter contentions of factions reli-

gious and political, enabled him to retain the esteem and affection of all. He was appointed by the university the official defender of Sacheverel, yet extended his good offices to Whiston, and it was perhaps this catholic spirit which Addison was conscious of having imbibed from his society.

DR. SMALRIDGE TO MR. ADDISON.

Dear S^r^ Ch. Ch. Aug^t^. 2^d^. 1713.

I sh^d^ be guilty of the highest degree of vanity, if I accepted as any ways due, those Complements you are pleas'd to make me. I have often spoke of y^e^ Spectators and your other excellent performances in such a style, as I sh^d^ have been asham'd to have us'd, had I been conscious, that y^e^ least share of that applause belong'd to myself.

Mr. Fowkes is gone to Chester; I have by letter told him when y^e^ Lady Warwick intends to be here, that he may be back again to wait on her Ladyship. The Distance is great, & it will be a favour to him not to be call'd away too quickly from his Relations. But he will adjust his Motions to her Ladyship's conveniency, & will be at Oxford whenever she shall be pleas'd to direct. It will be convenient that we sh^d^ know whether my Lord brings any one with him to attend Him.

I gave myself y^e^ pleasure of seeing Cato acted, &

heartily wish all Discourses from y^e^ Pulpit were as instructive & edifying, as pathetic & affecting, as that w^h^ y^e^ Audience was then entertained with from the Stage.

I am, Dear S^r^
Your most faithful & most Humble
Servant
GEORGE SMALRIDGE.*

* Tickell papers.

CHAPTER XI.

1712 to 1715.

QUARREL OF POPE WITH ADDISON. PREFACE TO TICKELL'S ILIAD, AND LETTERS CONCERNING IT.

Of all the topics of literary biography, the quarrels of authors are the least instructive and the least agreeable. It is mortifying to learn how little those master-spirits, whom we look up to with feelings of reverence and gratitude as the moulders of our minds and the lamps of our path, have sometimes known how to rule their own spirits, or to shun the obvious errors and frailties of ordinary mortals; and nothing but the paramount obligations of truth and justice, which are never to be evaded, could compel the present writer to enter upon a theme so painful. The life of Addison, thanks to the amenity of his disposition and the moderation of his conduct, offers but one incident of the kind, but his difference with Pope has already engaged too much of the public attention from the celebrity of the parties, and the serious results to the reputation of both, to be passed over without a careful investigation of its causes and

circumstances. For this purpose it is necessary to look a little backwards.

Addison's remarks on the Essay on Criticism in the Spectator, in which, with so just a sense of the characteristics of the writer, he had blended high commendation of his genius with reprehension of his satirical propensity, have been already brought before the reader, together with the circumstances of the personal aquaintance to which they gave rise. Some months afterwards appeared No. 523 of the same work, which opens thus: "I am always highly delighted with the discovery of any rising genius among my countrymen. For this reason I have read over with great pleasure the late Miscellany published by Mr. Pope, in which there are many compositions of that ingenious gentleman. I have had a pleasure of the same kind in perusing a poem that is just published *on the Prospect of Peace*, and which I hope will meet with such a reward from its patrons as so noble a performance deserves. I was particularly pleased to find that the author had not amused himself with fables out of the pagan theology, and that when he hints at any thing of this nature, he alludes to it only as a fable." "If," proceeds the writer after some further remarks on the subject, "any are of opinion that there is a necessity of admitting these classical legends into our serious compositions, in order to give them a more poetical turn, I would

recommend to their consideration the Pastorals of Mr. Philips. One would have thought it impossible for this kind of poetry to have subsisted without Fauns and Satyrs, Wood-nymphs and Water-nymphs, with all the tribe of rural deities. But we see he has given a new life and a more natural beauty to this way of writing, by substituting in the place of these antiquated fables, the superstitious mythology which prevails among the shepherds of our own country." That Addison was perfectly sincere in what may be called his negative approbation, cannot be questioned, since it was his own "Campaign" which had set the wholesome example of rejecting the tiresome pedantry of classical mythology; and he was certainly well entitled to promulgate his critical canons; at the same time it was natural that Pope, to whom his poetical reputation was dear as the breath of life itself, should find in them ground of deep though secret offence. The cold generalities of the approbation granted to his Miscellanies, comprehending his Pastorals, contrasted with the earnest and affectionate recommendation of Tickell's poem to the notice and recompense of men in power, would appear more of a slight than a compliment; while the praise of Philips's Pastorals, on the express ground of his rejection of the classical models, was a direct condemnation of his own elaborate and unmeaning, though harmonious and elegant performances in the

same kind; formed as they entirely are on imitation of the ancients. It would be satisfactory to believe that Addison, intent upon the main object of his paper, which was clearly that of rendering a service to his friends Tickell and Philips, inflicted these wounds on the sensitive spirit of Pope inadvertently, rather than by design. But that he had held the satirical spirit of the youthful poet worthy of grave reprehension, we know; that he might think his vanity and self-importance deserving of rebuke is highly probable; and it is certainly not impossible that some feelings of literary jealousy mingling, unknown to himself, with the whole, might render too welcome to him the office of administering wholesome mortification to a young and formidable rival.

On the whole however, both parties had too much merit, as well as taste and discernment, not to do justice to one another; and each in turn, notwithstanding some distrust and a want of cordial liking, sought to avail himself of the critical acumen of the other. Thus it was by Addison's advice that Pope completed and gave to the public the Temple of Fame; and when he had conceived the felicitous idea of engrafting on his first draught of the Rape of the Lock that exquisite Rosicrucian machinery to which it owes its highest poetical beauties, he hastened to take the opinion of the same counsellor. Addison however sought to dissuade him from the

attempt. "It was a charming thing as it stood," he said, "*merum sal;* and it was a pity to meddle with it." Pope however, to whose "eye of mind" his sylphs had doubtless revealed themselves with graces which he could not as yet render visible to another, persisted, fortunately for us, in his design, and some of his biographers, judging from the event, have brought this dissuasion in proof of the jealousy of his seeming friend. A similar judgement might by parity of reasoning be passed on an opinion given by Pope; who, being trusted by Addison with a view of the manuscript of Cato, advised him not to venture it on the stage. In both cases it would be but justice to consider, that the probabilities were clearly on the negative side; for a piece already finished and excellent in its kind has rarely been improved by re-casting, and the theatrical success of Cato, notwithstanding its merits as a poem, would have been highly improbable under ordinary circumstances. No blame therefore can reasonably attach to either party in these instances; Pope, as we have seen, bespoke the public favor for Cato by the noblest of all prologues, and Addison assured Pope, that he had powers to command the admiration of the whole nation, provided he did not, by plunging into party, content himself with the applauses of only half of it. Here indeed was the rock on which their friendship was most in danger of splitting. In a political

struggle so momentous as that of the latter years of queen Anne, no reflecting man could really feel himself neutral. Pope must have received a strong bias from all the circumstances of his parentage, his religion, and his early training, and repeatedly and earnestly as he disclaims the imputation, must have been a party-man in his heart from the very beginning; and he became more and more prominently so to the end of his career. Seldom indeed, in any part of his writings, will he be found offering incense to a whig, or applying the lash to a tory. His friendships with the detected jacobite conspirators Atterbury and Bolinbroke, and their suspected ally Swift, are those which he has chiefly gloried in immortalizing; and like the last of these partisans, with whom he had just contracted a strict intimacy, he had begun to pay court to Harley and his fellow-ministers. Addison is said to have pointed, with regret and displeasure, to some of the concluding lines of Windsor Forest, published during the negotiation of the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, in which the political bias was obvious.

It was in the same year that Pope, who had inserted in his first volume of Miscellanies some specimens of a translation of Homer, issued proposals for his Iliad; to be published by subscription. "Mr. Addison," he says in the preface to the work, "was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this

task, who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity." It is an observable circumstance that Addison's letters on this subject, which follow, printed in Pope's own collection of his correspondence, do not bear out the first part of this statement, though they amply attest the friendly expressions with which he encouraged the design when made aware that Pope had embarked in it.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. POPE.

Oct. 26. 1713.

I was extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The work you mention, will I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself when your name appears with the proposals: And if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of showing it by this or any other instance. I question not but your translation will enrich our tongue and do honour to our country, for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this par-

ticular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of time, and unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at least I know none of this age that is equal to it besides yourself.

I am at present totally immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here some time, and will not despair of it, when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement. I am

Your &c.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. POPE.

Nov. 2. 1713.

I have received your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid so good a scheme for your great undertaking. I question not but the prose will require as much care as the poetry, but the variety will give yourself some relief, and more pleasure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend in advising you not to content yourself with one half of the nation for your admirers when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the

fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You see how I presume on your friendship in taking all this freedom with you: But I already fancy that we have lived many years together in an unreserved conversation, and that we may do so many more is the sincere wish of

Your &c.

Three letters written by Pope in return, and printed in the same collection, contain much vague declamation against party, and many protestations of his own impartiality. Of his real sentiments towards his correspondent they afford no information, except that as they have even more of the parade of friendship and devotedness than was customary with this poet in his so-called familiar letters, they may be presumed to have less of sincerity. In one passage profession is carried to an absolute absurdity: "This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more unreservedness than ever man wrote, or perhaps talked to another. I trust your good nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you so well that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me; since one is an act of goodness and benevolence, the other a kind of constrained deference."

It was just at the time of this correspondence that Steele launched a new periodical work called the Guardian, to which Pope was a contributor, together with Addison and several persons of his habitual society, and frequenters of Button's; the chief of whom were Tickell, Philips and Budgell. In this publication there appeared a set of papers on Pastoral Poetry, written by Tickell, and intended, or at least fitted, to serve as a recommendation of those eclogues of his friend Philips on which Addison had already bestowed his favourable mention. The series concluded with an allegory, which related the transmission of the true pastoral pipe through the hands of no more than four successive owners, Theocritus, Virgil, Spenser and Philips. Severely nettled at his second slight to his own claims, attended with so invidious a preference of a far inferior performer, Pope sent to the Guardian, shortly after, an anonymous sequel to Tickell's papers, in which he compared parallel passages of his own pastorals and those of Philips, which, under the semblance of constantly preferring them, he covered with ridicule, while he exalted his own performances. The irony was so delicate, and managed with such perfect skill, that it completely deceived Steele, who hesitated to print it, as what might be offensive to Pope. Addison however, as might be expected, saw through the artifice at once, and is said to have

heartily enjoyed the joke. Philips himself was furious; and unable to devise any adequate literary retaliation, he is accused by Pope of having made it his business to decry his character and conduct as a man, rather than to criticise him as a writer. His misrepresentations are more than once complained of, in the letters of Pope, as having been employed to injure him in the opinion of Addison, although, as it should appear, without immediate or entire success. To an anonymous correspondent he writes as follows:

"June 8. 1714.

"The question you ask in relation to Mr. Addison, I shall answer in a few words. Mr. Philips did express himself with much indignation against me one evening at Button's coffee house (as I was told) saying, that I was entered into a cabal with Dean Swift and others to write against the whig interest, and in particular to undermine his own reputation and that of his friends Steele and Addison . . . . Mr. Addison came to me a night or two after Philips had talked in this idle manner, and assured me of his disbelief of what had been said, of the friendship we should always maintain, and desired I would say no more of it."

Little above a month after this time, when the death of queen Anne and the triumphant return of himself and his friends to power, gave a peculiar grace to any advances made by Addison to a favorer

or favourite of the expelled ministers, Jervas the painter is found thus addressing his friend Pope:

"I have a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. . . . . Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainscot, or behind some half length picture to have heard. He assured me, that he would make use not only of his interest, but of his art to do you some service; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread, that he did not care you should prosper too much as a poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault, if there is not the best intelligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy, during the heat of the animosity; but all now is safe, and you are escaped even in his opinion. I promised in your name . . . that you would be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own sake; therefore prepare yourself for some civilities."

Pope was far from meeting these advances in a confiding spirit. He thus replies to Jervas:

"What you mention of the friendly office you endeavoured to do betwixt Mr. Addison and me, deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by Philips to make a man I so highly value, suspect my dispositions toward him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and has seemed to be no very just one to me, so, I must own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship. As for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my morals than to think me a party-man: nor of my temper than to believe me capable of maligning or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both; to show him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who misinformed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

"For all that passed between Dr. Swift and me, you

know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence. The engagements I had to him were such as the actual services he had done me, in relation to the subscription for Homer, obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be ever so obnoxious to any party: nor did the tory party ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the whig party than the same liberty."

To Addison himself he writes as follows.

Oct. 10. 1714.

"I have been acquainted by one of my friends, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleased to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolencies have lost their effect? indeed it is neither for me nor my enemies to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has so little interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no man should question the real friendship of one who desires no real service. I am only to get from the whigs as much as I got from the tories, that is to say, civility; being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good

office, nor so humble as not to dare heartily to despise any man who does me an injustice.

"I will not value myself upon having ever guarded all the degrees of respect for you: for (to say the truth) all the world speaks well of you, and I should be under a necessity of doing the same, whether I cared for you or not.

"As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the author of Cato can speak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you: It is, that you would look over the two first books of my translation of Homer, which are in the hands of my lord Halifax. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: 'tis therefore some evidence of the trust I repose in your good will, when I give you the opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice; and yet expect you will tell me your truest thoughts at the same time that you tell others your most favorable ones.

"I have a further request which I must press with earnestness. My bookseller is reprinting the Essay on Criticism to which you have done too much honour in your Spectator of N° 253. The period in that paper where you say, I have admitted some strokes of ill nature into that Essay, is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written; but I would not desire it should be so, unless I had the

merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out these strokes to me, and you may be assured they shall be treated without mercy." &c.

Addison's reply does not appear, but Pope related to Spence the sequel of the affair in the following terms: "There had been a coldness between Mr. Addison and me for some time, and we had not been in company together for a good while, any where but at Button's coffee house, where I used to see him almost every day..... On his meeting me there one day in particular, he took me aside, and said he should be glad to dine with me at such a tavern, if I would stay till those people (Budgell and Philips) were gone. We went accordingly, and after dinner Mr. Addison said, 'that he had wanted for some time to talk with me: that his friend Tickell had formerly, whilst at Oxford, translated the first book of the Iliad. That he now designed to print it; and had desired him to look it over: he must therefore beg that I would not desire him to look over my first book, because, if he did, it would have the air of double-dealing.'

"I assured him that I did not at all take it ill of Mr. Tickell that he was going to publish his translation; that he certainly had as much right to translate any author as myself; and that publishing both was entering on a fair stage. I added, that I would not desire him to look over my first book of the

Iliad, because he had looked over Mr. Tickell's; but would wish to have the benefit of his observations on my second, which I had then finished, and which Mr. Tickell had not touched upon. Accordingly, I sent him the second book the next morning; and in a few days he returned it with very high commendation."*

It should appear that this open dealing on the part of Addison either really dispelled for a time the jealousy which Pope was likely to conceive on the disclosure of Tickell's design, or at least obliged him to dissemble it. The high encomiums bestowed by Addison on his second book had likewise, it is probable, their effect. In April 1715, when Addison was sitting to Jervas for his portrait, we learn from a letter of Gay's that Pope went to meet him, and in the same year he wrote his elegant and complimentary lines on the Dialogues on Medals, which Addison had at this time a design of publishing. But this amity was of short duration. In June following, just at the time when the first volume of Pope's Iliad, containing four books, was delivered to his long and splendid list of subscribers, the appearance of Tickell's translation of the first book rekindled all his suspicion and resentment. An advertisement was prefixed, in which the author announced, that having had the pleasure of being diverted from the

* Spence's Anecdotes by Singer.

thoughts of translating *the whole* Iliad by finding that it was fallen into a much abler hand, he published this small specimen with no other view than to bespeak if possible the favour of the public to a translation of the Odyssey in which he had made some progress: A statement which might appear expressly calculated to quiet all apprehensions of rivalry; but in which there lurked perhaps a fresh ground of offence. If, as is not improbable, Pope already looked forward to a second profitable task, he might apprehend that, occupied as he was with the remaining books of the Iliad, it would not be in his power, even with the aid of *journeymen*, of which he afterwards availed himself to so disgraceful an extent, to anticipate the completion of Tickell's Odyssey. However this might be, he henceforth regarded the little knot of whig-authors at Button's, and Addison at their head, with implacable resentment. As usual in such cases, injudicious partisans or secret enemies continually added fuel to the flame by their officious informations. Various reports were brought him of speeches in disparagement of his Homer; in particular, Addison was said to have declared that both translations were very well done, but that Tickell's had more of the Greek, — a remark which, considering the defective scholarship of Pope in comparison with what may be ascribed to an accomplished member of the university of Oxford, was likely to be just, and

certain to be the more offensive on that account. The whole venom of his rage bursts forth in some passages of one of his published letters to Mr. Craggs.

"They tell me that the busy part of the nation are not more divided about whig and tory, than these idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T.'s and my translation. I (like the tories) have the mob, that is the town in general, on my side; but it is usual with the smaller party to make up in industry what they want in number, and that is the case with the little senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well considered, I must appear a brave whig, and Mr. T. a rank tory: I translated Homer for the public in general, he, to gratify the inordinate desires of one man only. We have, it seems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a set of nodders, winkers and whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new translator of Homer is the humblest slave he has, that is to say, his first minister; let him receive the honours he gives him, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute lord, I appeal to the people, as my rightful judges and masters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the small court-faction at Button's. But after all I have

said of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither of us thinks he is obliged: And I, for my part, treat with him as we do with the Grand Monarch; who has too many great qualities not to be respected, though we know he watches any occasion to oppress us."

It will be perceived that we have here all the imagery and all the topics of reproach contained in the celebrated lines in which the satirist has stabbed at the fair fame of Addison under the name of Atticus; which we may therefore presume to have been written about the same time. In the letter, no other grounds for his resentment are shown than the encouragement which Atticus is supposed to have given to the rival translation; but Spence informs us, that Pope himself, — it must have been many years afterwards, — gave him the following account of the origin of this libellous portrait.

"Philips seemed to have been encouraged to abuse me in coffee houses and conversations: Gildon wrote a thing about Wycherley, in which he abused both me and my relations very grossly. Lord Warwick himself told me, one day, that it was in vain for me to endeavour to be well with Mr. Addison; that his jealous temper would never admit

of a settled friendship between us, and to convince me of what he had said, assured me that Addison had encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, and had given him ten guineas after they were published. The next day, while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison to let him know that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his; that if I were to speak severely of him in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner. I then subjoined the first sketch of what has been called my satire on Addison. He used me very civilly ever after; and never did me any injustice that I know of from that time to his death, which was about three years after."

Pope likewise mentioned to Spence, among his hypothetical causes of complaint against Addison, that Young, on hearing that Tickell's version of the first Iliad was said to have been made at Oxford, declared that there must be some mistake, for that he was so intimate with him there, that they showed each other even the smallest things that they wrote, and that Tickell could not have been engaged in so long a work without his having heard a single word of the business. From this evidence Pope

concluded that there had been "some underhand dealing in that matter."

To refute these accusations does not appear difficult: That Addison should have "encouraged" Philips to abuse Pope is not very consistent with his former charge, that Philips set Addison against him, and any such encouragement must certainly have been entirely superfluous; more especially since Pope had now added to his first insidious attack on Philips's Pastorals, the further provocation of inciting Gay to write his Shepherd's Week as a burlesque upon them.

The charge of *hiring* Gildon,—for it amounts to this,—to cast reproaches on Pope and his parents, is one so repugnant to every thing we know or can imagine of the worthy character, and both prudent and mild disposition of Addison, that it could only be credited on the strongest and most conclusive evidence, and of what nature is that offered us? Supposing that Pope, speaking on a topic on which he was angry and prejudiced to excess, gave a perfectly exact account of conversation which had passed long years before; and supposing that his obsequious admirer Spence altered or added nothing in relating the story, lord Warwick, not yet Addison's son-in-law or domesticated with him, a youth of but seventeen,—by no means the age of accuracy or judgement,—after an unfavorable remark on the temper of

Addison, affirms that he had encouraged Gildon to publish these scandals, and had given him ten guineas after the publication. Who does not perceive, that even had the fact been so, all that a man of caution and experience could possibly have permitted this boy to know, must have been the simple facts, that he had encouraged Gildon to write a life of Wycherley, and had made him a present afterwards? What shadow of proof have we that Gildon was directed to go out of his subject to bring in these scandals, or even that Addison was aware that he had done so when he gave him the money? Supposing however that he was aware of it, what would have been thought of a patron of letters, a minister of state, of any gentleman, who should have withheld from an author in very necessitous circumstances an expected gratuity, on the ground of his book containing some abuse of another man of letters? It is also certain that if "Atticus" were written, as there is every reason to believe, on the appearance of Tickell's translation, in the middle of the year 1715, it could not have been provoked by Addison's supposed hiring of Gildon to write the life of Wycherley, for the conclusive reason that Wycherly did not die till the December of that year. Nor is there the most distant intimation of such a heinous charge in those venomous lines, which certainly contained all that the writer then knew, or imagined, or suspected

against their subject. Yet Pope has taken care to stigmatise Gildon's as a "venal quill," in one of his later satires.

With respect to Tickell, the insinuation is, that Addison induced him to begin his translation of Homer after the public announcement of Pope's, and in direct rivalry with it. Can we then believe that Addison had so little true regard for his youthful friend and protégé as to engage him in a task of such "pith and moment," under the heavy disadvantage of its having been already undertaken, and partly executed, by a poet of first rate eminence, supported by a great subscription? And this merely to gratify his own enmity? The idea is absurd. Young's negative evidence, if correctly reported, might perhaps lead us to suspect that the translation was only *commenced* at Oxford; but if so, what is that to Addison? And when Tickell had formally relinquished the Iliad to Pope, what occasion or further jealousy? The successful translator of Homer's first epic would certainly not want encouragement to undertake his second, if so disposed. Finally, why should Tickell *not* have entered into a fair competition with Pope or any other writer; and why should Addison be blamed, if, loving him as he did, he gave some praises to a performance of such spirit and elegance as his printed specimen?

What, on the other hand, can we say of the temper

and feelings of a man who, on vague suspicions and jealousies, on hints and hearsays put together by conjecture, on shadows of offence magnified by the mirage of vanity and self-importance, could permit himself to perpetrate such an act of vengeance, and against such a person? The commendations intermingled in the character of Atticus are very far from a palliation of its malignity. All the world spoke well of Addison, as Pope had observed, and whatever might be his sentiments, he could not venture to attack his reputation without beginning by allowing him genius, a worthy ambition, and the arts of pleasing. But of what value are these, when he imputed to him all the virulence of literary jealousy, restrained only by a base cowardice,

"Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike;"

combined with a desire of giving the law, and a contemptible craving for the gross adulation of inferiors and dependents? The act of sending the lines to him who was their subject, was an outrageous insult. They were not *published* till years after the death of Addison, and those "libels," as Pope styled them, in which they were asserted not to have been *written* before that event, may be thought to do him less discredit than his own account of the transaction. The baseness of a revenge which disdained not to "prey upon carcases," is the same in either case;

and his expressly communicating, to the man he hated, the polished and pointed lines in which he had branded him with memorable, and as he hoped, indelible reproach, would only prove his intense vindictiveness. The retort of Addison is the most remarkable circumstance of the whole affair. By some it has been called an "amende honorable," and such indeed it was; honorable in the highest degree to him who had the true wisdom, the magnanimity, and it may be added, the christian spirit, to make it. Be it observed, that it was after receiving such an "amende," or rather such a confutation of his cruel charges, that Pope allowed himself to deliver down to posterity the character of Addison, such as his distorting prejudice had previously represented it.

In the 40th number of his political paper the Freeholder, the *jealous* Addison has gone out of his way to do justice in these terms to the merits of Pope's Iliad, and express his satisfaction in the support it met with: "When I consider myself as a British Freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language by the translation of old Greek and Latin authors, and by that means let us into the knowledge of what passed in the famous governments of Greece and Rome. We have already most of their historians in our own tongue: And, what is still more for the honour of our language, it has

been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have already been published by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.

"There is another whom I have long wished to see translated into English, as his work is fitted, and more directly tends, to raise sentiments of honour and virtue in his reader than any of the poetical writings of antiquity. I mean the Pharsalia of Lucan. This is the only author of consideration among the Latin poets who was not explained for the use of the Dauphin, for a very obvious reason; because the whole Pharsalia would have been no less than a satire upon the French form of government. The translation of this author is now in the hands of Mr. Rowe, who has already given the world some admirable specimens of it; and not only kept up the fire of the original, but delivered the sentiments with greater perspicuity, and in a finer turn of phrase and verse.

"As undertakings of so difficult a nature require the greatest encouragements, one cannot but rejoice to see those general subscriptions which have been made to them; especially since if the two works

last mentioned are not finished by those masterly hands which are now employed in them, we may despair of seeing them attempted by others."

Such are all the particulars on which we can safely rely of this lamentable quarrel, — if such a term may be employed where the gauntlet cast down by one party was not taken up by the other.* It is a melancholy example of the propensity of mankind to give the readiest welcome to detraction aimed against the eminent and the excellent, that the true character of Addison should still be sought

* I have designedly thrown out of consideration a meeting related to have been held by Pope and Addison, in presence of their respective friends Gay and Steele, to discuss their differences amicably, but ending in mutual reproaches and abuse, and a final breach. The first account of this meeting was given, thirty years afterwards, in a short life of Pope, the last survivor of the parties concerned, which appeared immediately on his death. This life purports to be written by one Ayres, of whom nothing is known, but was believed at the time to have been compiled, as well as published, by the notorious Edmund Curll. Without dwelling on other considerations which throw discredit on the narration, it will suffice to remind the reader, *that* Pope himself, in the letter to Craggs already quoted, evidently written just before the character of Atticus, expressly states that there is *no outward breach* between himself and Addison; *that* even the character was sent to him under the name of a "*friendly rebuke;*" and that by Pope's own confession, Addison treated him very civilly *ever afterwards*. This coarse and clumsy fabrication therefore, although adopted by Ruffhead in his life of Pope, and incautiously admitted by writers of superior character since, cannot possibly have had even the slightest foundation in matter of fact, since it is plain that there never was any open quarrel or dispute between these parties.

in the prejudiced representation of his avowed enemy, writing under the immediate impulse of personal offence, and himself notoriously one of the most irritable and vindictive of an irritable race, rather than in the combined testimonies of all the other contemporaries who are known to have mentioned him. Of his love of merit and constant endeavours to befriend it, many striking examples have been adduced in these pages,—it may be added, that he lived in constant friendship with Dryden, Congreve and Garth, praised Rowe as a writer, and was loved by Swift. His jealousy of kindred genius and accomplishments appears nowhere but in the lines of Pope; and while we learn from this source that he lived and ruled in a little senate of dependents, "attentive to his own applause;" the incidental notices of Swift, of Steele and others of his intimates, distinctly prove, that he passed his time partly in the first society, whether for rank and political importance, or for wit and genius, and partly in the rural and studious retirement which he loved. According to his enemy, his nature was compounded of inconsistencies worthy of laughter, and faults or vices deserving of tears; yet that very enemy confesses, that he was the theme of universal commendation, and that his society had something more charming in it than that of any other man. The inference may be safely left to the judgment of the reader.

Of wrongs, real or imaginary, treasured up in a vindictive mind, it may be truly said,

> " Time but th' impression stronger makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear ;"

and the resentment of Pope against the perpetrator of what he regarded as a hostile though ineffective stroke aimed at his Homer, instead of fading gradually away by the natural effect of the complacency shed over the mind by success, still went on spreading wider and entering further into his heart. His discernment of style was too acute to have suffered him to imagine, in the first instance, that the translation announced as Tickell's was in effect the production of Addison; for the versification of Tickell is not only of a totally different character from that of his illustrious friend, but in several respects superior to it. He had in particular that facility of rhyming which Hurd notes Addison to have wanted. None of his translations from Ovid can be compared, in neatness of execution, with this specimen of the Iliad. In fact, the character of Atticus, as at first printed, contained a couplet perfectly conclusive of the opinion of Pope on its authorship, which was afterwards cancelled:

> " Who when two wits on rival themes contest,
> Approves of both, but likes the worst the best."

By degrees however, his suspicions darkened, and not content with regarding his hated enemy as the

prompter and ally of his rival, he either achieved the belief, or at all events allowed himself to hazard the assertion, that he was himself that rival. After the death of Addison, a hint thrown out by Steele, in the fit of displeasure against Tickell which prompted his letter to Congreve concerning the play of the Drummer, gave a seeming warrant to this notion; and in his treatise on the Bathos, Pope has dared to quote expressly as Addison's several lines of this translation, which he thought proper to hold up to ridicule.

The papers of the Tickell family supply conclusive evidence of the groundlessness of these malignant fancies. They prove, not only that this version of the first Iliad was Tickell's own, and so considered by his friends at the time; but that, so far from having thrown it off as a mere specimen of his powers, or with the purpose of giving Pope a false alarm of rivalry, he had previously entered into an agreement with a bookseller for the translation of the whole poem. More than this, they contain the draught of some very sensible remarks by way of preface, designed to explain the principles of poetical translation on which the work had been executed. To believe that all these laborious preparations would have been made by any person solely for the purpose of "gratifying the inordinate desires of one man," would exceed the credulity of prejudice herself.

The literary reader will peruse with interest both

the remarks of Tickell, and two letters addressed to him on this occasion; the first from his friend Young, the second from Dr. Lancaster master of Queen's College Oxford. All these pieces are transcribed from the Tickell papers and have never before appeared in print.

The intended preface runs as follows:

"If in this work I have not always confined myself to a Literal Version of y^e^ Original, which would have been irksome to an English Reader, as well as Translator; I have at least taken pains to reject every phrase that is not entirely Homerical, and have industriously avoided mixing y^e^ Elegance or Ease of Virgil and Ovid with y^e^ Simplicity, Majesty, and Vehemence of Homer: so that any seeming Deviation from y^e^ sense of y^e^ very words translated may be justified from Parallel Passages in y^e^ Iliad. There is one Particular wherein I have taken y^e^ liberty to differ from all y^e^ Translations of Homer that I have seen; and that is in y^e^ Rendering of the Compound Epithets rather by a Paraphrase than by Compound Words in our own Tongue. After repeated Trials of skill to link many words in one to answer a sonorous word in y^e^ Original, have we not found that these Pains-takers have been translating Homer into Greek; and what was Elegance and Musick in one Language is Harshness and Pedantry in another? In y^e^ first Iliad, for example, y^e^ cloud-compelling Jove,

y^e^ Golden-throned Juno, y^e^ far-shooting, and silver-bow'd Apollo, y^e^ white-armed Juno, and Ox-eyed Juno, y^e^ swift-footed Achilles, y^e^ brazen-step'd House, y^e^ thunder-loving God, y^e^ much-snowy Olympus, y^e^ much-sounding shore, &c. are so many several epithets, which tho' elegant and sonorous in y^e^ Greek, become either un-intelligible, un-musical, or burlesque in English. And that this is wholly owing to y^e^ different Genius of y^e^ two Languages is hence apparent, because y^e^ same Ideas, when expressed in a manner suitable to y^e^ Turn of our Tongue, give y^e^ same pleasure to us, that y^e^ Ancients received in reading y^e^ Original. And I cannot but observe upon this head, that Virgil himself, in a Language much more capable of Composition than our's, hath often governed himself according to this Rule. As this manner of Translation is much y^e^ most pleasing to y^e^ Reader, it is y^e^ hardest to y^e^ Translator: it being no less when it is judiciously [accurately] performed, than to take an Image that lay confused, and draw it out in its fairest Light, and full Proportions: or, in a Similitude used by my Lord Bacon upon another occasion, it is to open y^e^ Embroidery, that is folded in y^e^ Pack, and to spread out every Figure in its perfect Beauty. I shall add briefly to y^e^ foregoing Observation, that there are several Epithets in y^e^ Greek Tongue which, as in other Languages, have not strictly y^e^ same meaning in their usual acceptation,

as from y^e^ Words, whence they were originally derived, they seem to bear. For example, the words which literal Translators have rendered Dogs-eyes, and Drunkard, signifie no more than Impudent and Sot. The general mistake in this point hath occasioned many indelicate Versions and ignorant Criticisms."

MR. YOUNG TO MR. TICKELL.

"To Mr. Tickell at Button's Coffee House in Covent Garden."

Dear Tickell, London June 28.

Be assured I want no new inducement to behave myself like your friend. To be very plain, the University almost in general gives the preference to Pope's Translation; they say his is written with more Spirit, Ornament and Freedom, and has more the air of an original. I inclined some; Hanton &c, to compare the Translation with the Greek; which was done, and it made some small alteration in their opinions, but still Pope was their man. The bottom of the case is this, they were strongly prepossest in Pope's favour, from a wrong notion of your design before the Poem came down; and the sight of yours has not force enough upon them to make them willing to contradict themselves, and own they were in the wrong; but they go far for prejudiced persons, and own yours an excellent translation, nor do I hear

any violently affirm it to be worse than Pope's, but those who look on Pope as a miracle, and among those to your comfort Evans is the first, and even these zealots allow that you have outdone Pope in some particulars. *E. g.* the speech beginning

> " Oh sunk in Avarice &c
> And leave a naked " &c

Upon the whole I affirm the performance has gained you much Reputation, and when they compare you with what they should compare you, with Homer only, you are much admired. It has given I know many of the best judges a desire to see the Odyssies by the same hand, which they talk of with pleasure, and I seriously believe your first piece of that will quite break their partiality for Pope, which your Iliad has weaken'd and secure your success. Nor think my opinion groundlessly swayed by my wishes, for I observe, as Prejudice cools, you grow in favour, and you are a better Poet now than when your Homer first came down. I am persuaded fully that your design cannot but succeed here, and it shall be my hearty desire and endeavour that it may.

Dear Tickell yours most affectionately

E. Young.

My humble service to Mr. Addison and Sir Rich[d].

FROM DR. LANCASTER TO MR. TICKELL.

Dear sir,

I find in our Newspapers that Lord Sunderland is preparing for his journey; and I suppose you are all busy packing up for your kingdom of Ireland, so that I am afraid you have lost your time for seeing your college, for a long season: tho' I still think his Excellency will see the end of this Session of Parliament before he moves, and not leave the great affair of Impeachments unfinished, tho' they move but slowly. So that I would willingly persuade myself we may have yet a chance of seeing you here.

I hear very little in this place of any body's Homer. Mr. Pope's does not much appear, nor show itself to any but where it is subscribed for; only Dr. Farrer of Mag. Coll. has read both, and is much pleased with your performance. We found fault with "Pluto's gloomy reign" in Pope v. 3. since Reign denotes time not place. E. g. K. Ch.'s Reign, K. George's Reign, signifie two different times not places. Pope has this Reign more than once, so that I suppose you Poets may have authority for it; and I find Nonsense gains Authority every day. I lately saw a dedication to Robert Earl of Oxford and it began "If I was" &c. instead of "If I were," which was laught at till the Report came * * * * Was is used with If before it. In our new prayers for Aug * * *

stead of " For that it hath pleased Thee," as is usual in prayers we have now got, " For that thou wast pleased " &c. I think it the first time that ever I met with " Wast " in my life unless in Quaker's Book. So *then* and *than*. I remember there was a dispute about those two words and it was referr'd to sir Roger L'Estrange, who writ a discourse about them and concluded that *Than* ought not to be admitted into the English Tongue * * *

I have many more observations of this kind, but Mr. Web is come to call for this Epistle otherwise I would have made it a finish'd learned Discourse, such as I made once to your friend the Master, in behalf of Printing upon Brown paper rather than White.*

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours

W. L.

Q. C. July 3. 1715.

* The manuscript is somewhat mutilated.

CHAPTER XII.

1713 to 1715.

PEACE OF UTRECHT ATTACKED BY WHIGS. ADDISON'S COUNT TARIFF. PAMPHLET ASCRIBED TO HIM PERHAPS WRONGFULLY. THE CRISIS. STEELE EXPELLED THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FOR IT. ASSISTED IN HIS DEFENCE BY ADDISON AND WALPOLE. BOLINBROKE ATTEMPTS TO BRING HIM OVER TO HIS PARTY, BUT FAILS. HIS TREATISE ON THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY. CHARACTER OF THE WORK. STEELE PUTS A STOP TO THE SPECTATOR AT THE END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME AND SETS UP THE GUARDIAN. CHARACTER OF ADDISON'S PAPERS IN IT. TERMINATION OF THE GUARDIAN. EIGHTH VOLUME OF THE SPECTATOR. CORRESPONDENCE RESPECTING A NEW PERIODICAL WORK. STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS. DECLINING HEALTH OF THE QUEEN. TREACHERY OF THE MINISTERS WHO CONSPIRE TO BRING IN THE PRETENDER. EFFORTS OF THE JACOBITES. COUNTER-MEASURES OF WHIG PEERS. QUARRELS OF OXFORD AND BOLINBROKE. DEATH OF THE QUEEN. VIGOROUS MEASURES OF THE COUNCIL. GEORGE I. PROCLAIMED. LORDS JUSTICES APPOINTED. ADDISON CHOSEN THEIR SECRETARY. FOOLISH TALE CONCERNING HIM. LETTER TO M. DE ROBETHON. HIS MEMORIAL TO THE KING. LORD SUNDERLAND LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND APPOINTS HIM CHIEF SECRETARY. HE REFUSES TO GIVE UP THE ACQUAINTANCE OF SWIFT. CORRESPONDENCE OF ARCHBISHOP KING. LETTERS OF MAJOR DUNBAR. REMARKS. ANECDOTE. AUTHORSHIP OF THE DRUMMER.

We now return from this unwelcome digression to trace the main stream of the life of Addison, which at this time flowed with a somewhat hurried course.

The peace of Utrecht, the signature of which the Queen announced on the meeting of parliament in April 1713, roused the indignant zeal of all lovers of the honor and the interests of their country. The ministers were loudly denounced as adherents and pensioners of France; and the storm of pamphlets with which they were assailed urged them to prompt her majesty to demand of her faithful commons stronger laws for the repression of libels.

No portion of the treaty was exposed to stronger animadversion than the articles concerning commerce, in which it was obvious that British interests had been shamefully sacrificed through the inadvertence or corruption of the negotiators. In this part of the quarrel Addison engaged with weapons peculiarly his own. Even now that the subject itself has lost all its interest, his allegory of the lawsuit between Count Tariff and Goodman Fact, may be read with pleasure for its ingenuity, its humour, and the happy colloquialisms of the style.

By way of feeling the pulse of the English people, the agents or favorers of the French king now published, and circulated widely, an Address to the Queen from the magistrates of Dunkirk; modestly petitioning her to dispense with the execution of an article by which Louis had bound himself to secure England for the future against the annoyance of that nest of pirates, by the demolition of its harbour and

fortifications. Instantly a whole troop of answerers was in the field; among whom are enumerated, Steele, Manwaring and Addison. In Tickell's edition however, no piece of Addison's on this subject appears, nor is any such alluded to in his prefatory memoir; therefore the truth of this matter is somewhat uncertain. More doubt was thought to hang over the authorship of a pamphlet of greater notoriety, but small literary merit, entitled the Crisis, and designed to alarm the nation with apprehensions of arbitrary power and a popish successor. Steele avowed it and received subscriptions for it, and certainly suffered for it; yet before the publication of Steele's Correspondence, which plainly fixes it upon him, it was commonly supposed to be the work of a whig junto of whom Addison is named as one; with regard to him however, the suspicion was not only untrue but absurd; and we have proof that he strongly disapproved a vehemence so contrary to his own habits and disposition. The piece was censured in Parliament, together with some passages in two numbers of the Englishman, — a political paper allowed on all hands to be Steele's, — as a scandalous and seditious libel; and a motion was made for his expulsion from the house, he being at this time member for Stockbridge. He obtained permission though with difficulty, to speak first in his own defence. Hereupon, " Mr. Walpole, Mr. Pultney,

and Mr. Addison were commissioned to go to him from the Kitcat club, with their positive order and determination that Steele should not make his own speech, but that Addison should make it for him, and he should read it from the other's writing without any insertion or addition of his own. Addison thought this a hard injunction, and said he must be like a schoolboy, and desire the gentleman to give him a little sense. Walpole said that it was impossible to speak a speech in cold blood; but being pressed, said he would try; and immediately spoke a very good speech of what he thought proper for Steele to say on the occasion, and the next day in the house made another speech as good or better on the same subject, but so totally different from the former, that there was scarce a single thought or argument the same." *

It is not improbable, after all, that the speech made by Steele was in fact supplied to him by Addison, since he is said to have "entered on his defence with a temper, modesty and eloquence quite unusual to him." † He continued speaking three hours; but was unable to avert the vote of expulsion which was carried against him.

While Addison chid, without being able to moderate the headlong zeal of his old associate, and

* Life of bishop Newton by himself in Coxe's Walpole, i. 45.
† Ibid. i. 43.

lamented in vain the ruin in which it was contributing to involve him, his own moderation, which was in reality the result of good sense, not indifference, inspired one of the opposite leaders with hopes of his conversion. The value of such an accession to a party now shaken at once by assaults from without and dissensions within, justified a decided effort; and Bolinbroke, to whom he was previously no stranger, asked of him a confidential interview. They conversed freely together for two hours, but parted with the full knowledge that "they differed *toto cœlo* in politics." Addison, indeed, had long since penetrated into the true character of this accomplished man, but ambitious, resentful and totally unprincipled politician. Spence relates from Pope, that on Parnell's having been introduced into lord Bolinbroke's company, and speaking afterwards of the great pleasure he had in his conversation, Mr. Addison "came out with his usual expression, 'If he had but as good a heart as he has a head,'" and applied to him that "cankered Bolinbroke" from Shakspeare.

In the midst of these busy scenes Addison, by meritorious diligence, found means to rescue from the service of party a portion of that precious time on which he felt that there were higher claims. It was in this year that he began that treatise on the Evidences of Christianity which was left a fragment

of small extent at his death. How much of time and labor he actually gave to this object we have not the means of knowing, nor whether it was a design which with longer life he would have carried to completion, or one that he had laid aside. His real modesty and the general soundness of his judgment considered, it is highly probable that he must soon have abandoned it, on coming to a perception that to do justice to such a subject would demand wider research, other and deeper learning, and a mind more formed to the strictness of logical deduction, than were at present his; or were, perhaps, within his powers of acquisition. In any case, it is certain that of this effort of his pen, highly as it was commended at the time of its first appearance, — as any contribution of such a man to such a cause was sure of being, — the intrinsic value is very small. Prodigious advances, it should in candor be recollected, have since been made in all the branches of erudition and knowledge applicable to the study and illustration of this important topic. Thanks to the learned labors of Lardner and others, much less than the abilities and accomplishments of an Addison, would now suffice for the preparation of a popular summary of the Historical Evidences of Christianity incomparably superior to his in correctness and cogency.

In December 1712, Steele, at the conclusion of the seventh volume of the Spectator, took leave of

the world in this character; and in the month of March following reappeared in that of the Guardian. We now know that both these steps were taken by him for reasons of his own, and without the concurrence, or even the knowledge, of Addison. Accordingly, the first volume of the Guardian is not enriched with any contributions of his; to the second he gave about fifty numbers. Of those rarest of intellectual products, when exquisite in their kind, wit and humour, these papers have a smaller proportion than those of their author in the Tatler and Spectator;—of grave moralising they have more. Little or nothing of literary criticism is found in them, but an agreeable variety is made by the introduction of some letters, which we now know to have been real ones written to friends while the author was on his travels, and there are fancy-pieces which rank with his very best. But the frame of the work was a dull one; it suggested no fresh topics, afforded no happy hints; even the genius of Addison began perhaps to feel that its brightest inspirations had been uttered, and his papers have somewhat less of animation than before. The work however was acceptable; it had able contributors, and it seems to have been a disappointment both to them and to the public, when Steele, having carried it on through no more than two volumes, suddenly dropped it, in October 1713, to give himself up entirely to po-

litics and his new party-paper the Englishman. Apparently, a considerable quantity of unused material was still left in the hands of Addison and other contributors; and after some time they agreed to give the public the benefit of it by resuscitating the defunct Spectator, of which an eighth volume appeared between the months of June and December 1714, in which Steele had no concern. Even in the brief interval between the termination of the Guardian and this revival, he whose genius had been the animating soul of both, was plied with earnest solicitations to extend his aid to other undertakings founded on the same general plan; as is testified by the correspondence which follows.

MR. HUGHES TO MR. ADDISON.

Dear sir October 6. 1713.

I do not doubt but you know by this time that Mr. Steele has abruptly dropped the Guardian. He has published this day a paper called the Englishman which begins with an answer to the Examiner, written with great boldness and spirit, and shows that his thoughts are at present entirely on politics. Some of his friends are in pain about him, and are concerned that a paper should be discontinued which might have been generally entertaining without engaging in party matters.

I know not whether any such paper as the Guardian may hereafter be attempted by other hands. I remember you were once pleased to ask me what would be a good plan; and this unexpected occasion has given me a thought, which I beg to offer to your consideration: and because I cannot, at this distance, so well explain it to you in the compass of a letter, I inclose a slight sketch I have just begun of it today. .... I wish I could tempt you by any slight thought of mine, to take something of this kind into consideration: I should, on such condition, be willing to furnish one paper in a week, on this, or any plan you shall think more proper, but without you I shall make no further use of it.

I shall only add, that it is my opinion, and I believe that of most others, that such a paper should be only three times a week: when it should begin, or whether at all or no, I submit to you..... &c.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. HUGHES.

Dear sir Bilton Oct. 12. 1713.

I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter and the specimen, which I read over with great pleasure.—I think the title of the *Register* would be less assuming than that of the *Humanity-Club;* but to tell you truly, I have been so taken up with thoughts of that nature for these two or three years last past,

that I must now take some time *pour me délasser*, and lay in fuel for a future work. In the meantime I should be glad if you would set such a project on foot, for I know nobody else capable of succeeding in it, and turning it to the good of mankind, since my friend has laid it down. I am in a thousand troubles for poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself; but he has sent me word that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I may give him in this particular, will have no weight with him.

I beg you will present my most sincere respects to sir Richard Blackmore, and that you will add my sister's, who is now with me, and very much his humble servant. I wish I could see him and yourself in these parts, where I think of staying a month or two longer.

I am always with the greatest truth
and esteem &c.

MR. HUGHES TO MR. ADDISON.

Dear sir Dec^r. 5. 1713.

I designed long ago to have acknowledged the favor of your kind letter, and at the same time to have acquainted you that I had laid aside all thoughts of the design mentioned to you in my last. I had indeed been prompted to it by our very worthy friend sir Richard Blackmore, who is apt to think, as you do, much too partially of my poor abilities. But

when I perceived you were tired with an entertainment you had so long given the town, with much better success than I could ever propose, I could not persuade myself to engage as a principal in an undertaking in which I was only willing to have been an assistant. Sir Richard was however of opinion, that such a design ought not to be dropped, and therefore determined to make the experiment, which he believed might turn to the public good: and by his commission I send you the papers which have been hitherto published..... You may believe when this design was once set on foot, I could not be wholly unconcerned; I must therefore desire your indulgence to the third, sixth and ninth papers; and the rest I am sure will entertain you very well, &c.

This paper, under the title of the Lay Monastery, dragged on an obscure existence to the fortieth number, when the neglect of the world convinced the worthy knight and his respectable associate, that it was not given to them to bend the bow of Ulysses.

Addison himself, after the completion of the additional volume of the Spectator, rested from any similar exercise of his powers, till the cause of his king and country roused him to the composition of his Freeholder. Meanwhile, the distracted state of public affairs, — the coming crisis, — and the perils which seemed to threaten the leaders and the prin-

ciples to which he had evinced in all fortunes an unwavering attachment, offered abundant occupation for his anxious thoughts.

It had for some time been manifest to all who approached the court, that the constitution of the Queen was broken, and the termination of her life approaching. Whether on this event the act of succession would be sustained, and the protestant heir allowed to seat himself peaceably on her throne, was the momentous question which forced itself on every thinking mind, and the answer to which many circumstances appeared to render doubtful. The noisy and numerous high church party by which the cause of Sacheverel had been so factiously avowed, seemed pledged, in all consistency, to the divine, indefeasible right of the lineal heir. The Queen herself was believed to favor underhand the cause of her brother; and her tory ministry unanimous in nothing else, was so at least in omitting no occasion of casting obloquy and reproach on revolution-principles, enforced by the expulsion of those who professed them from all offices civil and military. It was then strongly suspected, and now stands on proof, that the same statesmen who in the treaty of Utrecht had betrayed the interests of their country to France, had also embarked in a secret plot to surrender up her liberties civil and religious to a popish successor. As a kind of earnest of their intentions, they had

quashed many prosecutions against Scotch jacobites, suffered a number of outlawed partisans to return, and connived at the arrival of many Romish priests and jesuits. Encouraged by these tokens of favor, the friends of the Stuarts, both in England and Scotland, had begun to throw off all disguise; the Pretender's birthday was openly celebrated in many places, and even levies of men were made expressly for his service.

On the other hand, these indications of danger were carefully watched by the leaders of the whigs, and promptly met by measures of counteraction well fitted to rouse the spirit of a free and protestant people. Addison's chief patrons, Halifax, Wharton and Sunderland, supported by Somers, — though now, from increasing infirmity, little more than the shadow of a great name, — here particularly distinguished themselves. They brought forward and carried in the house of peers, which was their stronghold, vigorous resolutions against the adherents of the Pretender, and especially against their audacious enlistments. They brought in, and carried by a majority of one, a bill making all active measures against the protestant succession high treason. They opened a correspondence with the duke of Marlborough, who had retired to the continent on his disgrace, and maintained a close connection with the Hanoverian minister in London. Their influence

extended also to the house of commons, in which, notwithstanding the strong tory influences under which it had been chosen, the ministers were compelled to yield on some trying questions, and carried others with difficulty, by small and diminishing majorities. In this perplexity the lord treasurer, Oxford, made some attempts towards conciliating the whigs, while the secretary, Bolinbroke, treated them with open defiance. Violent quarrels broke out between these rival statesmen, in spite of the earnest mediation of Swift, who saw in their dissensions the inevitable ruin of the party. As usual in civil contentions, treachery and tergiversation were prevalent on all sides; and so many discoveries were daily made of promises of adherence secretly pledged by men of rank and consequence to *both* competitors for the succession, that neither could judge on what persons or on what numbers, he might safely calculate in the day of trial. This uncertainty however was not fitted to tell equally against both parties. In supporting a king *de facto*, reigning by the authority of the legislature, men knew that they were safe in all events; while nothing less than a moral certainty of success could redeem from the imputation of the last degree of rashness, an early appearance in the treasonable cause of a proscribed and disinherited exile.

At length the impetuous Bolinbroke gained the object nearest to his heart. He succeeded in com-

pelling the Queen to demand back from his hated colleague, Oxford, the treasurer's staff. But he had reason to repent his "granted prayer." The furious altercation which these chosen servants of the crown had been withheld neither by respect to royal dignity, by the feelings of gentlemen, nor by common humanity, from carrying on in the presence of their almost dying sovereign, had shaken too rudely the "outhasting sands." "I shall never recover it!" faintly uttered the Queen, as she was carried out from the council-chamber; and taking to her bed she sunk into a lethargy which proved fatal on the fourth day, being the first of August.

This precipitation of the final stroke was fatal to all the hopes of the Jacobites. None of their preparations were completed; no nucleus of rebellion was formed, and they lacked means for counteracting the wise and vigorous measures of precaution taken by a full council. Immediately on the event this body assembled, the proclamation of George I. was ordered, and passed without a murmur. Lords Justices were appointed in conformity with a list which lay ready signed by the absent prince; and their first act on assembling was to name Addison their secretary. Bolinbroke meanwhile, who had repaired to the council with his bag and papers, was kept standing at the door, suffering the severest mor-

tifications. Soon after, he was deprived of the seals and his papers secured.

It is probable that the urgency of public affairs must have summoned Addison from his favorite country retirement shortly after the date of his letter to Hughes above cited. Some of his political pieces seem to have been written about this time, and he was doubtless admitted to many close consultations of the whigs; besides attending regularly as a member of the Kitcat club, the mandates of which body we have seen him bearing to Steele, in reference to his defence. In the session of parliament which commenced in February, he was a steady and constant, though silent supporter of the constitutional cause. It was at the suggestion of Lord Halifax, who long had known his public virtue, that the lords justices, of whom this celebrated statesman was one, named him their secretary; and a stronger testimony of esteem and reliance could not well have been given, the time and all the circumstances considered. We have good evidence that he was found in all respects equal to his trust, yet a foolish tale has gained currency on this occasion which is to the following effect: That being required, as the duty of his office, to indite a letter to the court of Hanover announcing the demise of the Queen, he was so overpowered by his sense of the importance of the event as to be unable to find words in which to convey it; and that

a clerk in the office was called in to supply his deficiency, who wrote it with ease in the common official forms, and thence took occasion to boast ever after that he had performed what was too hard for Addison. It will surely be allowed, that considering the habits of business which this distinguished person must have acquired in the posts of under secretary of state, and principal secretary for Ireland, considering too the peculiarly confidential relations in which he had long stood to this very court of Hanover, — and taking also into account his eminent good sense and excellent taste, which must have forbidden any attempt at a display of fine writing on so unsuitable an occasion, — such a fit of nervous incapacity is totally incredible. We know moreover that the Earl of Dorset was expressly appointed by the council to carry the intelligence of his accession to the new sovereign; and it may well be true, that a clerk was directed to prepare in the common form a credential letter to be delivered by his lordship; not because the secretary was incapable of performing such a task, but because affairs of a far more delicate and confidential nature required his attention.

This appointment, however honorable, was in its nature but provisional. It was terminated, together with the functions of the lords justices themselves, by the arrival of King George in his capital on the 17th of September.

In his "Memorial to the King," Addison gives the following summary of his official labors, — and of their emoluments.

"That upon y^e^ Queen's demise, without any previous solicitation, your Mem^st^ was, in that critical conjuncture, appointed Sec^y^. to y^e^ Regency — That during this very troublesome office, he was ordered by y^e^ then L^ds^ Regent to draw up a preamble to y^e^ Prince of Wales's Patent, for which there was no gratuity allotted him.

"That he received no Fee, Salary, Reward or Perquisite whatsoever for this his service to y^e^ Regency, notwithstanding he was at considerable charge in keeping clerks and other expenses that accompanied his attendance in that Office, and notwithstanding y^e^ incredible Fatigue of the Office very much impaired his health, and w^d^ have endangered his Life, had he continued much longer in it.

"That y^e^ Lords of y^e^ Regency, upon y^e^ determining this Office, declared unanimously that they were highly satisfied with the Diligence and Fidelity of their Sec^y^. and that upon their first attendance upon Your Majesty, they would with one voice recommend him to your Royal Favor, for a Mark of your Majesty's Bounty."

Two letters addressed officially by Addison to the Hanoverian secretary of state, here claim admission as no unfavorable specimens of his business style.

MR. ADDISON TO MONS. DE ROBETHON.

Sir, St. James's, Sept. 4, 1714.

I have been obliged to so close an attendance on the lords justices, and have had so very little time at my own disposal, during my absence from their Excellencies, that I could not do myself the honour, before now, to assure you of my respects, and to beg the continuance of that friendship which you formerly honoured me with at Hanover. I cannot but extremely rejoice at the occasion which will give me an opportunity of waiting on you in England, where you will find a whole nation in the highest joy, and thoroughly sensible of the great blessings which they promise themselves from his Majesty's accession to the throne. I take the liberty to send you, inclosed, a poem written on this occasion, by one of our most eminent hands, which is indeed a master-piece in its kind; and though very short, has touched upon all the topics that are most popular among us. I have likewise transmitted to you a copy of the preamble to the prince of Wales's patent, which was a very grateful task imposed on me by the lords justices. Their Excellencies have ordered that the lords and others who meet his Majesty be out of mourning that day, as also their coaches, but all servants, except those of the city magistrates, to be in mourning. The shortness of the time, which would not be suffi-

cient for the making of new liveries, occasioned this last order. The removal of the lord Bolingbroke has put a seasonable check to an interest that was making in many places for members in the next parliament, and was very much relished by the people, who ascribed to him in a great measure the decay of trade and public credit. You will do me a very great honour, if you can find terms submissive enough to make the humble offer of my duty acceptable to his Majesty. May God Almighty preserve his person, and continue him for many years the blessing of these kingdoms!

I am, with great esteem and respect,
Sir,
Your most obedient,
and most humble servant,
J. Addison.

[From "Original Papers; etc. published by James Macpherson, Esq." London, 1775. 4to. Vol. 2. p. 652.]

The poem referred to, was in all probability a production of one whom Addison let slip no opportunity to praise and serve. Tickell's Royal Progress is commended too in the last volume of the Spectator, and may fairly claim, by the justness of the thoughts and the graceful and poetical turn of the expression, a high place among occasional poems. It could have contributed little, however, to the pleasure or enter-

tainment either of the German King or probably of his French secretary.

MR. ADDISON TO MONS. DE ROBETHON.

Sir, St. James's, Sept. 11, 1714.

Though I am not without hopes of seeing you in England, before this letter comes to your hands, I cannot defer returning you my thanks for the honour of yours of the 17th, N. S. which I received this morning. I beg leave to send you the enclosed ceremonial for the King's entry, published by the earl of Suffolk, deputy earl Mareshal, and regulated by the lords justices and privy council. The attorney general is preparing a proclamation, reciting the rewards set on the pretender by the late Queen and parliament, with the security for the payment, as established by a clause of an act passed since his Majesty's accession to the throne. As such a proclamation is very requisite, so, perhaps, it may come with a good grace from the regents, before his Majesty's arrival. It will, I believe, be fixed up in all the market towns, especially among the Highlands in Scotland, where there have been some meetings; but, by the care of the regents, of no consequence.

I am, with great esteem and respect,

Sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

J. Addison.

This letter will be delivered to you by Mr. Greenwood, who will acquaint you how highly sensible I am of the honour of your friendship.

[From "Original Papers; etc. by James Macpherson, Esq." London, 1775. 4to. Vol. 2. p. 653.—*Literatim.*]

Among the earliest appointments made by the King on his arrival, was that of the earl of Sunderland to succeed the duke of Shrewsbury as lord-lieutenant of Ireland. The earl, anxious again to avail himself of the services of his former second in the secretary of state's office, immediately offered to Addison the post of his chief secretary. In his present circumstances, the employment was probably a welcome resource, and he quickly prepared to revisit the sister island in this important capacity. But here also he was fated to incur pecuniary disappointment, thus stated in his "Memorial." "That the Memorialist's profits as Sec^{y}. under my L^{d}. Sunderland have fallen very much short of what might have been expected from that Office, and (contrary to y^{e} Profits of all other y^{e} like Offices in this first happy year of your Majesty's reign) have amounted to no more than they usually are in any common year, by reason of his Lordship's absence from that kingdom, and his not being qualified to give out military commissions."

The earl of Sunderland during the whole time

that he held the vice regal dignity, — that is from October 1714 to the August following, — remained in England; dissatisfied with the appointment assigned him, and unwilling to quit the center of political motion. It is clear also from the correspondence addressed to his secretary during the same time, that he too was partly resident in London during this period. Yet that he visited Ireland, appears from the circumstance, mentioned in the life of Tickell; that Addison *took* him over to Dublin this year to initiate him in public business. It is likewise proved by a striking anecdote.

Swift, it will be recollected, had early attached himself to the tory ministry of the four last years of queen Anne, which he had served by a pen unrivalled indeed in vigor, but also in acrimony; and skilled in the worst arts of party pamphleteering. That he had rendered himself signally obnoxious to all the whig leaders, followed as a necessary consequence. Whether he had given any peculiar ground of offence to lord Sunderland does not appear; but we are told that the lord lieutenant, before his secretary's departure for Ireland, endeavoured to exact from him a promise that he would not see the dean of St. Patrick's. Addison however, with a spirit that did him honor, absolutely refused to suffer his independence of action to be thus encroached upon, or to give up an intercourse which he valued.

The incident is the more remarkable, because we cannot doubt that Swift's inveteracy against Steele must have greatly offended his friend; and it is almost impossible that any connection could have been kept up between them for a considerable time before Swift had last broken away from London, on finding the dissensions between Oxford and Bolinbroke irreconcileable. But the fierce contest was at an end; the protestant succession had prevailed without even a murmur; the tories were laid low; and Swift had hurried from the scene to bury in an almost savage solitude the pangs of vain regrets and disappointed hopes. The generous and gentle nature of Addison, incapable of long resentments, felt for the tortures of a proud and ambitious spirit cast back into obscurity, — of a bright wit separated for ever from the congenial group of statesmen, poets, brother wits in which he had shone, or almost reigned, without an equal, — he felt for the man with whom he had long exchanged the sacred name of friend, — and he would not abandon him. Some time before the termination of lord Sunderland's Irish administration, a person having been arrested with treasonable correspondence upon him, a part of which was addressed to Swift, the Dean had judged it prudent to conceal himself awhile: a circumstance which must have cut off all intercourse between him and the inmate of the Castle; yet there is reason to

believe that they had some social meetings during the term of Addison's secretaryship, and the correspondence hereafter to be produced affords convincing proof that their friendship endured as long as his life.

Dr. King archbishop of Dublin, to whom he had taken an introduction from Swift on his first official visit to Ireland, was at this time a frequent correspondent of Addison's; and from his letters, never before published, a few extracts will here be read with interest. This eminent prelate and very worthy man, now descending into the vale of years, had distinguished himself in various characters: As a churchman he was known first by the zeal and courage with which he had braved imprisonment, and much personal danger, in defending the protestant cause against the arbitrary measures of James II. in Ireland, and since, by his strenuous though unsuccessful efforts for the conversion of the presbyterians of that country to the episcopalian discipline: — As a politician, he had shown himself the able and steady supporter of whig principles; and he had established, both at home and abroad, the reputation of a deep scholar and able metaphysician, by an elaborate work on the Origin of Evil, which had engaged him in an animated controversy with Bayle. His favorable testimony to the public merits of the marquis of Wharton is a remarkable one, and

perhaps the most honorable that he has received; — for this prelate was constantly active in the affairs of his country, and had the reputation of understanding them well.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO MR. ADDISON.

Sir, Dublin April 23. 1715.

I had the favor of yours of the 12th inst. and the same packet brought us the account of my lord Wharton's death; of whom I will say no more than that he has made a figure in the world to my remembrance about forty years, and always appeared in his country's interest, and so acted as became a true patriot, and I very much fear he will be missed at this juncture. . . . . .

I am heartily sorry for my Lord Lieutenant's indisposition; the Tories have represented him as past hopes of recovery, the Archbishop of Canterbury as dead, and Duke of Marlborough to be in a very declining condition, — they reckon that if they can rid themselves of the heads of the Court party, they may have some chance to succeed in their places.

You'll give me leave to smile at your apology for writing in a hurry; I take it in very good part, who need so much for my slovenly way of writing, tho' I should be glad that were the worst fault in my

letters; pray take the honest meaning of them, and I promise you that I will never criticise any thing in yours.

"Hanc veniam dabimus petimusque vicissim."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO MR. ADDISON.

Dublin July 30. 1715.

I chid Mr. Budgell for not sending you the money for secret service. I do not wonder at the temptations you meet with. I believe few are proof against them, but your virtue that way is so well known, that I am confident as it turns to your honor now, it will one day repay you with double profit. I assure you I hope to see it, and it will be of infinite satisfaction to me.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO MR. ADDISON.

Sir, Dublin Aug. 25. 1715.

I have very much revolved in my mind the hints you were so kind as to give me concerning settling the government here, and still I find all persons averse to Commissioners, and mighty desirous to have a Lord Lieutenant. We are not altogether out of hopes that his Excellency my lord Sunderland may yet be able to do us the favor, but if that can't be, I am of opinion my lord Pembroke may be a proper and acceptable person; he was very well liked

by the Kingdom when he was here, governed it without noise or faction, insomuch that he did every thing without struggle or opposition ; he was diligent and assiduous in his business, acted steadily, and by regular methods, which gave great content. I believe he is hearty in his Majesty's interest, and seemed to have the good of the people at heart. If it should please his Majesty to send him, I think it would be grateful to the Kingdom, I hope for your own interest, and would wonderfully please.

I am, sir &c.

On the appointment of the duke of Grafton to the government of Ireland, assisted by lord Galway, the Archbishop expresses himself to his correspondent thus.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO MR. ADDISON.

Sir Dublin Aug. 30. 1715.

I was favored with yours of the 20th inst. The news in it I find is come to many hands in town, and I do not find that it pleased any. I wish it may succeed to the serving his Majesty's interest and the good of the Kingdom. I confess I am not without apprehensions that it may occasion some difficulties. I pray and hope I may be mistaken.

There is, amongst other circumstances, one, I assure you, very grievous to every body, and 'tis

that we shall not have your assistance here. Believe me this is a real truth and no compliment. . . . . I should be unjust if I forgot the acknowledgements due to you for your care and zeal in all the affairs relating to this Kingdom, particularly your regard to me. . . . . .

This Kingdom is very unfortunate in its frequent change of Governors, for before we are well acquainted with one, he is removed, and every body obliged to begin his business anew, and make a new interest. I rarely have had any in our chief Governors, and after so great a disappointment as I have met with in his Excellency's declining this post, I fancy I shall not be very fond of any successor's favor. You'll excuse me that condoling my own circumstances I may say 'tis the Kingdom's case as well as mine, and you'll allow me to be a little chagrined on so extraordinary an occasion.

But whatever happen, you'll believe me with all sincerity &c*

Letters like these, which express with such an artless sincerity the esteem and confidence of a character like archbishop King, must have been felt by Addison as testimonials equally honorable to him in his official and his private capacity, and were doubtless preserved by him on this account. Of the

* From the originals in the possession of Mr. Tickell.

known integrity ascribed to him in general terms by the prelate, a concurrent and more pointed evidence appears to exist in two letters by another hand, now to be produced. How they were obtained for publication is not mentioned; they were first printed in some compilation of Curll's, and are stated to have been written by Addison after refusing first a bank bill of 300*l.*, and afterwards a diamond ring of the like value, offered by a Major Dunbar for his good offices with the lord lieutenant in some suit the nature of which does not appear.

MR. ADDISON TO MAJOR DUNBAR.

Sir, Jan. 26. 1715.

I find there is a very strong opposition formed against you; but I shall wait on my lord Lieutenant this morning, and lay your case before him as advantageously as I can, if he is not engaged in other company. I am afraid what you say of his Grace does not portend you any good.

And now sir, believe me when I assure you that I never did, nor ever will, on any pretence whatsoever, take more than the stated and customary fees of my office. I might keep the contrary practice concealed from the world, were I capable of it, but I could not from myself; and I hope I shall always fear the reproaches of my own heart more

than those of all mankind. In the meantime, if I can serve a gentleman of merit, and such a character as you bear in the world, the satisfaction I meet with on such an occasion is always a sufficient, and the only reward to

sir &c.

MR. ADDISON TO MAJOR DUNBAR.

Sir, 1715.

I this morning urged to my lord Lieutenant every thing which you suggest in your letter, and what else came into my thoughts. He told me it stopped with the secretary, and that he would still see what could be done in it. I spoke to sir William Saint Quintin to remove all difficulties with the secretary, and will again plead your cause with the secretary tomorrow morning. If you send me word where I may wait on you about eleven o'clock in some bye coffee house, I will inform you of the result of this matter, if I find my lord Sunderland at home, and will convince you that I was in earnest when I wrote to you before, by showing myself

Your most disinterested
Humble servant.

Of the genuineness of these letters the reader will form his own opinion; but some difficulties which

appear on a careful perusal, ought in fairness to be stated. The dating of the first is suspicious: Addison would have written January 1714-5 according to the invariable practice of his time. The active exertions promised in behalf of a person,—a stranger apparently,—from whom he had just refused a bribe, and still more the offer of meeting him at a *bye* coffee house, are great inconsistencies.

The promise to *call* on the lord lieutenant and mention the business if he should not be engaged in other company, or should be at home, are not suited to the character of a secretary, who must necessarily have done business with his principal at stated hours. Above all, it is impossible to conceive by what "secretary" the business could be obstructed, since Addison himself was the principal secretary for Ireland, and any business in which he had refused to take more than his *regular* fees must of course have been in his department.

It may be added, that there is an awkwardness in the style of the letters never found in any authenticated writing of Addison's whatever might be its nature.

His biographer may afford to part with any dubious evidence in favour of integrity which has never been called in question.

A more palpable fiction of the same kind, which may here be mentioned, is a letter to a lady, pub-

lished in Rede's Anecdotes. It purports to have been written by Addison, and addressed to a lady who while single had rejected his honorable proposals, but after marriage, repenting of her cruelty to a suitor who had since rendered his name so celebrated, had written to offer him a private meeting. He is made to decline the favor, or repel the temptation, in a long argumentative discourse which might have been indited by Richardson in the character of sir Charles Grandison, the pedagogue of morality. We are not informed whether it was the gentleman or the lady by whom this precious composition was given to the world, and it would be difficult to say which of them the act would most misbecome. It is, after all, no slight indication of the weight attached to a name in general estimation, to find it employed as the instrument of edifying frauds.

Less glorious doubtless than these imputed instances of self-command, but more worthy of record, as a characteristic trait of no doubtful authority, is a particular which was related by Swift: That Addison made it a rule never to remit in favor of his friends the regular fees of his office; for, said he, my dues are perhaps two guineas, and I may have thirty friends; thus I shall lose sixty guineas, and each of them will save no more than two.

A strictness of this kind, it may be safely maintained, has in it nothing incompatible with true

generosity on proper occasions, and it is likely to be connected with that spirit of order and prudent economy than which there is no surer safeguard of integrity in places of public trust.

This busy period of the life of Addison was likewise the date of the appearance of a drama, Addison's claims to which are still a matter of some uncertainty. Early in the season, a comedy called the Drummer was produced at Drury Lane theatre, of which Steele had recently become patentee. It was coldly received, although it is said to have been "exquisitely acted;" but Steele, believing it, from the delicacy of its strokes of humour, better fitted for the closet than the stage, published it soon after with a laudatory preface. No hint of the author was given to the public, but Tonson paid what was thought the high price of 50 guineas for the copy-right, under the impression that it was by Addison, after whose death Steele appears to have made him a direct assertion to that effect. When therefore this comedy was found to be omitted in Tickell's posthumous edition of Addison's works, Tonson complained of having been imposed upon by Steele, who made his defence in that letter to Congreve, already cited, which he printed as an introduction to a second edition of the Drummer. In this piece, after making the general assertion that "no one who reads the preface which I published with it will imagine I could be induced

to say so much as I then did, had I not known the man I best loved had had a part in it, or had I believed that any other concerned had much more to do with it than as an amanuensis,"—he proceeds to defend this judgment on the ground of internal evidence, affirming that had he known nothing of the circumstances, he should have seen the humour of his friend in every page of it. Then, after digressing to some ill-founded censures of Tickell's account of the author's delays in the completion of Cato, he thus proceeds: "If I remember right, the fifth act was written in less than a week's time; for this was particular in this writer, that when he had taken his resolution, or made his plan for what he designed to write, he would walk about the room, and dictate it into language with as much freedom and ease as any one could write it down, and attend to the coherence and grammar of what he dictated. I have been often thus employed by him; and never took it into my head, though he only spoke it, and I took all the pains of throwing it upon paper, that I ought to call myself the writer of it. I will put all my credit among men of wit for the truth of my averment when I presume to say, that no one but Mr. Addison was in any other way the writer of the Drummer; at the same time I will allow that he sent for me, which he could always do, from his natural power over me, as much as he could for any of his clerks when he was

Secretary of State; and told me, 'that a gentleman then in the room had written a play, that he was sure I would like; but it was to be a secret; and he knew I would take as much pains, since he recommended it, as I would for him.'" This, it will be observed, is no very cogent assertion of Addison's claim to the piece; but we have in corroboration both the plot, which has a striking point of resemblance with that of Rosamond,—there being in each a husband who visits his wife when she believes herself his widow,—and the style, in the humorous scenes, which bears strong marks of Addison. What is still more conclusive, Theobald has recorded, that he himself told him, that he had taken the character of Vellum from the steward in Fletcher's Scornful Lady,—to which the similarity is very conspicuous. It might indeed be a joint work; but the total silence of Tickell on the subject during his life, and the fact that no hint to this effect exists among his papers, or in the traditions of his descendants, seems to award the authorship to Addison solely.

That the play contains amusing scenes will not be disputed; but on the whole it is neither highly entertaining nor is it well constructed, the plot being in its nature too farcical to accord with the sentimental interest attempted to be thrown around the principal characters. Tinsel too is a caricature more disgusting than comic. The genius of comedy is neither

wit, nor humour, nor knowledge of character and manners, nor the power of representing them, but something additional to all these and distinct from them;—something which neither Addison, nor in general, the ablest novel-writers have possessed; and whether it was by his own direction, as is most probable, or by the authority of his executor only, that the Drummer was excluded from his works, it was done in the exercise of a sounder discretion than Steele's republication of the unsuccessful piece.

CHAPTER XIII.

1716 to 1718.

ADDISON'S IRISH SECRETARYSHIP ENDED. REBELLION OF 1715. ADDISON EMPLOYED TO WRITE THE FREEHOLDER. ACCOUNT OF THE WORK. REWARDED WITH COMMISSIONERSHIP OF TRADE AND COLONIES. MARRIES THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF WARWICK. ACCOUNTS OF HIS COURTSHIP. REASONS FOR DOUBTING THEM. WELSTEAD'S LINES TO LADY WARWICK. ADDISON'S LINES TO KNELLER. HALIFAX WITHOUT POWER TO ADVANCE HIM. DEATH OF HALIFAX. LORD SUNDERLAND SECRETARY OF STATE APPOINTS ADDISON JOINT SECRETARY. HIS QUALIFICATIONS FOR BUSINESS. OFFICIAL LETTERS TO THE LORDS JUSTICES OF IRELAND. TO MR. DAVENANT. TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH. ANSWER OF THE EARL. TO THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS. MINUTES OF OFFICIAL LETTERS. MR. TEMPLE STANYAN. ANECDOTE OF ADDISON. EMBASSY TO THE PORTE. MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU. LETTER OF ADDISON TO HIM. LETTER OF ARCHBISHOP KING. OF MR. BUDGELL. OF MR. GIBSON TO MR. TICKELL. OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY TO MR. ADDISON. LAWRENCE ECHARD. SICKNESS OF ADDISON. LATIN LINES OF VINCENT BOURNE. ADDISON'S LETTER OF RESIGNATION.

THE earl of Sunderland resigned the viceroyalty of Ireland in August 1716—ten months only from his appointment; thus bringing the secretaryship of Addison to an abrupt and untimely end; but scarcely had this circumstance taken place, when an event of an alarming character gave occasion to a fresh

demand upon his public services. This was no other than the rebellion in favor of James II. which broke out in Scotland and the North of England in September 1715. It was speedily suppressed, for the Highland broadswords were unable long to cope with the regular force of the country when fairly mustered; and a more formidable plan of insurrection in the West of England had been disconcerted by the timely precautions of the government. It also plainly appeared, that when put to the proof, the English jacobites were little disposed to risk their estates and lives for the title of that king whom they toasted with noisy bravado over their flowing bowls. Charles Edward, whose arrival was delayed till all reasonable hope had vanished, was obliged to reimbark with precipitation early in the month of February 1716. In the meantime however, the fact of such a competitor openly assuming the regal title within the ancient kingdom of his ancestors, issuing proclamations, and appointing a day for his coronation at Scone, — could not be viewed without anxiety by the ministry of George I., or by any sincere friend to the Protestant succession.

Even after the complete dispersion of the rebels, the flight or capture of their leaders, and the disappearance of their pageant monarch, the party was known still to possess a kind of hidden strength which was by no means to be neglected. Almost

the whole of the tory and high church interest, in disgust at the exclusion of its chiefs from that political ascendency which it haughtily claimed as a kind of right, was at least *talking* jacobitism and treason very openly; many were still plotting in its favor, and a tempting opportunity might on a sudden change words into deeds. Under such circumstances, it was incumbent on the government, among other means of defence, to make it evident that the cause sanctioned by the laws and victorious in the combat, was equally able to assert itself in the fair field of argument; and for this important enterprise, Addison was the selected champion.

Such was the origin of a work, in some respects the most considerable of its author, and bearing throughout the inimitable stamp of his best manner. Its form was the same under which he had already conveyed to his contemporaries so much of instruction and delight; that of detached papers appearing periodically; but unlike the Tatler and its successors, it was avowedly the production of a single author, calling himself a *Freeholder;* it contained no letters to the editor, whether real or fictitious, and the purpose was entirely and professedly political. The numbers appeared twice only in the week, and the publication took place between December 23. 1715, and June 29. 1716; thus the papers are fifty-five.

Steele, moved perhaps by a secret feeling of mor-

tification that he had not himself been appointed to take up the gauntlet in a cause for which, as he boasted, he was the only man who had done "all that he could;" criticized the selection of his friend. Government, he said, had "made choice of a flute when they ought to have taken a trumpet." But cooler and wiser heads were aware, that the trumpet had nearly done its office, and that it would soon be time to let a softer voice be heard, applying itself to lull what were called by Addison, "the after-tossings of a sea when the storm is laid." For this office who else could be so well fitted? Who was there so excellently skilled in those gentle and graceful, and amusing arts by which *reason*,—the greatest of all tranquillizers,—may be successfully insinuated into the most prejudiced and angry bosoms?

In the concluding paper he has thus explained both the method and the spirit in which he had performed his task. "I have endeavoured to make every paper a distinct essay upon some particular subject, without deviating into points foreign to the tenor of each discourse. They are indeed most of them essays upon government, but with a view to the present situation of affairs in Great Britain; so that if they have the good fortune to live longer than works of this nature generally do, future readers may see in them the complexion of the times in which they were written.

"As to the reasonings in these several papers, I must leave them to the judgment of others. I have taken particular care that they should be conformable to our constitution, and free from the mixture of violence and passion which so often creeps into the works of political writers. A good cause doth not want any bitterness to support it, as a bad one cannot subsist without it. It is indeed observable that an author is scurrilous in proportion as he is dull, and seems rather to be in a passion, because he cannot find out what to say for his own opinion, than because he has discovered any pernicious absurdities in those of his antagonists. A man satirized by writers of this class, is like one burnt in the hand with a cold iron. There may be ignominious terms and words of infamy in the stamp, but they leave no impression behind them.

"It would indeed have been unpardonable insolence for a fellow-subject to treat in a vindictive and cruel style, those persons whom his Majesty has endeavoured to reduce to obedience by gentle methods, which he has declared from the throne to be most agreeable to his inclinations."

The different topics conducive to the writer's purpose are handled in lucid order; and with great cogency, for the most part, of argumentation; they prove how well the author knew and appreciated the benefits of the free constitution of which he had been

all his life a faithful defender; but he had other, and perhaps more powerful weapons at command, than those of pure reason. His wit and humour, and the unrivalled felicity of his similes and illustrations, appear nowhere to more advantage than in the lighter papers with which he has varied his Freeholders; and although here employed on the most captious subjects, such is the mastery of his skill, that the edged-tools scarcely draw blood. Even his Tory Foxhunter, that triumph of satirical delineation, is saved, by his ultimate conversion to wiser and juster opinions, from the unmitigated contempt and aversion with which we should otherwise regard him. The exquisitely ludicrous "Memoirs of a Preston rebel," might be forgiven, even by one of themselves, when all was over, in consideration of the superiority of cowardice which it justly ascribes to the loyal train-bands of Cumberland; and if the Annals of the Pretender gave offence to his partisans, it must have been more from the aptness than the severity of that admirable burlesque. The highly-wrought allegory of the Temple of Rebellion covers serious truths, which might be applied with benefit by all who had approached its perilous precincts.

The most extraordinary feature however, and that which, as its author indeed observes, distinguishes this from all other political works, is, that a great

part of it is addressed to the ladies. Addison was so accustomed, according to the phrase of Swift, to "*fair sex it*," that he could not long consider any subjects connected with manners and the state of society and opinion, without taking into his view the mode in which they affected the weaker half of the species. Unfortunately the tone which he has here chosen to assume, is more contemptuous, and more constantly that of banter, than in any of his former sets of papers; and there are coarse reflections occasionally thrown out which cannot be read without serious displeasure. Yet it must be owned, that his strokes against female rebels and petticoated politicians seldom fail to *tell*. Thus he remarks, that the whig ladies, "as they daily do duty at court, are much more expert in the use of their airs and graces than their female antagonists, who are most of them bred in the country. So that the sisterhood of loyalists, in respect of the fair malcontents, are like an army of regular forces compared with a raw undisciplined militia. It is to this misfortune in their education that we may ascribe the rude and opprobrious language in which the disaffected part of the sex treat the present royal family. A little lively rustic, who hath been trained up in ignorance and prejudice, will prattle treason a whole winter's evening, and string together a parcel of silly seditious stories, that are equally void of decency and truth." And again:

"This sharp political humour has but lately prevailed in so great a measure as it now does among the beautiful part of our species. They used to employ themselves wholly in the scenes of a domestic life, and provided a woman could keep her house in order, she never troubled herself about regulating the commonwealth. The eye of the mistress was wont to make her pewter shine, and to inspect every part of her household furniture as much as her looking glass. But at present our discontented matrons are so wholly conversant in matters of state, that they wholly neglect their private affairs: for we may always observe, that a gossip in politics is a slattern in her family.

"It is indeed a melancholy thing to see the disorders of a household that is under the conduct of an angry stateswoman, who lays out all her thoughts upon the public, and is only attentive to find out miscarriages in the ministry. Several women of this turn are so earnest in contending for hereditary right, that they wholly neglect the education of their own sons and heirs; and are so taken up with their zeal for the Church, that they cannot find time to teach their children the catechism."

"A man is startled," he observes, "when he sees a pretty bosom heaving with such party rage as is disagreeable even in that sex which is of a more coarse and rugged make. And yet such is our mis-

fortune that we sometimes see a pair of stays ready to burst with sedition; and hear the most masculine passions expressed in the sweetest voices. I have lately been told of a country-gentlewoman pretty much famed for this virility of behaviour in party disputes, who, upon venting her notions very freely in a strange place, was carried before an honest justice of peace. This prudent magistrate observing her to be a large black woman, and finding by her discourse that she was no better than a rebel in her riding-hood, began to suspect her for my lord Nithsdale, till a stranger came to her rescue, who assured him, with tears in his eyes, that he was her husband."

Since the writer has informed us that "the complexion of the times" might be hereafter judged of by these papers, we may be allowed to infer from so many peevish jeers on female zeal, that it was at this crisis chiefly exerted *against* the reigning family: and it would not be difficult to assign reasons why this should have been the case. Romance and sentiment were sure to take under their protection the young, disinherited and unfortunate royal adventurer.

The death of lord Somers gave occasion to a very noble character of this illustrious statesman, which occupies one number of the Freeholder. In another, as has been already mentioned, a recommendation of Pope's translation of Homer, and Rowe's of Lucan, is with some violence introduced. The virtues and

graces of the princess of Wales, afterwards queen Caroline, are celebrated with the highest degree of courtly elegance, and it must be owned, with somewhat of courtly adulation. Eulogy on George I. is likewise carried somewhat further perhaps than strict justice would warrant. It must however be recollected, that at so critical a juncture it was undoubtedly the part of patriotism to make strenuous efforts towards raising up, on behalf of a new and foreign dynasty, that spirit of loyalty so aptly styled "the cheap defence of nations."

By means of those lively turns of thought and expression which his imagination was ever ready to suggest, Addison has raised one of his most brilliant papers on the unpromising theme of the frequent changes made in the value of the French coins by Louis XIV; — a fiscal art or fraud, which it is intimated that the Pretender might be expected to imitate, should he ever achieve the British throne. A few of his sallies are the following:

"I shall not here consider the many evil consequences it must have upon their trade, their exchange, and public credit. I shall only take notice of the whimsical circumstances a people must lie under, who can thus be made poor or rich by an edict, which can throw an alloy into a *Louis d'or*, and debase it into half its former value, or, if his Majesty pleases, raise the price of it, not by the accession of

metal, but of a mark. . . . . This conveys a kind of fairy treasure into their chests, even while they are under lock and key; and is a secret of multiplication without addition."

"One cannot but pity the melancholy condition of a miser in this country, who is perpetually telling his *livres* without being able to know how rich he is. He is as ridiculously puzzled and perplexed as a man that counts the stones on Salisbury plain, which can never be settled to any certain number, but are more or fewer every time he reckons them."

"The uncertainty of riches is a subject much discoursed of in all countries, but may be insisted on more emphatically in France than any other. A man is here under such a kind of situation as one who is managed by a juggler. He fancies he has so many pieces of money in his hand; but let him grasp them never so carefully, upon a word or two of the artist they increase or dwindle to what number the Doctor is pleased to name."

Such then was the Freeholder; a work which no lover of the genius of Addison will permit himself to pass over as obsolete. If the interests which it was written to support were in some degree temporary ones, the principles involved must be as lasting as the British constitution, and the wit and humour are in their nature immortal.

It was probably in reward of this fresh service

that he received the appointment of one of the Commissioners for Trade and Colonies; a post of very considerable profit and little labor, but well deserved by his former exertions.

In a different quarter, his diligence, seconded probably by his improved circumstances, likewise found its recompense. On August 2, 1716, he received the hand of Charlotte countess dowager of Warwick, daughter of sir Thomas Middleton of Chirk Castle Denbighshire, by a coheiress of sir Orlando Bridgeman, and mother of the young lord whose education he seems to have superintended. How long his attachment to this lady had previously subsisted, we have no precise information; but the futility of Tonson's notion, that he had formed the design of getting her for his wife from the time of his first being, according to the unworthy phrase of this bookseller, "recommended into the family;" may be easily shown. His letters to the young earl of Warwick, already given, are dated in May 1708; while that to Mr. Wortley Montagu in which he complains of having lost his mistress, was written in the middle of the year 1711. It follows that up to this time at least he could have entertained no thoughts of the countess. There is probably little more of truth and justice in the splenetic, and at the same time lax and careless account, given by Johnson of this event; which deserves to be quoted

chiefly for reprehension. "This year he married the countess dowager of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship, *perhaps* with behaviour not very unlike that of sir Roger to his disdainful widow; and who, I am afraid, diverted herself often by playing with his passion." After here relating the idle guess of Tonson already mentioned, and professing ignorance when, or how, Addison had lived as tutor in the Warwick family, the critic thus proceeds with guesses of his own. "His advances at first were certainly timorous, but grew bolder as his reputation and influence increased; till at last the lady was persuaded to marry him, on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.' The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be credited, made no addition to his happiness; it neither found them nor made them equal. She always remembered her own rank, and thought herself entitled to treat with very little ceremony the tutor of her son. Rowe's ballad of the Despairing Shepherd is said to have been written, either before or after marriage, upon this memorable pair; and it is certain that Addison has left behind him no encouragement for ambitious love."

We cannot but perceive here, that the nature and the length of the courtship of Addison is described

not from known facts, but from a supposed resemblance to that of his own sir Roger. It would be much more plausible to conjecture, that the author of certain too broad sarcasms on the state of widowhood contained in the Freeholder, could not yet have been engaged in serious addresses to a lady of that condition. The assertion that he was represented by Rowe as a despairing shepherd *either before or after marriage* is much to be admired for its precision. Indeed a Turkish princess might well be supposed to fill with deeper despair a husband than a lover! But had this lady been accustomed to think herself entitled to treat with little ceremony the tutor of her son, it is surely by no means probable that on this experience the tutor should ever have sought a nearer connection with a woman whom he must have found so thoroughly unamiable; especially as her youth and bloom must by this time have fled. How far the addresses of a man so celebrated, so welcomed in the first society, occupying a seat in parliament and standing fair for still higher offices in the state than he had yet filled, deserved the epithet "ambitious," with respect to a dowager countess herself of no very distinguished race, may admit a question. Of the terms of pecuniary equality at least on which they came together, we have proof in a passage of a contemporary letter: "Tell lady Henrietta," says Dr. Cheyne writing to lord Harley at Wimpole, "that

lady Warwick's marriage with Mr. Addison was upon terms, he settling (or giving) 4000*l.* in lieu of an estate which she gave up for his sake."*

It seems however that the conjugal unhappiness of Addison stands on "uncontradicted report." A kind of evidence, it may be observed, which requires more than one condition to render it of any value: In the first place, as contradictions seldom reach so far as the first calumnious assertion, the fact that none have been given must be supported by more conclusive evidence than usually belongs to a negative. Secondly, it must be proved that the report which the parties concerned omitted to contradict had come fully to their knowledge: Thirdly, it must be distinctly shown, whether they passed it over in silence as owning its truth, or as feeling and despising its malice and falsehood. A positive evidence of Addison's enduring esteem for his lady will appear hereafter.

Welstead, a poet of some merit, addressed the countess on her nuptials in lines which give not only a more pleasing, but probably a juster view of the sentiments which had influenced her mind and directed her choice:

. . . . . .

"A pomp you covet not to heralds known,
And sigh for virtues equal to your own;

* Original in the British Museum.

Part in a man immortal greatly claim,
And frown on titles to ally with fame.
Not Edward's star embossed with silver rays
Can vie in glory with thy consort's bays;
His Country's Pride does homage to thy charms,
And every merit crowds into thy arms."

From the period of his marriage, Holland House at Kensington was the principal residence of Addison, but he did not entirely forsake his own favorite Bilton.

During the remainder of the year 1716, nothing is left to be recorded excepting the production of his short poem to Kneller on his portrait of the king, — that most ingenious of jeux-d'esprit in which a parallel is run between the successive English sovereigns painted by this eminent artist, and the deities of Olympus sculptured by the hand of Phidias. A portion of the piece may here find a place, partly in corroboration of Dr. Johnson's sentiment, that "if Addison had cultivated the lighter parts of poetry, he would probably have excelled." Here, the verse flows with the ease of Prior, and the aptest rhymes come trooping as at the call of Swift.

"Great Pan who wont to chase the fair,
And loved the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn too with upcast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars for war renowned
In adamantine armour frowned;
By him the childless Goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose

Her twisted threads; the web she strung
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn
Her darling short-liv'd son to mourn.
The last was he whose thunders slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.
This wonder of the artist's hand
Produced, his art was at a stand." &c.

But these amusements of an involuntary leisure were about to give way once more to the demands of public business. Lord Halifax, as we collect from a narrative by Budgell, who was not without means of information on the subject, had flattered himself, on the accession of George I, with the attainment of the dignity of lord treasurer and the power of a prime minister. In this event, he assured Addison, as they were proceeding together to compliment the new sovereign on his arrival, that he would procure his appointment to the office of one of the principal secretaries of state, and he took pains to combat the objections raised by his diffidence, and chiefly turning on his inability to speak in the house of commons. He also acquainted him that it was expressly with a view to this higher preferment, that he had caused him to be named secretary to the lords justices. But these prepara-

tions proved useless. Lord Halifax, though caressed at court and gratified with an earldom, the place of first commissioner of the treasury and other favors, was not made lord treasurer neither was he declared prime minister. That envied distinction fell to the lot of lord Townshend on whom Addison had no claims; and Halifax died the following year without having had it in his power to serve him further. What his other distinguished patron had done for him in the meantime, we have already seen; but Sunderland also was a disappointed man at the commencement of the reign; and even while holding the viceroyalty of Ireland was in opposition to the minister and seeking his overthrow. At length, partly through the influence which he had succeeded in gaining over the mind of the king, partly through other causes, this object was effected; lord Townshend received his dismissal from the office of secretary of state, and in April 1717 lord Sunderland having succeeded to this post made Addison his colleague.

The inability of the new secretary to undertake the defence of ministerial measures in the house of commons was doubtless a serious inconvenience; but this part might be supplied by others, and it must have been therefore a more decided disqualification, if such were the case, that he was slow and hesitating in the performance of the ordinary duties of

his office. He was a better man of business, some one has said, than Prior, but still a bad one. How far even this is true, cannot now be known, but the reproach of Pope, eagerly caught up as usual by Johnson, "that he could not issue an order without losing his time in quest of fine expressions," is certainly not borne out by his letters of business still extant. These, as the reader will already have observed, are clear and concise, without idle flourishes or any other ornament of style than that gracefulness of turn which was his inseparable attribute. In the hope of gaining fuller satisfaction on this subject, the present writer obtained permission to inspect and transcribe any copies of his official correspondence which might be found at the State paper office. The results have been less copious by much than had been hoped. It appears that at this period official papers were not preserved in public repositories with the care and regularity due to their importance as historical documents. In consequence, but few of the letters of Addison's secretaryship are here to be met with; and the greater part of these, as well as of the "orders," relate merely to matters of routine, destitute of all interest for the general reader. A few however of a different character were found, which will here be given together with some of the same nature derived from private collections.

Out of several answers to congratulatory letters on his appointment, the following alone appears to possess some interest, both as evincing the esteem entertained for Addison by the principal members of the Irish privy council, and showing that, in addition to the duties of an English secretary of state, he discharged during the vacancy of the office of lord lieutenant, most of those of the Irish secretaryship.

MR. SECRETARY ADDISON TO THE LORDS JUSTICES OF IRELAND.

I am highly sensible of the honour Your Excellences do me by your kind letter of congratulation upon my coming into a troublesome Post. I shall take a great deal of pleasure in it if it qualifies me to perform any thing that may be agreeable to Your Excellences, because I know every thing that is so will be for his Majesty's service. As many of the affairs of Ireland are to pass through my hands, I shall give them all the dispatch possible, and be always glad of receiving any commands from your Excellences,

being &c

April 23. 1717.

The letters to ministers at foreign courts are mostly written in a tone of intimacy which shows

how much his private friendships had taken the line of diplomatic persons, — a fresh refutation of the assertions of Spence, or Pope, respecting his small knot of habitual associates. Thus, immediately after his appointment, he writes to Mr. Davenant envoy at Genoa, "I cannot let this post go without assuring you that you may command the good offices which I am able to do you in my new station, which you may believe I did not enter upon without much reluctancy."

From the same gentleman there is an exceedingly curious letter giving notice of its being suspected that a set of people mix poisonous liquors called "Aquetta di Tofania from a Greek woman who thirty years ago introduced the same into Sicily," where the viceroy put to death many nobles for using it. That it had since got to Naples, where two friars, a nun and a Genoese, had been examined, since which discovery liquors had been seized and given to dogs on trial. That in the last week two German soldiers and three Neapolitan women had been hanged for making and selling the aqua Tofana, by which six hundred persons had been poisoned, and that many more were still in prison for it.

In consequence of this warning, Addison writes to the comptroller of the customs directing him to take such measures as may prove effectual to prevent the introduction of these liquors into England.

A letter in the hand-writing of the secretary to that very extraordinary personage Charles earl of Peterborough, the 'Mordanto' of Swift, whose superabundant activity, both of body and mind, was incessantly hurrying him into suspicious designs and perils of a thousand kinds, is in these terms.

MR. ADDISON TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

May 6. 1717.

My Lord,

His Majesty having received complaints from the Court of Vienna that your Lordship in your travels through Italy has talked much against the interest of the Emperor, and spoken of his person in a reflecting manner, I am commanded to acquaint you that his Majesty thinks such a way of talking is very improper, especially in the country in which your Lordship is at present, since your Lordship knows very well that his Majesty is in friendship and good alliance with the Emperor. His Majesty is also of opinion, as well out of his consideration for your safety, as out of his regard for the Emperor, that your Lordship should not go into the kingdom of Naples, nor into any other of the Emperor's dominions in Italy, lest any misfortune should befal you on that account, or any occasion be given for a new complaint.

I am &c

The answer of lord Peterborough to this admonition on the part of his sovereign was not found at the State paper office; but this very curious and characteristic document is here given from the original, now in the possession of Edward Tickell, Esq.

It may here be mentioned, that before the warning dispatched by Addison had reached the earl, he had been arrested at Bologna by order of the papal legate, but as it may be suspected, at other instigation, — and detained a month in close confinement in the castle of Urbino, on a preposterous charge of a design to assassinate the Pretender; after which he was liberated with a profusion of apologies. The news of this transaction caused strong expressions of indignation on the part of the English court, but no proper satisfaction was exacted for so flagrant an outrage on the liberty of a British subject. It is somewhat extraordinary that lord Peterborough in his letter should make no allusion to this strange affair.

THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH TO MR. SECRETARY ADDISON.

S^r^

I am very much oblidged to his Maty for the advertisement he has been pleased to order you to give me, it is a satisfaction to receive it from your

hands, being confident my answer will be fairly represented.

Whenever I am aprised of any objection to my conduct I hope it will be easy to set aside all false repports. I am a little surprized that a person so retired, so entirely inactive, should be y^e^ subject of such representations, but lesse so because I am of opinion, that in all y^e^ space of Time there never was any other, that so well deserved y^e^ Title of y^e^ Lying age.

I take y^e^ Liberty to assert that I never spoke of y^e^ Person of y^e^ Emperor but with respect, against his interests is so generall a Term, y^e^ common Liberty of discourse may be brought under that head; if they will name y^e^ place, y^e^ person, y^e^ expressions, I believe I might prove y^e^ complaint very grundlesse.

I take y^e^ Liberty to inform you what I think may have been y^e^ occasion, and indeed y^e^ Truth. A Relation of mine at Rome coming from Vienna tould me I was very much out of favour att that Court, that in their discourse they were pleased principally to lay to my charge y^e^ last peace, with many assertions as ridiculous as false; they were pleased to make me a disposer of Kingdoms, when y^e^ Truth is no man ever more opposed any Transaction than I did y^t^ of y^e^ peace.

It is true I never made it my businesse to contradict any thing they were pleased to suggest, or

pretend to believe. I had no favours to ask of y^e^ Emperour, and thought att least my former Services might have deserved a free passage thro' his Terrytories if my occasions required itt, from which however I can absent myself without any mortification.

I believe they are perswaded at y^e^ Court of Vienna, and perhaps elsewhere that I might have been instrumentale in procuring y^e^ Kingdom of Sicily for y^e^ Duke of Savoy, but even that is as directly opposite to truth as many other repports on my Subject. I have waited, and indeed with some impatience to sett some matters in a true Light, and this amongst others, but as crimes have been pretended in England, yet examinations and punishments delayed, the Time is not yett come when I think myself at Liberty, being resolved not to aggravate any person's misfortunes; when an act of indemnity is past, or that such persons may have received y^e^ punishments which perhaps their actions may have deserved, I can with more satisfaction publish what will convince all mankind, that no man more opposed y^e^ measures of y^e^ late Ministry, especially in all things relating to y^e^ peace, and even that part of it which relates to Sicily.

You may be surprised when I tell you that tho' Ambassadour to y^e^ Queen of England and obliged to acquaint y^e^ Duke of Savoy with y^e^ proposalls made in relation to Sicily, yett so far from perswading y^t^

Prince to accept y^e^ offer, I will produce to y^e^ world my reasons given to his R. H. in writing against the acceptance, not only so, but corroborated with all y^e^ arguments I could offer to show his true interest was never to depart from that of y^e^ house of Austria. I have not bragged of this to y^e^ Ministers of Vienna, but this is a fact which in a little time no person shall be able to contradict. I must add this S^r^, that when I took this Liberty I acquainted his Royall Highnesse that I did not look upon myself as any longer y^e^ Queen's minister, being resolved to return home without staying for residentiale letters, which accordingly I did.

It shall not be long before Prince Eugene shall be my witnesse that I was y^e^ occasion of his coming into England to obstruct y^e^ peace, that I made y^e^ proposalls to y^e^ Emperour and himself, which had they been pursued exactly would have obtained y^e^ desired effect.

But that I may not in y^e^ least deviate from Truth (having I confesse no motives or inclinations to make compliments) it may be True y^t^ being informed of such discourses at Vienna on my Subject I might say, that I wondered an Emperour whether pleased or displeased, did not think fit to pay me y^e^ money that I had lent him to release his Troops taken at Cuenca in Castille upon my Lord Galloway's retreat to Valencia, att a time when I was no longer in

service, as likewise money lent to his Minister who was without a Pistole att Genoa, he having lost all his Equipage abord my Son's shipp which was destroyed by y^e^ French.

I might say perhaps it was hard after so many services paid him and having carried him and his whole Court from Lisbon to Barcelona att my own expence to no lesse a losse to my family than near fifteen thousand pounds, for w^h^ from y^e^ Emperour or y^e^ Court of England I never had y^e^ least satisfaction, I might say it was hard to be rewarded with nothing but false repports to my prejudice, and to be accounted an Ennemy when no private person in y^e^ world can give such instances of Service to any Prince. It is true I have been payed y^e^ summe I am going to mention, but with y^e^ Losse of above a thousand pounds to obtain itt. I lent y^e^ Emperour Twenty thousand pounds to enable his army to take y^e^ field y^e^ last yeare of y^e^ warr, and engaged all I had to procure itt, att no little hazard of loosing it all; if such usage after such endeavours to serve this Prince should occasion some complaint, itt were carrying itt very Highe in a Christian Country that therefore I might not goe thro' his Dominions with safety, but without doubt it is a cheaper way of paying with imaginary accusations than with money.

I received y^e^ favour of your letter but Two dayes agoe att Paris, as soon as it had come to my hands I

should imediately have returned my answer, I shall in England give you a more satisfactory account then I can doe in writing, I expect to be in London in some little time after this letter.

But in a word S^r^, whatever my Thoughts may be of y^e^ usage I have met with, what you have represented to me by y^e^ King's command, shall make me very carefull not to give y^e^ least occasion for such reports, for indeed complaints signifye little, or any measures towards obtaining satisfaction in matters of money from this Court.

S^r^.

Your most humble and obedient Serv^t^.

PETERBOROW.

Paris July the 4^th^. 1717.

Even in addressing a court lady on a court occasion, the excellent taste of the Secretary will be found to have preserved him from exceeding the just measure of handsome phrase and respectful demonstration.

MR. ADDISON TO THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

Nov^r^. 8. 1717.

Madam.

Though I did not receive the honour of your Grace's letter till my return from Hampton Court, which was at ten o'clock last night, the messenger

whom I immediately dispatched upon that occasion, brought me his Majesty's commands by five this morning to respite the execution of the condemned criminals. I therefore humbly entreat your Grace to acquaint Her Royal Highness that the King has been pleased to order a week's reprieve for such as are now in Newgate under sentence of death, and were to have suffered this day. A reprieve of this kind is the first usual step towards a pardon, and I hope will end in such a one as is hoped for, that the universal joy on such an occasion as is that of the young prince's birth may extend even to the persons and families of these miserable men.

I am very proud of this opportunity of performing my duty in obeying the commands which Her Royal Highness has been pleased to honour me with.

I am &c.

It was at the baptism of this young prince, shortly after, that the long smothered enmity between George I. and his son broke out into an open flame on the choice of a sponsor; and the prince and princess with their children were commanded to quit their apartments in St. James's.

Is this the latest known example of the absurd practice of letting malefactors loose again on society in honour of an addition to the royal family?

On September 12. we find a minute of a letter

written by the secretary to lord Stair, embassador at Paris, recommending that the Regent should be desired to protect lord Bolinbroke from insults, he wishing to reconcile himself with the King, and directing a pass for England to be given to his servant.

We can conceive the reflections of Addison on this fresh instance of the tergiversation of his rash and restless predecessor in office.

A few days afterwards he had the gratification of announcing to the Lord lieutenant of Ireland the willingness of his Majesty to grant a sum of money to Dublin college for the purpose of founding a library.

In December Mr. Secretary is reported ill, and Mr. Temple Stanyan writes a letter in his name. This gentleman was probably of the same family with Mr. Abraham Stanyan, Addison's diplomatic friend and correspondent. It appears that they lived together on terms of intimacy, and Dr. Birch relates on the subject the following anecdote. Mr. Temple Stanyan had on some emergency borrowed a sum of money from Addison, who soon remarked that his debtor ceased to converse with him on equal terms, and instead of freely controverting his opinions as before, now yielded a tame assent to whatever he was pleased to advance. The change displeased him, and one day when Mr. Stanyan had expressed his perfect

conformity of sentiment on some topic which had frequently been the subject of keen dispute between them, he exclaimed with heat, "Either contradict me, sir, or pay me my money!" Mr. Abraham Stanyan was soon after this time appointed to the embassy of Constantinople, as appears from a letter not deposited in the State Paper Office, being a private communication, but which both on account of its subject and its date ought here to find a place. The accession of George I. had drawn forth from a rural retirement both Mr. Wortley Montagu, and the accomplished lady Mary, who a few years before had become his wife. By the interest partly of his relation lord Halifax, Mr. Wortley was made a commissioner of the treasury; he was much esteemed by the king, and in 1716 was appointed embassador to the Porte, for the special purpose of mediating a peace between the Sultan and the Emperor. The negotiation proved unsuccessful; and George I. in some dissatisfaction as it seems with his representative, ordered letters of recal to be dispatched to him, which were dated September 28. 1717, and countersigned by Addison as secretary. Desirous of softening the blow as much as possible, to a friend whom he had so long loved and valued, the secretary entrusted to the same courier the following letter.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Dear sir, September 28. 1717.

Having been confined to my chamber for some time by a dangerous fit of sickness, I find upon my coming abroad, that some things have passed which I think myself obliged to communicate to you, not as the Secretary to the Ambassador, but as an humble servant to his friend. Mr. Benson being convinced that forms of law would in their ordinary course be very tedious and dilatory in the affair of the auditors, has procured the grant of a reversion for those places to you and himself, after which, if an ejectment ensues, you are in immediate possession. This ejectment, he believes, may be soon brought about by law, unless a voluntary surrender make such a proceeding unnecessary. Our great men are of opinion that upon your being possessed (which they look upon as sure and sudden) it would be agreeable to your inclinations, as well as for the King's service, which you are so able to promote in parliament, rather to return to your own country than to live at Constantinople. For this reason, they have thoughts of relieving you by Mr. Stanyan, who is now at the Imperial court, and of joining sir Robert Sutton with him in the mediation of a peace between the Emperor and the Turks.

I need not suggest to you that Mr. Stanyan is in great favour at Vienna, and how necessary it is to

humor that court in the present juncture. Besides, as it would have been for your honour to have acted as sole mediator in such a negotiation, perhaps it would not have been so agreeable to you to act only in commission. This was suggested to me the other day by one of our first ministers, who told me that he believed sir R. Sutton's being joined in a mediation which was carried on by my lord Paget singly, would be shocking to you, but that they could be more free with a person of Mr. Stanyan's quality. I find by his Majesty's way of speaking of you, that you are much in his favour and esteem, and I fancy you would find your ease and advantage more in being nearer his person than at the distance you are from him at present. I omit no opportunity of doing you justice where I think it is for your service, and wish I could know your mind as to these several particulars, by a more speedy and certain conveyance, that I might act accordingly to the utmost of my power. Madame Kilmansech and my lady Hervey desire me to forward the inclosed to my lady Mary Wortley, to whom I beg you will deliver them with my most humble respects.

I am ever sir &c.*

This is the last notice we possess of the intercourse between these old friends and fellow travellers; but

* See Works of Lady M. Wortley Montagu.

as Mr. Wortley returned to England in the middle of the next year, it may be believed that they enjoyed the satisfaction of a brief reunion before their final parting. Lady Mary in her letters, several times mentions Addison, and always with esteem; near the end of her correspondence and her life, we find her commemorating him to her daughter as, "ever your father's friend."

A few more letters derived from the Tickell collection will serve to give an idea of the crowd of "other men's affairs" which in the midst of his official duties, pressed upon the attention of the secretary. It was however in consequence of his charge of Irish affairs that he received in the following terms the congratulations and commissions of the archbishop of Dublin.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO MR. SECRETARY ADDISON.

Bath Ap^{l}. 22
1717.

This is hastily to congratulate you on his Majesty's placing you in yo^{r} present post of honour and trust; I cou'd not but be at a loss, when I found all those with whom I transacted any business in London, vanish on a sudden, so y^{t} I cou'd not tell where to apply if I had any occasion, but when I found y^{t} the affairs of Ireland were to pass thro' your hands as Secretary of State it gave me great comfort. I hope

I need not bespeak your favour to y^e^ poor kingdom of Ireland; you have so many y^t^ esteem and love you there, y^t^ I persuade myself you will not come short of the confidence they have in you, or expectations they have from you. On the assurance I have of your friendship to the kingdom in general and to me in particular, I presume to recommend to yo^r^ favour the bearer Mr. Savill; I have employed him to solicit an affair relating to y^e^ clergy of Ireland, it concerns the crown rents they pay his Majesty out of their Rectorys. I and the Bishop of Derry presented a memorial to him which he received very graciously, and ordered it to be referred to y^e^ L^d^. Townsend, then L^d^. L^t^. of Ireland, his Lordship seemed to approve y^e^ matter and promised to put it in its ordinary course, which is to refer it to y^e^ Justices; but y^t^ not being done, as indeed I was not forward to have it done till I got there to manage it, I am afraid y^e^ matter for y^e^ present is at a stand. The favour I wou'd entreat of you is to discourse Mr. Savill y^e^ agent about it, he will give you the memorial, and apprise you of y^e^ affair, and I hope if there be occasion for a new Reference from his Majesty to his Grace y^e^ Duke of Bolton, you will procure it, and get it referr'd to the L^d^s Justices, and give it to Mr. Savill. There is another little business, and it was a grant by my L^d^ Sunderland of the employment of y^e^ King's printer to Mr. Nicholas King. A grant was

past for it, but before it cou'd pass the seals it was too late and y^e^ L^d^. L^t^. was changed. I was promised a new grant by my L^d^ Townsend, but waited 'till I shou'd go to Ireland, you procured it first for me and I hope you will help to make it good. Coll. B has promised to recommend it to you.

S^r^ I hope you will pardon this trouble; I assure you I will give you as little as I can, and shall be ready to serve you on all such occasions. Whilst, which I shall always be

S^r^

Yo^r^ Most Humble
Serv^t^.

WILL: DUBLIN.

I was four times to wait on my L^d^ Sunderland before I left London but had not the happiness to see him, make my services acceptable to his L^d^ship.

Budgell, who had been filling with great credit to himself the offices of clerk to the council and secretary to the Lords Justices in Ireland, and through the favor of Addison, had just been appointed accountant and comptroller general for that kingdom, writes a letter chiefly on his own affairs, but containing an interesting account of the first appearance as a public speaker of the duke of Wharton — a prodigy of precocious talent, in whom Addison from his connection with his father would feel an interest.

MR. BUDGELL TO MR. SECRETARY ADDISON.

Hon^{d}. S^{r} Aug^{t}. y^{e} 28th. 1717.

It is with y^{e} utmost joy that I congratulate you upon y^{e} recovery of your health. Since before I left London you were pleased to express your desire (which I shall ever look upon as a command) that I should give you some account of affairs on this side y^{e} water, I presume to inform you that yesterday our Parliam^{t}. opened, about 90 members of y^{e} House of Commons being in town, who seem to be well enough inclined to make this session an easie one. My Lord Lieut.^{t}'s speech was generally liked. I believe I need not tell you S^{r} that y^{e} D of Wharton is among us, and that as his Grace went from Coventry to Holyhead in company with my L^{d}. Lieut^{t}. he did several things at the Places where they lay &c in y^{e} gayety of his heart which some think had as well been let alone. He was yesterday introduced into our house of Lords as Marq^{s}. of Carlow tho' he is not yet of age, which is the highest compliment could have been paid him. It is pretty remarkable that his Grace and y^{e} young L^{d}. Hillsborough who was introduced just after him were y^{e} only persons who spoke in y^{e} House of Lords all that day. His Grace's speech was thought by some not so well timed. Since y^{e} design of it seemed to be to persuade the house to address y^{e} King which they had before unani-

mously agreed to, but bating this his Grace spoke good sense with a strong voice and good air, and in all probability, since he shews so early a desire to be a speaker, must one day make a very considerable figure in Parliament. He has asked me how you did two or three times very kindly.

I am not got in possession of my new Imployment, tho' I am promised it as soon as y^e^ acc^ts^. are delivered in, but I hope S^r^ when you answer the letter you receiv'd by y^e^ last post, you will not seem to believe that such an obstacle, as some people would have it thought; since I have given you a true account of that matter. I have been wished joy by our Members of Parliament and every body else who is my friend. It has been put in our public papers and should there be any design in this delay to hinder me from enjoying what y^e^ King has given, which I cannot possibly believe, I must never think of staying in Ireland.

I am with y^e^ utmost gratitude and Respect
Hon^d^. S^r^.
Your most obliged Kinsman
and most obed^t^. humble Serv^t^.
E Budgell.

P. S.

I have delivered Lady Warwicks letter to my Lady Dutchess *, who received me very kindly.

* Of Bolton, the Duke was now Lord Lieutenant.

His college put in her claims to the good offices of so distinguished an alumnus through the following address to Mr. Tickell, now holding a situation in the secretary of state's office.

MR. GIBSON TO MR. TICKELL.

Queen's Coll.
June 12. 1717.

Dear Sir,

I cannot believe myself in a mistake when I take it for granted that no employment besides the King's can be more grateful to you than such as tends to y^e^ interest of Queens. I shall therefore without unnecessary ceremony continue to lay such things before you as I take to be of that nature to be thought of by you at your leisure and communicated and improved as you think proper. I am often flattering myself that Queen's College cannot be in a low condition whilst she has y^e^ honour to lay claim to so many persons in eminent stations, or her buildings be at a stand whilst they have such abilities and generous tempers. A Queen's College Secretary of State laid y^e^ foundation, and who can tell how far another may carry it on (at least by good offices) if one so much respected by him as yourself should give a seasonable hint, and that were seconded by such persons as y^e^ Bishops of Carlisle and Lincoln.

For my part I should have a great deal of pleasure in y^e^ tender of my addresses If I could tell how to offer them without presumption. I must own I have no little ambition to see the Hon.^ble^ Mr. Addison's arms over against Sir Jos. Williamson's in our new Chapel, and to hear him annually celebrated in our Founder's speech, as a Benefactor, as he has constantly been one of y^e^ brightest ornaments of our College. Tis a pity that my Lord Lonsdale never see this place in order to form a true judgment of y^e^ great use and benefit it is to our country in general. By the little conversation I had y^e^ honour to have with his Lordship some years agoe at Lowther I perceived so much humanity and goodness as made me hope he would become an ample subject for y^e^ best Orator Westmorland or Cumberland could produce with y^e^ advantage of an Oxford Education. Without any rhetorick to Mr. Tickell I beg leave to put him in mind of what I shall ever think my duty, viz that Queen's College should always have a due share of his thoughts, and that his leisure hours cannot be more happily employed than in concerting with his friends y^e^ best measures for promoting y^e^ interest of our Common Parent. I have abundance more to say to you on this subject, which you will have after I return from y^e^ progress if you favour me with a few lines on tuesday night next directed to be left with Mr. Brougham at Southampton. I am inter-

rupted with a visit, and can only add my respects to all friends, and assure you that I am with sincerity,

Sir,

Your affec: humble servt.

JOHN GIBSON.

The archbishop of Canterbury addressed him on a business of charity in the following terms:

ARCHBISHOP WAKE TO MR. SECRETARY ADDISON.

Honored Sir, Decr. 31. 1717.

I had the favour of your letter yesterday by Mr. Stevens, but was so full of company that it was scarce possible for me then to have return'd such an answer as I ought to it, I assured Mr. Stevens by word of mouth that I should esteem myself very happy if I could serve any friend of yours; and that as to himself in particular, if by what he desired of a Prebend of Worcester in exchange for the Living you have been pleased to give him in the city, I could also accommodate Mr. Shute, who has not only served but suffered for the government, I should be most ready to join with you in any recommendation you should think fit to make of this matter to his majesty.

Permit me Sir, upon this occasion to put you in mind of honest Mr. Eachard, who is now on his way

hither to publish his History, and present it, as we agreed, to his Majesty. His circumstances are so much worse than I thought, that if we cannot get somewhat pretty considerable for him, I doubt he will sink under the weight of his debts. My lord Sunderland is a lover of books, and of learned men: he has promised, on your account especially, to be kind to this poor Gentleman. I verily believe that 300 guineas for the 3 vols. may as easily be procured from the King as 200*l*: And I hope you will please to propose that, as a gratification, to his Lordship.

I heartily beg your excuse of this charitable trouble; and wishing you a perfect recovery of your Health, and many happy years in the enjoyment of it, remain with the truest respect

Hon^rd^ S^r^. Yo^r^ most faithful
obedient Humble serv^t^
W. Cant.

Laurence Echard, the industrious man of letters who had excited so warm an interest in high places, had already made his name known by an Ecclesiastical and a Roman history, but the work on which he was now engaged, was the completion, down to the accomplishment of the revolution, of a history of England from Julius Cæsar. His principles both in church and state, were somewhat too *high* to give him any natural claim on the patronage of George I.

and of Sunderland, but they were appropriately rewarded by the ecclesiastical preferment of which he progressively attained a considerable share.

In the midst of these multifarious applications and correspondences, some of them resulting from his official station and duties, others from the eminence of his reputation as a scholar and a patron of scholars, and others again from his constancy in maintaining the friendships of his earlier days and humbler fortunes, — the constitution of Addison was fast yielding under reiterated attacks of disease. It is strange that any biographer should venture, like Dr. Johnson, with the facts which were before him, to represent his retirement from office as a result of real incompetency, glossed over by his friends with the plea of ill health. Addison may, or may not, have proved himself inefficient in a post which he appears to have accepted with strong reluctance and genuine misgivings, — he may have found himself unequal to support its labors, — he may have shrunk from its responsibilities, — but that the state of his health was sufficient, without the concurrence of any other causes, to render his resignation indispensable, is abundantly obvious.

We find frequent references to fits of sickness both in his own letters and those of others. The attack which he mentions in his letter to Mr. Wortley, was evidently an alarming one, since his recovery from

it was thought worthy of serious commemoration in Latin verse by the classic pen of Vincent Bourne; that usher of Westminster school since immortalised in the reminiscences, the praises, and the translations of the poet of the Task.

The lines are these:

O charum Musis! quisquis fuit ille Machaon,
Qui Musis potuit restituisse Decus:
Qui Tibi languenti vires, animamque reduxit
Visuram inferni jam propè regna Dei;
Qui nobis tristes elegos et lugubre carmen
Mutari plectro jam meliore facit.
O! longum maneas, si quid pia vota valebunt,
Præsidium Aonii Deliciæque chori.
Hanc fata incolumem servent, quando altera vita
Servari, Musis tam pretiosa, nequit.
Sint seri luctus, et sint ea funera sera,
Quæ nemo poterit dicere sera nimis.

Sic vovet, Honoratissime Domine,
Tui Nominis amantissimus
Vincentius Bourne
Collegii Trinitatis Alumnus.

Dabam Cantabrigiæ
7 Cal. Septemb.
1717.

A return of the complaint, which appears to have been of an asthmatic nature, soon succeeded to these congratulations, and the secretary was reduced to request his dismissal in a letter preserved in the handwriting of Tickell under the title of

English Copie of Mr. Secy. Addison's letter to y^e^ King desiring leave to resign the Seals.

Sir,

It is with great concern that I find my Health in such a condition as will not permit me to attend the Duties of my Office with that Assiduity and Application which it requires. Though I shall hereby lose the honour and pleasure of serving the greatest and best of Masters in that high station with which your Majesty has been pleased to honour me, I shall embrace every opportunity to the last moment of my Life to promote Y. M.'s Service, which is only promoting that of your people, as all who have had the honour to lay businesse before Y. My. ought in justice to acquaint the World. I think it therefore, my Duty both to Y. M.ty and the Publick, to resign with the deepest Sentiments of Gratitude and Humility the Seals of the Secretary's Office, that they may be disposed of to one who, besides an inviolable Zeal and Attachment to Y. M's Interests, in which

nobody shall ever go before me

I shall never be behind any one, has a suitable Stock of Health to go through the Businesse of so great an Employ.*

* Tickell papers. In what language the original was written does not appear. Walpole could confer with his German master only in bad Latin, but Addison's instrument of communication was probably French.

CHAPTER XIV.

1717 to 1719.

ADDISON IN RETIREMENT. LETTERS TO SWIFT. LITERARY PROJECTS. PEERAGE BILL. WRITES THE OLD WHIG AGAINST STEELE'S PLEBEIAN. ACCOUNT OF THE CONTROVERSY. DEATH OF ADDISON. DISCUSSION OF HIS IMPUTED INTEMPERANCE. HIS WILL IN FAVOUR OF HIS LADY. ANECDOTES OF HIS LAST DAYS. NOTICE OF HIM BY WHISTON. HIS INTERVIEW WITH GAY. CIRCUMSTANCE RELATED BY DR. YOUNG. HIS FUNERAL AND MONUMENT. NOTICE OF HIS DAUGHTER. HIS LIBRARY AND PICTURES. CONCLUSION.

The resignation of the Secretary was accepted in March 1718, eleven months only after his appointment, and his friend Mr. Craggs promoted in his room. Addison had enjoyed the lucrative post of one of the commissioners for trade and plantations, but a short time when, on attaining the situation of a principal secretary of state, he had relinquished it; but this loss was now compensated to him by a pension of fifteen hundred a year. Being thus entirely exonerated from those pecuniary cares which during a great part of his career appear to have pressed heavily on a sensitive and anxious spirit, he probably anticipated, from the influence of tranquillity

and leisure, the permanent restoration of the health which he had lost amid the solicitudes of life and the toils of office. He soon found his mistake; but his first warm emotions of joy and thankfulness may be viewed with pleasure in the following letter.

MR. ADDISON TO DEAN SWIFT.

Dear sir, March 20. 1717–18.

Multiplicity of business and a long dangerous fit of sickness have prevented me from answering the obliging letter you honored me with some time since; but, God be thanked, I cannot make use of either of these excuses at present, being entirely free both of my office and my asthma. I dare not however venture myself abroad yet, but have sent the contents of your last to a friend of mine (for he is very much so, though my successor) who I hope will turn it to the advantage of the gentleman whom you mention. I know you have so much zeal and pleasure in doing kind offices to those you wish well to, that I hope you represent the hardship of the case in the strongest colours that it can possibly bear. However, as I always honored you for your good nature, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world, I should be glad if I could any

way concur with you in putting a stop to what you say is now in agitation.

I must condole with you upon the loss of that excellent man the bishop of Derry, who has scarcely left behind him his equal in humanity, agreeable conversation, and all kinds of learning. We have often talked of you with great pleasure, and upon this occasion I cannot but reflect upon myself, who, at the same time that I omit no opportunity of expressing my esteem for you to others, have been so negligent in doing it to yourself. I have several times taken up my pen to write to you, but have always been interrupted by some impertinence or other; and to tell you unreservedly, I have been unwilling to answer so agreeable a letter as that I received from you, with one written in form only; but I must still have continued silent had I deferred writing till I could have made a suitable return. Shall we never again talk in laconic? Whenever you see England your company will be the most acceptable in the world at Holland house, where you are highly esteemed by lady Warwick and the young lord; though by none any where more than by, sir,

Your most faithful and most humble servant.

The reader will not omit to remark, as some presumption against the assumed matrimonial sub-

serviency of Addison, the frank and confident tone in which he answers for the cordial welcome which would be afforded to *his friend* by his Sultana wife and her noble offspring.

The bishop of Derry here lamented was Dr. St. George Ashe, one of the Irish friends of the writer. Mention of him frequently occurs in Swift's Correspondence, and he seems to be again referred to in a subsequent letter,—the last testimony to be produced of the continued friendship of Addison for Swift. It seems from the first paragraph, as if he had even consented at the dean's request, to dip a finger in some Irish *job*.

MR. ADDISON TO DEAN SWIFT.

Dear sir Bristol Oct^r. 1. 1718.

I have received the honour of your letter at Bristol, where I have just finished a course of water-drinking, which I hope has pretty well recovered me from the leavings of my last winter's sickness. As for the subject of your letter, though you know an affair of that nature cannot well nor safely be treated of in writing, I desired a friend of mine to acquaint sir Ralph Gore, that I was under a preengagement, and not at my own choice to act in it, and have since troubled my lady Ashe with a letter to the same effect, which I hope has not miscarried. However,

upon my return to London I will further enquire into that matter, and see if there is any room left for me to negotiate as you propose.

I still live in hopes of seeing you in England, and if you would take my house of Bilton in your way (which is within a mile of Rugby) I would strain hard to meet you there, provided you would make me happy in your company for some days.

The greatest pleasure I have met with for some months, is in the conversation of my old friend Dr. Smalridge, who, since the death of the excellent man you mention, is to me the most candid and agreeable of all bishops; I would say, clergymen, were not deans comprehended under that title. We have often talked of you, and when I assure you he has an excellent taste of writing, I need not tell you how he talks on such a subject. I look upon it as my good fortune, that I can express my esteem to you, even to those who are not of the bishop's party, without giving offence. When a man has so much compass in his character, he affords his friends topics enough to enlarge upon, that all sides admire. I am sure a sincere and zealous friendly behaviour distinguishes you as much as many more shining talents; and as I have received particular instances of it, you must have a very bad opinion of me, if you do not think I heartily love and respect you; and that I am ever, dear sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant.

To this period must also be referred the beautiful testimony of his reverence for Milton, in the person of his surviving representative, recorded in the following extract.

"Mr. John Ward, fellow of the Royal Society, and professor of rhetoric in Gresham-college, London, saw the above Mrs. Clark, Milton's daughter at the house of one of her relations not long before her death, [ob. 1727 æt. 76.] when she informed me, says that gentleman, 'That she and her sisters used to read to their father in eight languages, which by practice they were capable of doing with great readiness, and accuracy, tho' they understood no language but English, and their father used often to say in their hearing, one tongue was enough for a woman. None of them were ever sent to school, but all taught at home by a mistress kept for that purpose. Isaiah, Homer, and Ovid's Metamorphoses were books which they were often called to read to their father; and at my desire she repeated a great number of verses from the beginning of both these poets with great readiness. I knew who she was upon the first sight of her, by the similitude of her countenance with her father's picture. And upon my telling her so, she informed me, that Mr. Addison told her the same thing, on her going to wait on him; for he, upon hearing she was living sent for

her, and desired if she had any papers of her father's, she would bring them with her, as an evidence of her being Milton's daughter; but immediately on her being introduced to him, he said, Madam, you need no other voucher; your face is a sufficient testimonial whose daughter you are; and he then made her a handsome present of a purse of guineas, with a promise of procuring for her an annual provision for life; but he dying soon after, she lost the benefit of his generous design. She appeared to be a woman of good sense, and genteel behaviour, and to bear the inconveniences of a low fortune with decency and prudence.'"

From "The Lives of the Poets, by Mr. Cibber," [*alias* Robert Sheils.] London, 1753. 12o. Vol. 2. p. 141.

It was to be expected, both from the inclinations and the former practice of Addison, that his first impulse on finding himself emancipated from official labours, would be to resume the more tranquil pursuits of a man of letters; and it should seem that he was not unprovided of literary projects, some of which may have lain maturing in his mind for years.

"If he had found time for the writing of another tragedy," says Tickell, "the death of Socrates would have been the story. And however unpromising that subject may appear, it would be presumptuous to censure his choice, who was so famous for raising the

noblest plants from the most barren soil. It serves to show that he thought the whole labour of such a performance unworthy to be thrown away upon those intrigues and adventures to which the *Romantic* taste has confined modern tragedy; and after the example of his predecessors in Greece, would have employed the Drama to "wear out of our minds every thing that is mean or little; to cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature; to soften insolence, to soothe affliction, and to subdue our minds to the dispensations of providence." But of the death of Socrates it does not appear that a single line was ever written. Of his work on the Evidences of Christianity, in which Tickell intimates that he was at one time "more assiduous than his health could well allow," mention has been already made; and it does not seem that this fragment received any addition after he quitted office. Neither is there any thing to be produced in corroboration of the statement, that he "had long determined to dedicate his poetry also, for the future, wholly to religious subjects,"—unless it be Tonson's absurd assertion that he designed to enter the church and obtain a bishopric, and to that end had resolved to translate the whole book of Psalms; of which he executed several. All the psalms, or hymns, of his that we possess, appeared in the Spectator. In fact, the latest efforts of Addison were exerted in behalf

of a far different cause; and he exhausted himself in the composition of political pieces, concerning which Tickell has thought fit to preserve a profound silence, but which the biographer ought not *now* to pass over without a full account of their nature and origin.

The whigs of this period had never ceased to cherish an indignant remembrance of that unprecedented creation of twelve peers in a breath, by which queen Anne, under the direction of Harley, had overpowered their fixed majority in the upper house and effected their expulsion from the administration.

It was natural therefore that on the restoration of their ascendency under the new reign, they should meditate some effectual measure for precluding any possible repetition of so pernicious an expedient. This purpose, perhaps combined with some personal views in the joint projectors, lord Sunderland the chief of the cabinet, and lord Stanhope, led to the introduction of a Peerage bill, by which the number of members of the upper house was to be limited, the sovereign foregoing the prerogative of creating new peerages except in place of such as should become extinct. On the first suggestion of the measure in the commons, at the end of February 1719, notwithstanding the boldness of the innovation, few objections seem to have been made, and a message of approval being delivered from

his majesty, the bill was brought in with the expectation on the part of the ministers of its passing unopposed.

Difficulties however soon arose; the Scotch portion of the bill, by which representative peerages were changed into hereditary ones, raised great discussion; the general principle was attacked: and it soon became evident that a section of the whigs, with the formidable Walpole at their head, who had resigned with lord Townshend on the late dissensions in the cabinet, were resolved, partly as a trial of strength, to give it, both in and out of parliament, all the opposition in their power. The consequence was, that about the middle of April, lord Stanhope instead of proceeding to the third reading, found it expedient to defer the measure till the next session, but with the full purpose of then carrying it through by the whole strength of government. In the interval, there raged between these unnatural combatants a perfect civil war of pamphlets.

Steele, whose ruined circumstances and injured reputation fitted him for troubled waters, immediately threw himself into the fray, and set up for the service of the opposition a weekly paper called the Plebeian. In the first number of it however he confined himself closely to the question, urging against the bill none but general, and those not ill-founded, objections; such as the inexpediency of

further abridging the prerogative which could no longer be regarded as exorbitant, and the danger of so altering the balance of the constitution as in effect to turn it into an aristocracy.

An answer speedily appeared to this Plebeian under the title of the Old Whig, powerfully and methodically reasoned, and with such a superiority of style as loudly claimed it for the author of the Freeholder. It contained no personal allusions to the opposite champion, and cannot be said to have in any respect exceeded the bounds of civil though earnest controversy. Such praise is not to be conceded to the reply of the Plebeian: He supposes his antagonist to be "somebody or other that is used to masquerading; and indeed he is so well disguised that 'tis impossible to know him." "He is so Old a Whig that he is afraid he has quite forgotten his principles." In one passage, too, he seems to intimate a knowledge of the author: "This pamphlet, by the marks it appears with, being in all probability the best performance that is to come from that quarter, the Plebeian will consider it thoroughly." In accuracy of statement and soundness of logic this paper is still more inferior to that which it answers than in decency, of which it contains gross violations. The Old Whig was provoked to some sharp, but richly deserved retaliation. In his second number, he reproaches the Plebeian with having begun "like a

son of Grub Street, with declaring the great esteem he has for himself, and the contempt he entertains for the scribblers of the age," and he even ridicules him as "little Dicky." An able and a calm refutation of his arguments then succeeds, but the whole concludes with an ironical compliment to the Plebeian on the talents he has shown for his "new vocation" of a "*pamphleteer*." The word pamphlet, it may be remarked by the way, had not yet lost its original signification of a *libel*.

The next Plebeian showed its author deeply wounded by the strokes he had himself provoked; he complained of the "insolent compassion" expressed towards him, — affected to treat the second Old Whig as so great a falling off, not only from the former writings of the author, but even from the first number, that he scarcely knew whether it were "himself or his ghost,"— and he concluded with a quotation from Cato which Dr. Johnson calls "at once detection and reproof."*

And this was the closing scene of the long connection, — this the final leave-taking of Addison and Steele, — the loving schoolfellows, — the college

* These pieces never having been reprinted, are now of extreme rarity. Johnson had never seen them. I am indebted for the perusal of them to Bolton Corney Esq. whose curious collection contains a volume formerly Mr. Bindley's, — in which both the Old Whig and the Plebeian are bound up, with other tracts on the same subject.

friends, — the joyous, witty companions, — the literary partners and mutual advisers, — the associates in public business, — the fellow members of the house of commons, — the brothers in political opinion! Alas for frail and erring human nature!

It is probable that more causes of estrangement than we are informed of must have preceded this unseemly quarrel, for Steele had written to his wife in 1717, "I ask no favor of Mr. Secretary Addison;" but we have some ground to hope that *both* parties lived long enough to feel compunctious visitings. The omission of the Old Whig from Tickell's edition of Addison's works, for which his own directions were no doubt received and followed, indicates as much on one part; and when Steele addressed to Congreve the letter prefixed to the Drummer, the reader feels that all traces must have vanished from his mind of every thing but the genius and the virtues of him whom he points out by the touching description of "the man I loved best." Even in the heat of this dispute, we cannot believe that he would have written his last rejoinder with any suspicion that it would have found Addison on his death-bed. This however must have been literally the case. It was not till after the latter end of April, that the controversy began; in the third Plebeian the Old Whig is reproached for his long delay in bringing out his third number, and on June 17, Addison

expired; thus affording a very remarkable instance of mental vigor retained to the latest stage of one of the most distressing of chronic maladies.

It appears that the asthma with which he had been afflicted during his secretaryship had speedily returned with redoubled violence; dropsy supervened, and thus a period was put to his valuable life on June 17, 1719, at the early age of forty-seven.

It here becomes necessary, however painful, to advert to a prevalent impression that this lamentable event was hastened by the effects of the sole vicious habit said to have served as alloy to the virtues of Addison, — excess in wine. At this distance of time, much of *direct* evidence is not to be expected on such a subject, but it may safely be affirmed, that the *incidental* notices supplied by the study of his life, tend much more to invalidate than confirm so disgraceful an imputation; and these shall now be laid without partiality before the reader.

All our accounts of his Oxford life bespeak him a retired student, guilty of no excess but in severe nocturnal study; and precisely the same impression of his habits while at Blois is conveyed by the tattle of his prying neighbour Phillippeaux; while his letters strongly express the loathing with which he shunned the society of the toping German counts by whom that town was infested. It is true that his correspondence while abroad contains several allusions to

convivialities, but these are all in a sportive tone, and have much the air of irony hazarded on the very strength of a sober character. Pope's account as reported by Spence, concerning his tavern evenings with his intimates, has done most injury to his reputation in this respect; but it will be observed that even he does not actually charge him with excess, and when he says that he had himself belonged for some time to this set, but left it off because it hurt his health, we should remember that a constitution like Pope's would not admit even of late hours with impunity. That of Addison, we know from the testimony of his friend Wortley to have been remarkably sound; and other accounts intimate, that he was only warmed into the utmost brilliancy of table conversation, by the time that Steele had rendered himself nearly unfit for it. It has already been shown too, that so far from constantly requiring the stimulus of tavern conviviality, he mostly took refuge from it in the studious solitude of his country lodgings. Swift, in his journal, *once* speaks of him as exceeding moderation when he gave a treat to some friends,—an exception which surely may be said to prove the rule. In a letter to colonel Hunter, Swift says; "Sometimes Mr. Addison and I steal to a bottle of bad wine, and wish for no third person but you, who if you were with us, would never be satisfied without *three* more." Comparatively, there-

fore, he was certainly temperate, and his disease, the asthma, is not one of those which intemperance tends to produce; it must however be owned, that excess was at this time so nearly universal, and in many companies so imperatively inforced, that it was difficult for any one to keep gentleman's company, without taking wine enough eventually to injure his constitution, although he might always stop short of actual intoxication. That Addison had contracted no habit either injurious to the powers of his intellect, or inconsistent with tranquillity of mind and peace of conscience, his own writings however bear the most satisfactory testimony of all; because of a kind which could not be counterfeited. Let any one, after perusing his inimitable papers, ask himself whether their *crowning* grace be not derived from the spirit of the author shining through them, and whether that spirit be not eminently one of *sobriety?* Whether the harmony, the proportion, the correctness of taste and judgment which pervade them, — their mild benevolence and their cheerful unaffected piety, can be conceived as co-existing with a career of intemperance and the confusion, misery and self-reproach by which it is inevitably attended? Or will any one believe that a man stained himself with this vice, would have dared to stigmatise it as in his 569th Spectator? Some however have supposed that it was only after his marriage, and in consequence of

domestic unhappiness, that Addison contracted this dreadful habit. The slight foundation of the notion that matrimony was to him a state of infelicity, has been already pointed out; in any case, his experience of it was short; less than three years; a period scarcely sufficient it might be thought to produce so fatal a result. Nor are we unprovided with an authentic piece of evidence tending to an opposite conclusion. By his last will, dated only a month before his death, he bequeaths to his lady his whole property, real and personal, subject only to a legacy of 500*l.* to his sister Mrs. Combs, and an annuity of 50*l.* to his father's widow, adding these emphatic expressions: "And I do make and ordain my said dear wife executrix of this my last will: and I do appoint her to be guardian of my dear child Charlotte Addison, until she shall attain her age of one and twenty; being well assured that she will take due care of her education and maintenance, and provide for her in case she live to be married." A testimony thus solid of his entire affection; and of his more than ordinary confidence in the equity and maternal impartiality of a widow who was likewise the mother of a son and daughters elder, and of higher rank, than his own infant, orphan girl, ought, it will surely be allowed, to outweigh any vague rumours to the disadvantage of her temper and manners in the conjugal relation! Is it conceivable that any man would thus "give and hazard all he had,"

even to his precious only child, in compliment to a woman who should have rendered his last years miserable by her pride and petulance, and have driven him out from his home to pass his comfortless evenings in the gross indulgence of a tavern?*

The last days of this excellent man were replete with interest, and with moral instruction. In that ingenuous life of himself where the honest Whiston speaks of his "great friend Mr. Addison," and records his obligations to him for his patronage of his astronomical lectures, he expresses his admiration, that a secretary of state should "retain such a great regard for the Christian religion that he began to read the ancient fathers of the three first centuries before he died;" and he supposes him to have begun his work on the Christian evidences about the same time. He then mentions, that passing by Holland house, where he knew from the public papers that Addison was lying sick and not likely to recover, he called and desired

* A story has sometimes appeared in print, as reported by some traveller on his return from Ferney, to the effect, that Voltaire gave an account of his having, when in England, dined in a company where he saw Addison in a state of disgusting intoxication. It is just worth while to remark, wherever this counterfeit tale was minted, that the French wit did not visit England till the year 1726, and consequently could never have been in the company of Addison.

The absurd rumour of his having, while at Oxford, turned into a toper by his example Dryden, who lived in London and was about forty years his senior, merits no refutation.

to see him. "But the answer was, that the physicians had given order that nobody should be admitted to see him: I replied, that notwithstanding such order, if he knew I was there, I believed he would see me; but I could not prevail, so I saw him not." In any other person than Whiston, such an application, although unsuccessful, would argue an extraordinary degree of intimacy; in him it may rather pass for a trait of that mingled simplicity and self-importance of the clergyman and the scholar which characterised him. Without doubt he conceived that his spiritual services would be highly prized by his "great friend" in his last extremity; it is possible even that he might wish to make experiment upon him of the efficacy of prayer and anointing of the sick with oil, a practice of the primitive church in which, for that sole reason, he put great faith as a remedy.

The anecdote is at least a valuable one, as an authentic pledge of the high esteem in which, at the very close of his career, the character of Addison, public and private, was held by a man of proverbial integrity, and primitive simplicity, who never feared to speak his thoughts to the face of statesman, prelate or princess.

One touching incident is preserved by Spence from the relation of Pope. A short time before his death, Addison sent lord Warwick to request that Gay,

who had not lately cultivated his acquaintance, would give him a visit. Gay complied; on his arrival he found himself received with great kindness, after which Addison made him the acknowledgment that he had injured him, but assured him, that if he lived he would make him amends. He explained himself no further, and Gay could not conjecture in what particular he could have done him such serious mischief. It may be safely concluded, that he who felt it necessary to his peace of mind to make such an acknowledgment, could have had but few offences against his fellow-creatures resting upon his conscience.

A different circumstance stands on the authority of Dr. Young, who has related it in these terms. "After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life; but with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related (the earl of Warwick) and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came, but life now glimmering in the socket, Addison was silent: after a decent and proper pause, the youth said, "Dear sir, you sent for me; I believe and I hope you have some commands, I shall hold them most sacred." May distant ages not only hear but feel the

reply! Forcibly grasping the earl's hand, he softly said, 'See in what peace a Christian can die!'"

No one can make the slightest question of the christian faith of Addison; and Young's assertion that he received the anecdote from Tickell, who said that he designed an allusion to it in two lines of his poem to the memory of his friend;

> "He taught us how to live, and O too high
> The price for knowledge! taught us how to die,"

would, *if true*, put the story, as to the main fact, out of doubt. The pompous and theatrical air of it, however, so repugnant to the mind and manners of Addison, cannot but excite a strong suspicion that it owes to the narrator *at least* its dressings.

A few days only before his decease, Addison gave directions to Tickell to collect his writings, of which the only unpublished part consisted in his Dialogues on Medals, and his fragment on the Christian religion.

At the same time he committed a letter to his care in which he had bequeathed his works as a pledge of friendship, to his friend and successor Mr. Craggs. These lines, interesting as probably the very last traced by the hand of Addison, and touching as a testimony of his almost parental affection for an amiable protégé, and his dying anxiety to make an interest for him in the heart of a new patron

when he himself should be removed, here demand insertion and run as follows: —

Dear Sir,

I cannot wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our friendship, and therefore I thus publicly bequeath them to you, in return for the many valuable instances of your affection.

That they may come to you with as little disadvantage as possible, I have left the care of them to one, whom, by the experience of some years, I know well-qualified to answer my intentions. He has already the honour and happiness of being under your protection; and as he will very much stand in need of it, I cannot wish him better than that he may continue to deserve the favour and protection of such a patron.

I have no time to lay out in forming such compliments, as would but ill suit that familiarity between us, which was once my greatest pleasure, and will be my greatest honour hereafter. Instead of them, accept of my hearty wishes, that the great reputation you have acquired so early, may increase more and more: and that you may long serve your country with those excellent talents, and unblemished integrity, which have so powerfully recommended you to the most gracious and amiable monarch that ever filled a throne. May the frankness and gene-

rosity of your spirit continue to soften and subdue your enemies, and gain you many friends, if possible, as sincere as yourself. When you have found such, they cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am with the greatest zeal, &c.

It is remarkable that this statesman added to the esteem and affection of Addison, the suffrage of Pope, expressed in several eulogistic couplets which are found in his poem on Addison's Dialogues on Medals.

Mr. Craggs did not long survive to justify or to disappoint the hopes of his friends; he was cut off by a hasty fate even before he could receive the offering of Addison from the hands of Tickell.

All funeral honours were duly paid to the remains of a man justly regarded as the ornament of his age and country. His body lay in state in the Jerusalem chamber on June 26, and was afterwards interred in Westminster Abbey; but by a strange neglect, not even a stone was placed to mark the spot till ninety years afterwards, when a handsome monument, raised by subscription, proved how freshly his fame still lived and flourished in the memory of his fellow countrymen.

Charlotte Addison inherited from her mother her father's estate of Bilton, where she resided unmarried to the termination of a long life. After her decease, the library of Addison was sold for a moderate sum;

a small number of pictures collected by him still, it is believed, remain in the house; they are mostly portraits of his contemporaries, and intrinsically of small value.

Such was Joseph Addison, of whom as an author, it has been well observed, that if his writings were by any accident to perish, the loss could not elsewhere be supplied, and "would make a chasm not in the number only, but in the species of our fine writers."* As a man, he stood first among his literary contemporaries in the charms of his conversation, the amenity of his disposition, the purity of his morals, and the correctness and consistency of his conduct in public life and private. With wit and genius which would have obtained pardon with the world at large for many foibles and many vices, he made it his chief aim to draw as lightly as possible upon its moral indulgence. A vigilant prudence, a wary reserve, which served as his safeguards amid the snares of life, rendered him perhaps less the object of the love of his associates than of their respect and admiration; and his sarcastic wit, a weapon of which he is said not to have been unwilling at times to let the edge be felt, must often have inspired alarm. Hence probably it is, that we have fewer familiar stories of his sayings and his habits than of those of his contemporary wits, and

* Mrs. Barbauld.

hence too, perhaps, the number of little malicious tales concerning him which have at times obtained currency. If the present narrative of his life, formed from the most authentic documents, should serve to place his character at once in a more distinct and more interesting point of view, the design of the author will be fully answered.

It must surely be satisfactory to all whom the writings of Addison have profited and delighted, to observe him setting the seal to his precepts by the cultivation of elegant and intellectual society, by perseverance in literary pursuits,— by a life of purity, uprightness and benevolence.

APPENDIX.

THE Memorial of Addison to George I. has been several times referred to in the preceding pages, and extracts from it presented; but the importance of the document which has never before appeared in print, seems to demand its publication in an entire state.

MR. ADDISON'S MEMORIAL.

(A much worn and somewhat mutilated copy in the possession of Mr. Tickell) in his own handwriting.

THAT your Memorialist was sent from y^e^ University by K. William, in order to travail and qualify himself to serve H. M., by which means he was diverted from making his Fortune in any other way.

That y^e^ King allowed him an annual Pension for this end, but H. M. dying in y^e^ first year of this his allowance, and y^e^ Pension being discontinued, your Memorialist pursued his travels upon his own Expense for above three years.

That upon his Return to England, after having published an Account of his Travails, y^e^ Lord Godolphin recommended him to be Under Secretary to her Majesty's principal Sec^y^ of State, which Place he enjoyed under Sir C. Hedges and y^e^ E. of Sunderland.

That my Lord H. upon going to Hanover, desired him

to accompany him thither, at which time, tho' he had not y^e^ Title of his Secretary, he officiated as such without any other Reward than y^e^ Satisfaction of shewing his zeal for that illustrious Family.

That upon his Return to England he took all occasions, both by his writings and conversation, to promote y^e^ cause, which, God be thank'd, has so wonderfully prevail'd, and to publish those Royal virtues which the nation sees at present in your Majesty.

That your Mem^st^ was afterwards Sec^y^ to y^e^ E. of W. in y^e^ Government of Ireland, and endeavoured to behave himself with that Diligence and Integrity that he has gain'd y^e^ friendship of all y^e^ most considerable Persons in that Kingdom.

That when Baron Groet was your Majesty's Minister in these Kingdoms your Mem^st^ was employed to meet and discourse with him upon such Points as might be thought conducive to y^e^ Interest of y^e^ Protestant Succession, y^e^ s^d^ Baron Groet having proposed to my L^d^ H. this method (as) y^e^ means to avoid giving any umbrage to ****

That, at this time your Mem^st^ was employed to draw a new Credential Letter from that Excellent Princess, y^e^ late Electress Dowager of Brunswick, with o^r^ Instruments of y^e^ same nature, for which he thought himself amply satisfied by y^e^ Pleasure he took in doing anything which might promote your Majesty's Cause.

That, upon y^e^ Queen's Demise, without any previous Solicitation, your Mem^st^ was, in that critical conjuncture, appointed Sec^y^ to y^e^ Regency.

That during this very troublesome office, he was ordered by y^e^ then L^ds^ Regent to draw up a Preamble to the P. of Wales' Patent, for which there was no gratuity allowed him.

That he received no Fee, Salary, Reward or Perquisite whatsoever for this his Service to y^e^ Regency, notwithstanding he was at considerable charge in keeping Clerks, and other Expences that accompanied his attendance in that Office, and notwithstanding y^e^ incredible Fatigue of that Office very much impaired his health, and would have endanger'd his Life, had he continued much longer in it.

That y^e^ Lords of y^e^ Regency, upon y^e^ determining this Office, declared unanimously that they were highly satisfied with the Diligence and Fidelity of their Sec^y^ and that upon their first attendance on Your Majesty, they would with one Voice, recommend him to your Royal Favor, for a mark of your Majesty's Bounty.

That the Mem^st^'s Profits as Sec^y^ under my L^d^ Sunderland have fallen very much short of what might have been expected from that Office, and (contrary to y^e^ Profits of all other y^e^ like Offices in this first happy year of your Majesty's reign) have amounted to no more than they usually are in any common year, by reason of his Lordship's absence from that kingdom, and his not being qualified to give out military commissions.

That y^r^ Mem^st^ has not thought fit to mention y^e^ expences he was at to get himself elected into the 3 last Sessions of Parliament in y^e^ last Reign, and can appeal to those who were witnesses of his Behaviour, that he never departed from those who were well wishers to your Majesty's Interest, tho' often press'd and tempted to it by y^e^ opposite Party. Nor will your Mem^st^'s modesty permit him to insist upon his endeavours, which were not thought unsuccessful in securing such a spirit among the People as disposed 'em to favour y^e^ Interest of a Prince who is so justly esteemed a Friend to y^e^ Liberties of Europe and a **** of mankind.

It is therefore an unspeakable Mortification to your Memst to find himself thrown out of Place and for that Reason to be regarded as one who has forfeited your Majesty's Favour, and I humbly beg that Y. M. ****.

cætera desunt.

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*** The Roman letters refer to the volume; the Arabic figures to the page.

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